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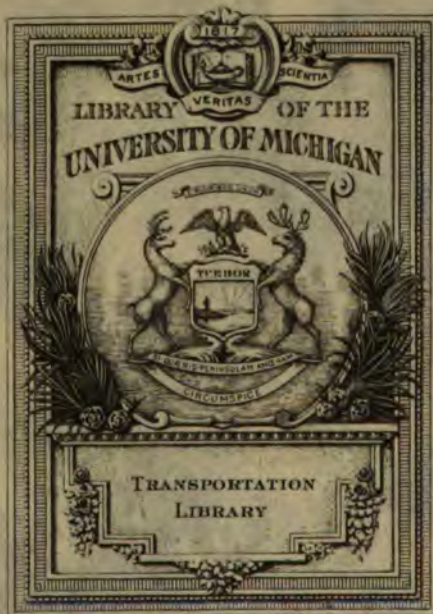
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# NEW COLORADO

AND THE SANTA FE TRAIL





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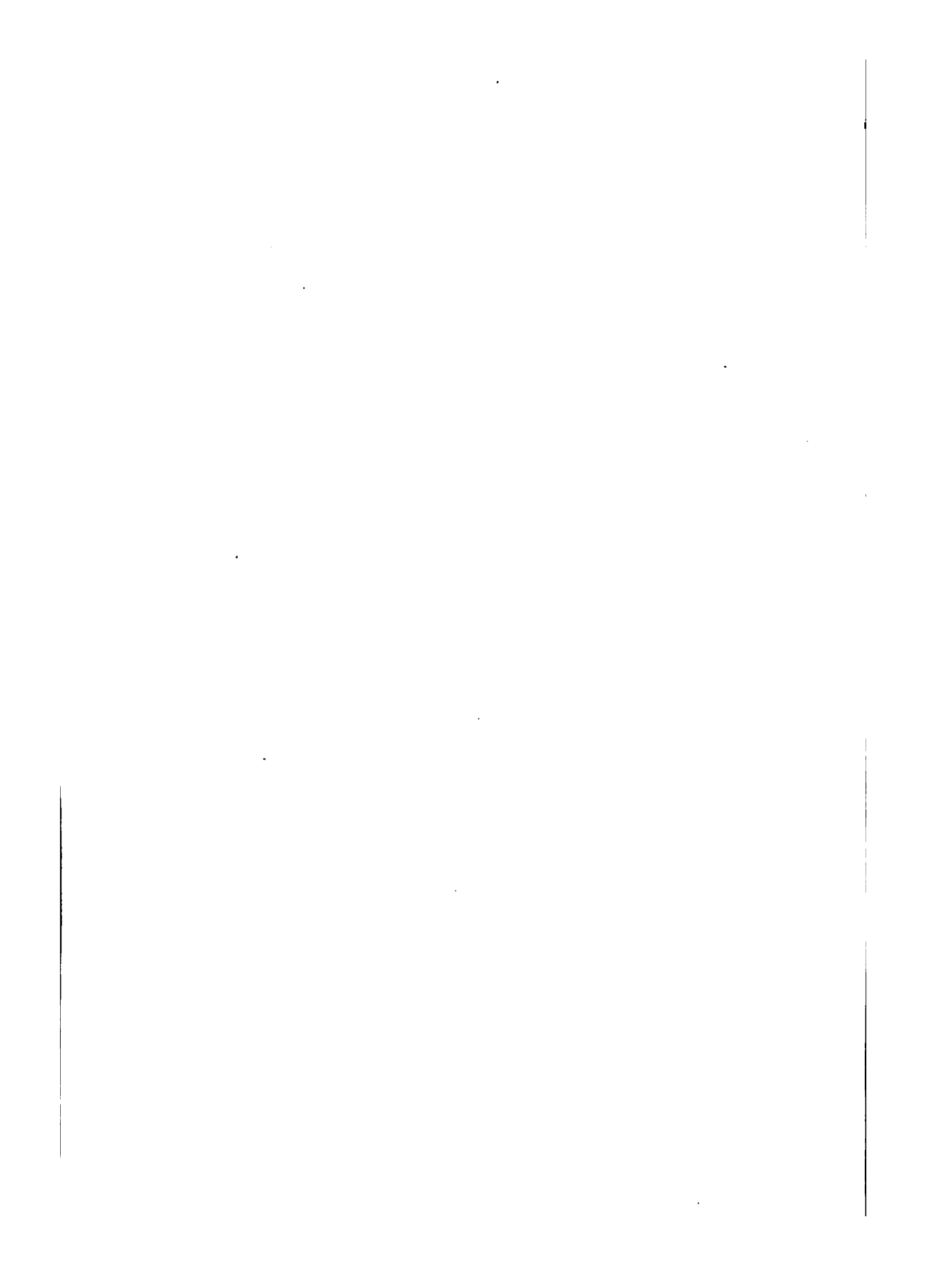
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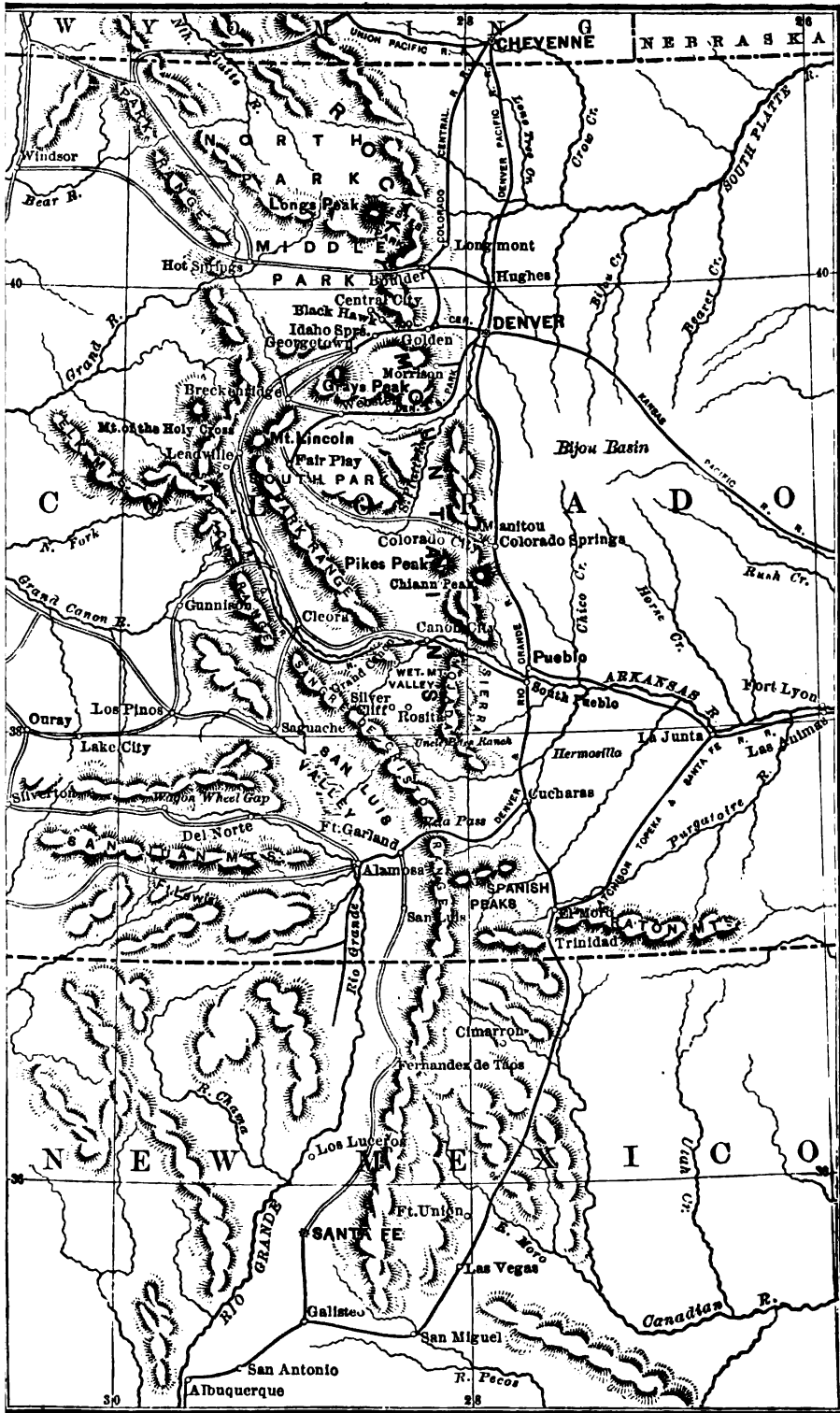
1881

NEW COLORADO  
AND  
THE SANTA FE TRAIL









MAP OF PORTIONS OF COLORADO AND NEW MEXICO.

# NEW COLORADO

AND

# THE SANTA FE TRAIL

BY

*Augustine*  
*1837-1892*  
A. A. HAYES, JR., A.M.

FELLOW OF THE AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY AND THE  
ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON

ILLUSTRATED



LONDON

C. KEGAN PAUL & CO., 1 PATERNOSTER SQUARE

1881



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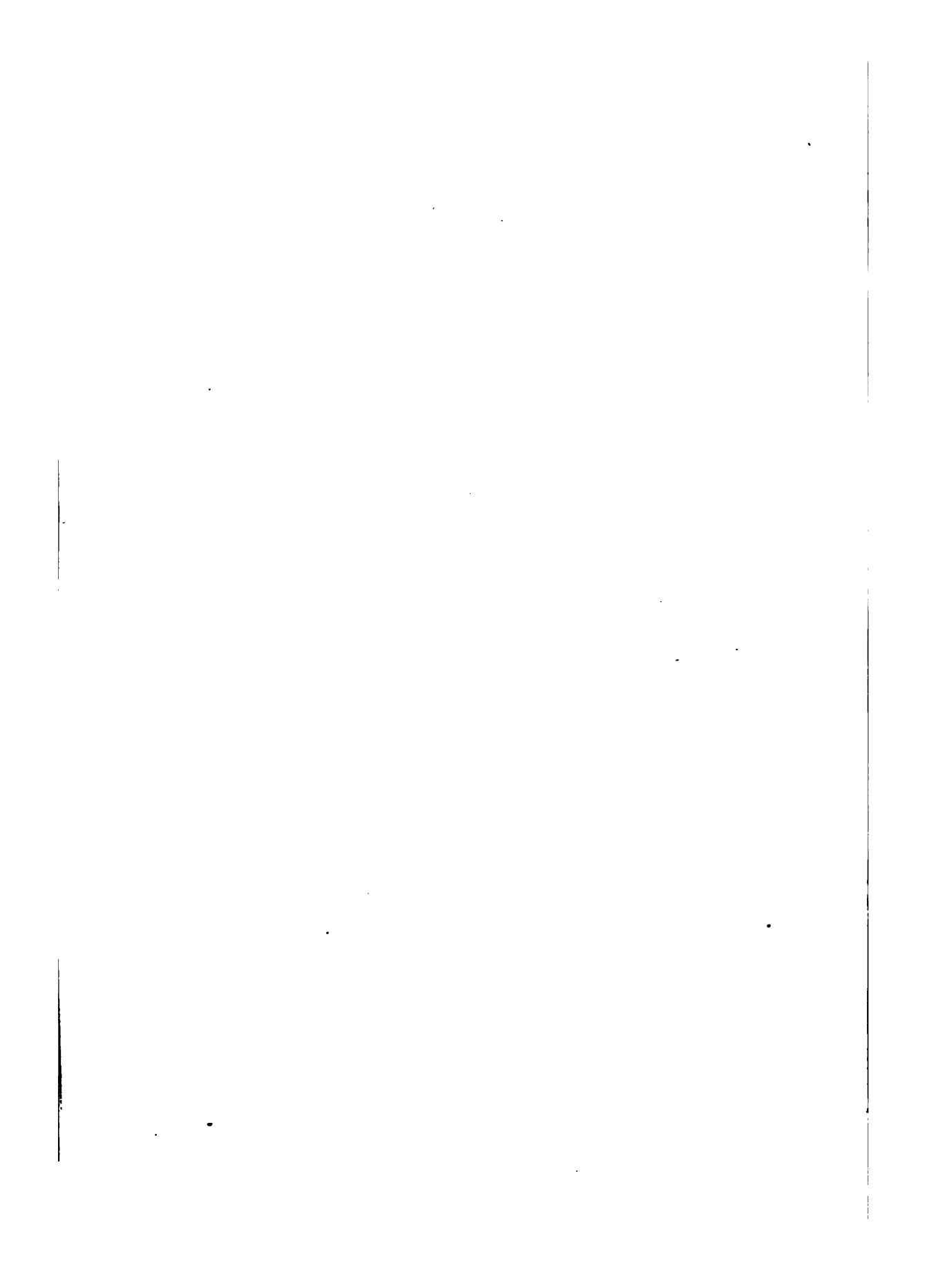
TO  
**THE COLORADO PIONEERS**

WHO SHOWED THEIR FAITH IN THE FUTURE OF THEIR MOUNTAIN HOME BY THEIR ENERGY IN  
DEVELOPING ITS RESOURCES, AND THUS CONCLUSIVELY PROVED THAT ALL  
THE WISE MEN DO NOT COME FROM THE EAST

**This Book is Dedicated by**

*THE AUTHOR*

76  
5/10  
1880



## P R E F A C E.

---

THE extraordinary development of the mineral resources of Colorado during the last three years has not only excited great interest throughout the country, and caused hundreds and thousands of persons to journey thither, but it has also rendered most of the books useless which have been previously written about that region. This volume may therefore be held to supply a manifest need. The facts given have been carefully verified; but discoveries and developments progress with such marvellous rapidity in the Far West, that he would be indeed a bold man who could claim that any descriptions would long hold good. It is hardly necessary to add that the book has been written from an absolutely independent point of view, and with a sincere intention of stating things as they are, rather than to suit special interests, or to meet the preconceived notions or the "requirements" of any portion of the public. It is entirely natural that men should fiercely champion and loudly exalt the particular points where it has been their lot to fight for fortune or existence, but an entire sympathy with each and all is not inconsistent with a judicial balancing of their claims.

It will be seen that no extended or elaborate account is given of the mines and mining operations, which make up, in the eyes of many people, the sole attraction of Colorado and the adjacent regions. It would have been foolish, for several obvious reasons, to attempt anything of the kind in a book like this.

It would have been proper to say more about the burning "Indian question;" but a suitable disquisition thereon would have not only outrun the limits of the book, but cast a sombre tinge over it. It is a wonder that people who profess to regulate their individual lives on the principle of there being a certain and inexorable retribution for wickedness, will not comprehend that they share the responsibility of their country for its shameful, infamous wrong-doing in this regard. Much can be said in justification of the residents of the West in their hatred of the Indian, and the evil lies far back of them. The United States are clearly convicted of the acts of cruelty, perfidy, and dishonour which have had their logical sequence in the smoke and flame of burning houses, and the shrieks of murdered women and children, which have gone up, year after year, on the frontier. Individuals who are guilty of such crimes are warned to expect a "judgment" on them. If ever an aggregation of individuals, called a nation, was in danger of such retribution, the United States are so to-day.

The Colorado hereinafter described is "New," because it differs as widely from the one depicted by Bayard Taylor, Ludlow, and Bowles, as does the North America of Mrs. Trollope and Captain Marryat from the one portrayed in Count de Lessep's flowery and diplomatic speeches after his return to Europe. Its renaissance dates but about two years back.

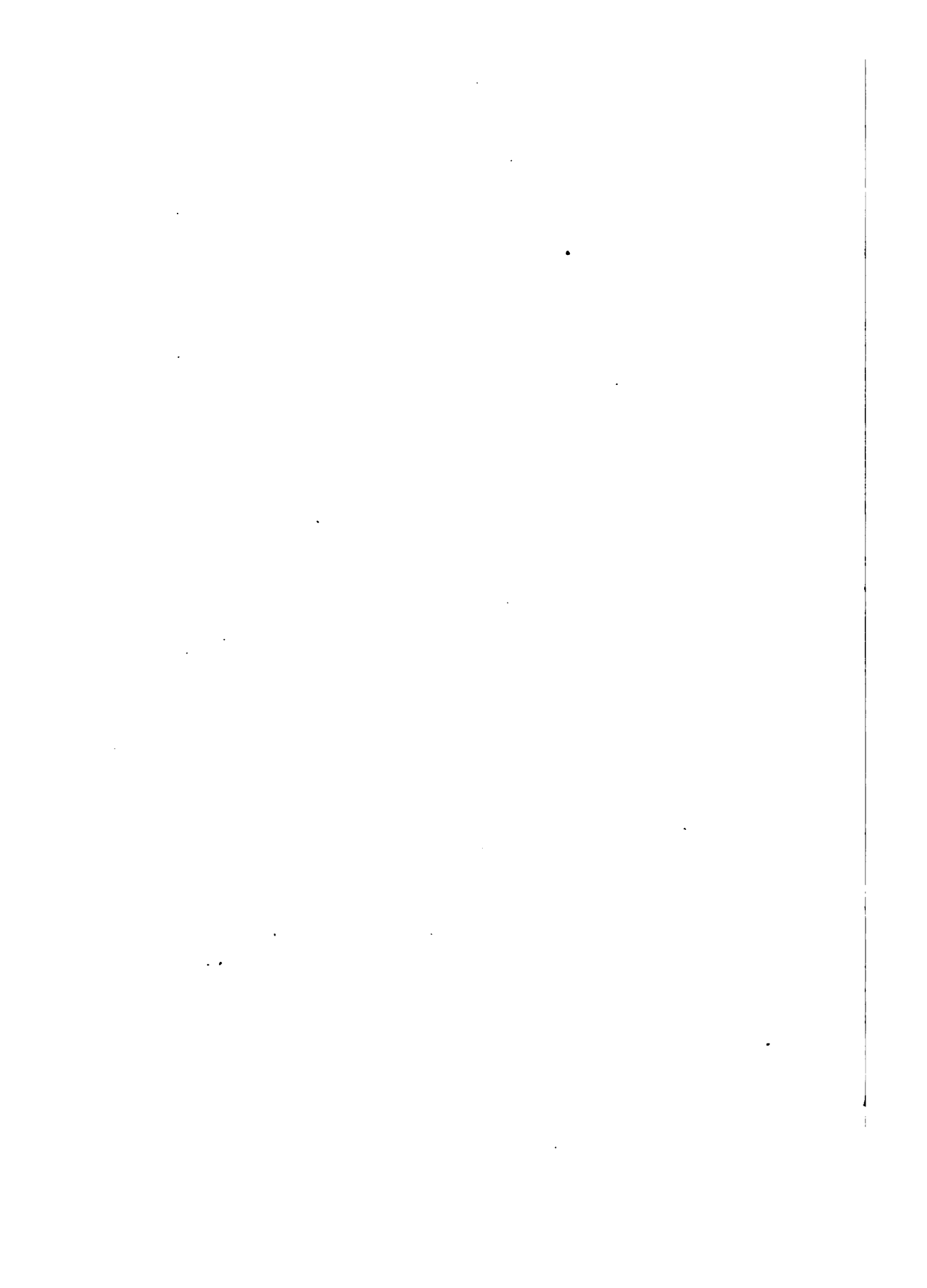
In the portion of the book relating to the Santa Fé Trail only brief allusion is made to subjects which cannot fail to afford a rich field for the antiquarian. The citizens of Kansas claim that Coronado visited a portion of what is now their State, and they have tried to name a county for him. After diligent research, resumed in the West since the article was written, the author can find no authentic record of any travel over that region during the two hundred and sixty-four years which elapsed between Coronado's supposed eastward and Pike's westward journeys,

although it is reported that a Spanish expedition against the Indians was in the Arkansas valley in 1745. There were Jesuit missionaries at Kaskaskia in 1695; and it would be most interesting to establish the fact that they had overland communication, even ninety or a hundred years later, with the priests of their Church in New Mexico.

The doings of the Colorado troops in 1862 were narrated for the first time in detail in the *International Review*, and the account has since been fully confirmed by the highest military authority. It is now given in permanent form, as a contribution to the history of the country.

In the protracted personal researches upon which what is here written is founded, the author has met with the most valuable and willing assistance, and the kindest hospitality from all with whom he has been thrown; and he would fain hope that what has been so grateful and agreeable to him may in some degree inure to the pleasure and benefit of the public.





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# NEW COLORADO

AND

## THE SANTA FE TRAIL.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### INTRODUCTORY.

“LET every man,” saith the Apostle, “be fully persuaded in his own mind.” He may go across the Atlantic; endure that most trying of all short civilized journeys, the transit from London to Paris; spend a night, uncheered by Pullman, between Paris and Bordeaux; traverse the gloomy *Landes*; walk under a white umbrella through the not always odoriferous streets of Pau; and, finally, indulge in orthodox emotions at the orthodox glimpse of the Pyrenees from the Place Royale. His neighbor, again, may enter a car, fitted with every comfort, at New York or Boston; travel westward by the Mohawk Valley and the shores of the Great Lakes; or across the Alleghanies, and some of those States once Western, now Central; visit several growing, aggressive cities; cross the Mississippi and the Missouri; and then, leaving the shores of the latter one forenoon, raise the curtains of the hotel windows at Denver the next afternoon, and see the Snowy Range lifting itself in regal grandeur from Long’s Peak on the north, to Pike’s on the south. Then, still in comparative comfort, and without undue exertion or fatigue, he can approach *Wahatoya*, the beautiful Spanish Peaks; view a sunset on the solemn Sangre de Cristo; and, crossing the great Cordilleras, or climbing Gray’s Peak, see the eternal sign of the Holy Cross on that wondrous mountain away beyond.

Each would state a strong case. The former would exalt the delights of a visit to the Old World, of historical associations, of living for awhile on a soil every inch of which has a vivid human interest; nay even, if he

be candid, of "doing the correct thing." He could impeach, too, the newness of the latter's surroundings, and the semi-barbaric accommodations, and *cuisine*; and he might loftily quote the declaration of somebody or other that "the farther he went West, the more was he strengthened in his faith that the Wise Men *did* come from the East."

His friend would doubtless retort that one cannot expect everything; that a true mountain-lover can forget, in the presence of such mighty scenes of Nature, any little collateral discomforts; and that, although he has slept on softer beds and eaten better dinners (a slight retrospective shudder might here be hardly repressed), they are not what he went to Colorado to find. Who shall decide? If a truly impartial opinion could be had; if, say, an intelligent Tasmanian, or a clever Japanese, or perhaps the pupil-lacking Chinese professor at Harvard, were asked to arbitrate, he would do well to content himself with a reference to the apostolic injunction just quoted. Whereas we, who make no pretence of impartiality, but are partisans *au bout des doigts*, would, if we could not do both, choose without hesitation, and, as Mr. Harte puts it,

"Speed to the sunset that beckons far away."

This for two reasons: first, because the overwhelming majority take the European trip, and the mountain one has comparatively few friends. If you tell an Englishman—what in his heart he knows perfectly well—that his countrymen longed for the destruction of our nation in the Civil War, and that Appomattox was nearly as grievous a disappointment at the London clubs as at Richmond, he will reply, "Oh! I say, really now, my dear fellow, you are mistaken, quite mistaken, I assure you, by Jove! You see we always sympathize with the weaker side, and we thought you fellows at the North were the stronger, don't you know?" Q. E. D.

Again, the sights of Europe have lasted for a long time in the past, and will, we hope, last for many generations to come; while it is now that one can see and study, in Colorado, not only a magnificent mountain region, but, just at the right moment, a most unique and interesting population.

Approaching the Centennial State from the east, we have been gradually ascending since we left the Missouri, and cross its eastern border at an elevation of some 4000 feet. Up to the foot-hills run plains,—intersected by streams and by the "Divide," a ridge 8000 feet high, fifty miles south of Denver,—giving room for many cattle, sheep, and farming ranches. Boldly out among these foot-hills comes the great lateral buttress capped by the famed Pike's Peak; then comes the majestic "Range" itself, the backbone of the Continent, describing a tortuous

course through the State, and throwing out other great buttresses enclosing the so-called Parks; and then the still mountainous and comparatively thinly populated region "Over the Range." This whole unique domain, of 106,475 square miles, may, with the exception of the extreme southwestern corner, in which are the curious ancient ruins and cliff-dwellings of the Mancos Cañon, be called essentially a new country; since its white inhabitants (whom, pending the new census-taking, we will estimate as numbering 200,000) have all either been born, or immigrated, within some twenty years.

Our ideas of the characteristics of an American mining region and its people are generally formed from what we know, or have heard, about California; and, to be sure, the miner pure and simple is *sui generis*—much the same in all parts of the country; but there were elements in the pilgrimage to the Pacific slopes and the subsequent occupation of the land which have been quite wanting in the Rocky Mountain region. Many, it is true, braved the vague terrors of the overland journey to California, but thousands went by the Panama and Nicaragua routes: first very uncomfortable, then gradually improving, lastly very good; and thousands, again, by the long sea trip "around the Horn."

Into the beautiful bay where they cast anchor flowed the Sacramento, affording easy communication for some distance into the interior; and for those desirous of reaching the southern portion of the country there was more than one harbor easily accessible by coasting vessels. The Golden Gate, too, was the mouth of a gigantic ocean ferry-slip. Into it could freely sail or steam vessels from many and divers climes; the new side-wheel steamer from New York *via* the Strait of Magellan, the Aberdeen clipper, the teak-built East Indiaman, and even the Chinese junk, or the Japanese fisherman blown off his own coasts; and come they did, and in them came the men who gave to San Francisco the cosmopolitan character which she has never lost. Again, these Argonauts found not only the Golden Fleece for which they sought, but a land where ample harvests would reward the farmer, and the wheat of the North compete with the oranges of the South; so a city of 350,000 inhabitants stretches itself over the sand-hills; and the pioneer of the "fall of '49 and the spring of '50" sits under his own vine and fig-tree, a respected veteran, an aristocrat of the Land of Gold. He builds as high a brown-stone front as he dares, in view of the earthquakes; and, in curious forgetfulness of the circumstances of his own advent, he exclaims, "The Chinese must go!"

On the other hand, San Francisco had superseded the little village of Yerba Buena ten years before, through wandering adventurers, whose re-



ports spread abroad that another Pactolus was streaming down the canons of the Rocky Mountains—or, if one may use that other name, so appropriate and melodious—the Sierra Madre.

The region was south of the California route, and took its name from the noble mountain discovered by Pike; since this, although perhaps a hundred miles from the place of the earliest findings, was the notable landmark in that direction. Thither was no long sea route, no Nicaragua transit, no royal road whatever. For the millionaire and the tramp alike, stretched the California trail to a point some eighty miles beyond the junction of the North and South Platte, and thence a trackless waste up to the base of the Range. For both, too, after they had turned their steps to the south-west, was displayed that view of the mountains of which as experienced a traveller as Bayard Taylor said, "In variety and harmony of form, in effect against the dark blue sky, in breadth and grandeur, I know of no external picture of the Alps which can be placed beside it. If you could take away the valley of the Rhone and unite the Alps of Savoy with the Bernese Oberland, you might obtain a tolerable idea of this view of the Rocky Mountains. Pike's Peak would then represent the Jungfrau: a nameless snowy giant in front of you, Monte Rosa; and Long's Peak, Mont Blanc."

Nor did travel grow safer and more comfortable, although it was of course more speedy, as time went on; and until, in 1870, the Kansas Pacific Railroad from the Missouri River, and the Denver Pacific from the trans-continental line at Cheyenne, reached their objective point. The Indians, who, of all people in the world, are no respecters of persons, were far more troublesome and dangerous in 1864 than previously, and the writer has seen a curious sight in the file of a Denver daily paper for that year; its size and the material on which it was printed gradually deteriorating, as the red man cut off or delayed train after train, until a diminutive sheet of pink tissue-paper represented the press of Colorado. The graders and track-layers often had to fight their way, and there is a tradition current of an attempt to stop an express train. It is understood that a lariat was stretched across the track, breast high, and held by some thirty braves on each side; but, says the narrator,

"When the engineer fust see it, he didn't know what on airth wuz the matter; but in a minute more he bust out laughin', and he ketched hold of that throttle, an' he opened her out; an' he struck that there lariat agoin' about forty mile an hour, an' he jest piled them braves up everlastin' permiscuous, *you bet!*"

One may readily believe that to face the dangers and hardships of

this journey, on the chance of finding gold, required men of no ordinary stamp, and yet but few even of them passed through the crucible of the early years of disappointment, loss, and homesickness.

After the first rush very many persons returned home; "gulches" began to prove unprofitable, and ores refractory; and the rash speculation of war days culminated in a panic which gave the State a bad name for years. There was hardly any farming in the early times; there were terrible grasshopper seasons before 1876; and in 1878 but 200,000 acres were officially reported as taxable. Even stock-raising has grown to its present dimensions quite recently, and it is clear that it is, in the main, by her mines that Colorado must sink or swim. Now that she is buoyant, those men have found their account who, without the varied resources which have given San Francisco some twelve times the present population of their saucy little Denver, have clung through all vicissitudes to their mountain State; and they may be studied to-day with interest and profit.

That the case of the mountains is made out in these pages, the writer is far from claiming. He would prefer to trust it to the advocacy of the mighty works of Nature themselves, and of that quality in their local partisans which Mr. Ruskin emphatically ascribes to the hill-dweller—"imaginative energy." If the nomadic reader do not return from a trip to this region with an increased admiration for our country, it will assuredly not be the fault of the mountaineers of the Sierra Madre.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE JOURNEY TO PUEBLO AND UNCLE PETE'S RANCH.

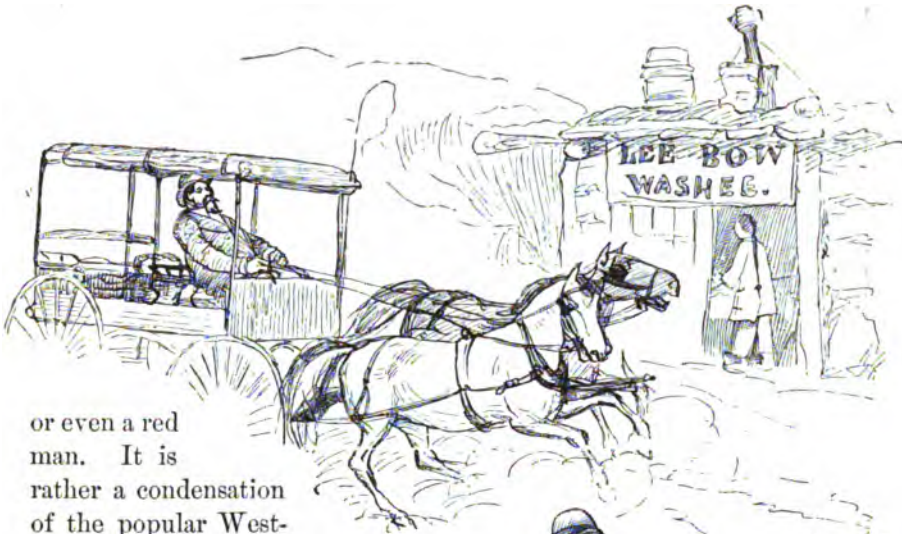
THE traveller who journeys westward in our favored land should make up his mind to accept without demur such military or judicial rank and title as may be conferred upon him. He may be quite sure, too, that when his brevet has once been settled west of the Missouri by proper authority, it will cling to him as long as he remains in that region.

"I don't half like," once remarked a Scotch fellow-traveller of the writer, to a friendly group at Denver, "the promotion backward which I receive. East of Chicago I was Colonel; at Chicago I was Major; at Omaha a man called me Captain, and offered me dinner for thir-rty-five cents!"

One of the group, after a careful survey of the face and figure before him, the kindly yet keen expression, and the iron-gray whiskers, replied: "You ain't Colonel wuth a cent. I allow that you're *Jedge!*"

And "Jedge" he was from that time forth. Nobody called him anything else. Newly made acquaintances, landlords, stage-drivers, conductors, all used this title, until his companions began to feel as if they had known him all his life in that capacity.

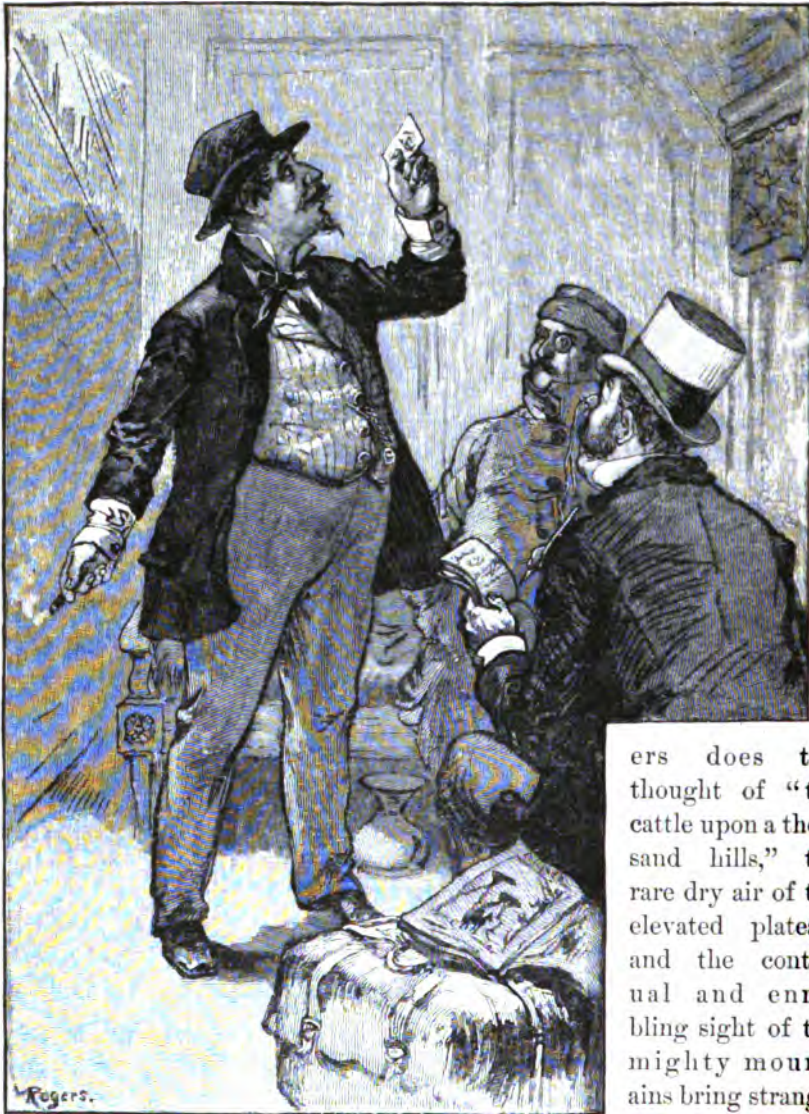
So when, a short time since, an "honest miner," with whom the writer was conversing amicably at Kansas City, remarked, "Wa'al, Colonel, I allow that when you git out there on the range in Coloraydo, you'll say it's a white man's country," the person addressed well knew that his rank was finally settled. So the "Colonel," who might be called unattached, having no regiment and no staff, but having what was far better for his peaceful and descriptive purposes, the companionship of an artist coadjutor whose nautical achievements had gained for him among his friends the distinguished naval sobriquet of "Commodore," settled himself in his seat, and was whirled off in the direction of the "white man's country." It must not be hastily assumed that when one uses this expression in the West he has the sentiments of certain campaign orators at heart, and means that the country must belong to a white man, rather than a black,



or even a red man. It is rather a condensation of the popular Western phrase, "Fit for a white man to live in." With this requirement in view, does Colorado "fill the bill?" That is what we were going to try to find out; and of all the phases of life in this presumed "white man's country," the herding and breeding of cattle easily commanded our attention at the outset. What this is in theory we all know, the primitive scriptural occupation, the grand, free, independent, health-giving, out-of-door existence, the praises of which have been sung through all ages. To how many pale, thin, hard-working city dwell-



THE BURROS.



"AN' WHEN THE FELLER JUMPED UP."

ers does the thought of "the cattle upon a thousand hills," the rare dry air of the elevated plateau, and the continual and ennobling sight of the mighty mountains bring strangely vivid emotions and longings!

And when one goes out to put the matter to the test, these emotions are all quite legitimate, and will do him no harm if he allow not their indulgence to abate in him one whit of a truly Gradgrind-like demand for Facts.

"Now there's some folks," once said an old plainsman, "who complain

of a trip across the country in a Pullman car. I wonder what they'd 'a said if they'd had to ride in a bull team, or drag a hand-cart all the way!"

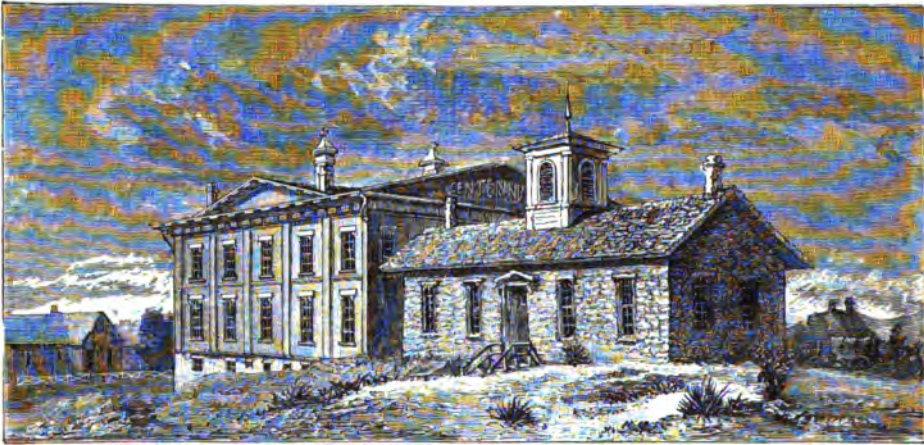
No more striking contrast, indeed, can anywhere be found than between old times and new on the plains, and he can hardly be a traveller worthy of the name who does not derive great enjoyment from his journey from the Missouri to the mountains in these days of comfort and convenience. Aside from all matters of external interest, there is that pleasant association between the passengers such as one finds on an ocean steamer, and the types of character are even more original and striking. It was a person of a rare and quaint humor who fraternized with us in the smoking compartment one pleasant evening, and it was no small addition to our enjoyment to hear him laugh heartily at his own narratives. He had been travelling on a line where there was great competition, and the rates had been reduced from eight dollars and a half to fifty cents, the curious expedient being adopted of charging the full fare, and then returning the eight dollars at the end of the journey.

"I've heerd of *back pay* before," said he, "but I never got any until I fell into line at the ticket office. Did ye get yours?" he asked of the Commodore. "What, no? Ye bought a ticket, an' give it up, an' took a check? Wa'al, you did just everlastingly give yourself away. But ye warn't so bad as a feller that come on the train with a pass. An' when the conductor see it, he said it warn't no use, an' he'd just trouble him for *nine dollars*. An' when the feller jumped up, just like this, an' got the light on the pass, an' see it was the *opposition road*, he was the wust beat feller *you* ever see!"

Thus it was that we beguiled the way until the mountains took shape in the hazy distance—the famed Spanish Peaks on the south, the "Greenhorn" range almost in front, and stern old Pike's Peak on the north—and the train rolled into Pueblo. When local parlance is thus adopted, and local appellations thus used, it is done under mental protest, and with a strong sense of their entire unfitness. The Spanish-speaking people who dwelt here, and the far-famed old Chevalier St. Vrain and his French hunters and trappers, who traversed the plains and the foot-hills, gave names to the mountains and streams which were as appropriate and melodious as those of the Indians before them. About mines, telegraphs, and railroads, however, there is nothing of the æsthetic; and it has remained for the progressive Anglo-Saxon to repudiate La Fontaine qui bouille, Sierra Mojada, and Uncompahgre, and introduce Hardscrabble and the Greenhorn. Now the Colonel and the Commodore had been thinking about those old times, and repeating the old names with correct emphasis,

and giving a foreign sound to their vowels, so that it was a shock to them when the porter called out, "Pew-eb-lo!"

Not Kit Carson, or old William Bent, or the Chevalier St. Vrain himself, however, could have had a warmer welcome ready for us than did our friend Major Stanton, who met us on the platform, and whose intelligent guidance and kind attentions would have made us pleasurably remember a far less enterprising and progressive town than Pueblo, which



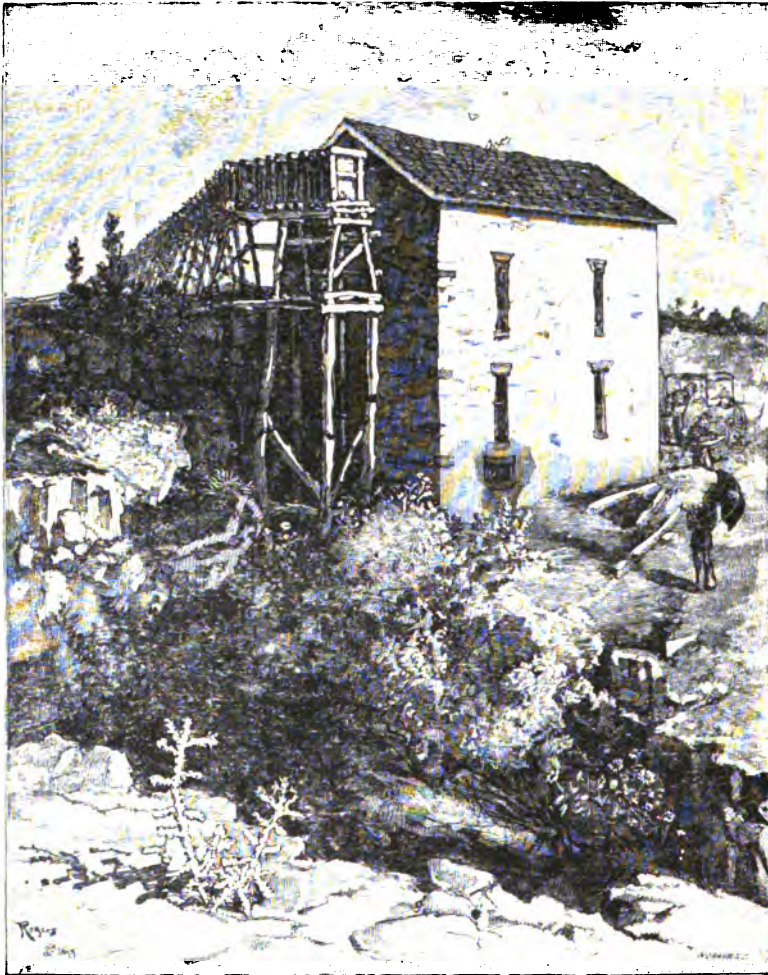
THE OLD AND NEW IN PUEBLO.

may be called the emporium of the cattle trade of Southern Colorado. It is still young, and its growth was retarded by "the panic;" but it is now getting its full share of the prosperity which has come to the Centennial State, and the twenty-five people who were there in 1865 have grown to between six and seven thousand. It has two daily papers, two railroad depots, two national banks, with goodly lists of stock-raising depositors, and two school-houses in juxtaposition, a sketch of which will give a good idea of the old and the new in Pueblo. Like many other Western settlements, it has had, too, its baptism of blood. It was a trading post of stout old William Bent, and became other than this only in 1858, when the gold excitement began, and "Pike's Peak or Bust" was the motto painted on the canvas cover of each prairie schooner, or emigrant wagon. One may still see, near the handsome stone station of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad, the remains of the old fort into which, when, on Christmas-day, 1854, the residents, thoughtless of danger, were gathered around the fire and enjoying the festive season, the Ute Indians broke, with brandished tomahawks and wild war-cries, and massacred nearly all.

Throughout the region of country tributary to Pueblo—where are found, besides the nutritious grasses and running streams, which are indispensable, a genial climate and mild winters—are scattered cattle ranches, great and small, including the immense Craig property, often mentioned in Eastern papers, and of which more anon. It was to “Uncle Pete Dotson’s,” situated about thirty miles south-west from the town, and close to the Greenh—no, the Sierra Mojada, or Wet Mountain range, that we were bound. Preparations had been made for the trip, and all would doubtless have gone well but for an unconquerable propensity on the part of the Commodore to attempt to conform in a feeble and uninstructed way to the customs of the country. He had already purchased an enormous and most unbecoming hat, and then happily proceeded to lose it, much to the satisfaction of his friends. Now he was possessed of a desire to continue his pilgrimage on the back of an animal known in Colorado as a *burro*, and in other lands as a Jerusalem pony, or small donkey. Now the burro has doubtless his place in the economy of nature, but it is in a sphere hitherto undiscovered by the present writer. Useful he may possibly be; ornamental he certainly is not; ugly and obstreperous and unmanageable he most certainly *is*. In the words of the old song, “our sorrows did begin” when the Commodore insisted on having one, and on the Colonel’s doing the same. In vain did the latter plead that no more ridiculous sight could be found east of the mountains than his tall form, clad in the garments of civilization, mounted on this diminutive brute. He pointed out with eloquence that he had always maintained a fair reputation for dignity; that Pueblo was on one of the roads from New York to Denver, and that some one from home might see him; nay, even that he had a wife and family. The Commodore was inexorable, and fell back on that unanswerable plea that “his ‘pard’ must not go back on him.” Two of the atrocious animals were thereupon procured, and the pair mounted—one jubilant, the other inwardly raging. The Commodore thought it a most comfortable and convenient mode of progression, and said that by holding umbrellas over our heads we might ride all the way to Uncle Pete’s, to which conclusion the Colonel owed a speedy though short-lived triumph. Our good friend and entertainer, with a nice sense of the fitness of things, had provided for the journey a convenient vehicle, with a basket under the seat, and two fine horses in front—such an equipage, indeed, as would befit travellers of dignity and refinement. And among the almost human attributes of that noble animal the horse is a dislike for burros, amounting to a positive hatred, and an utter unwillingness to associate with them, or remain in their presence. Starting to meet



our friend and suggest a burro ride, the Commodore turned a corner suddenly, followed by the Colonel, and met the wagon. The horses reared and plunged, the Commodore's burro balked, the Colonel's wheeled around, the two came in collision, and, in fact, just that happened which was



LA MAQUINA DE SAN CARLOS.

needed to evolve from the depth of the Commodore's mind the conviction that our *début* as burro-riders had been ill-timed. It was his face that was sour, and the Colonel's that was radiant, as we took our seats in the covered wagon, and ascended the hill in South Pueblo.

Thence we drove out over the great plain, the excellent road being a strip from which the grass had been worn away, and which was probably marked out originally by two furrows cut with a common plough, or even by a wagon track. East and north the prairie grass stretched to the horizon. South was a *mesa*, or high table-land, and, dimly visible many miles away, Wahatoya, the two Spanish Peaks. West, loomed up, nearer and nearer, the Sierra Mojada, over which dense clouds were gathering, while the rest of the sky was beautifully blue. Little whirlwinds of dust, forming slender spiral columns, were seen on the distant prairie, and birds flew fearlessly near us. From the mountains near by flows out the San Carlos, or St. Charles, Creek, running in a northeasterly direction to the Arkansas River, and its course was made visible as we approached it by the fringes of cottonwood trees. After what seemed a long drive, we turned to the west, up the "Great Arroya"—a sterile valley, with piñons, or scrub pines, and dwarfed cedars clinging to its slopes—and traversed it as far as the crossing of the St. Charles, passing on the way an eagle's nest on a rocky ledge, and a Mexican herder keeping his lonely watch over a large flock of sheep. Just at the crossing, and where the creek forces its way through a cleft in the rocks, stood a substantial grist-mill—La Maquina de San Carlos. Stopping here to give our horses rest, and to investigate the contents of the basket under the seat, we read on the locked door of the mill various uncomplimentary allusions to the absence of the miller when loads of grain had been brought thither from points far away on the "Muddy," or the melodiously named Huelfano. One individual had broken into verse, and written as follows:

"Where, oh, where did the miller go,  
And leave to us no sign or trace?  
The next time to mill we must go,  
We will go to some other place."

Knowing something of the varied and engrossing occupations of the miller, who was no other than our expectant host, Uncle Pete, the writer could fancy him replying to the complainants as did once a Vermont expressman to the summer residents who told him that they had been time and time again to his office without finding him. Laconically said he, "Don't calculate to be there *much*."

Now the valley lay behind us, and the foot-hills began to shut out the range; but Pike's Peak, sixty miles off, loomed up as grandly as ever. Eight miles more were traversed, and then we turned into a great farm-yard, or corral, and stopped at a rustic stile. In a few moments Uncle

Pete Dotson came up the path from the house, and gave us a cordial greeting.

About a quarter of a century ago this gray-bearded veteran, then a hale and vigorous West-Virginian, started to drive cattle to California, stopped at Salt Lake, became the United States Marshal for the Territory, and was there when Brigham Young was in his glory, and Albert Sidney Johnston wintered in the snow.

“He left with the troops in 1859,” said Mrs. Dotson (a brave, patient woman, who has shared his fortunes, good and bad, and crossed the plains at least once by herself), “and came to Denver with a train in 1861. Next year we came to the Big Thompson; then we went to the Greenhorn, and



UNCLE PETE'S HOUSE.

farmed; then we kept a hotel in Pueblo. In 1864 we were ‘washed out’ by the Fountain [Fontaine qui Bouille]. A boy rode down on a horse without saddle or bridle, only a rope in his mouth, and gave me fifteen minutes’ warning. I was sick in bed, but I took the children and ran. Then we went to the Muddy and lived, and the Indians used to come and visit us; but we were washed out there too. And then, in 1865, we took up this place.”

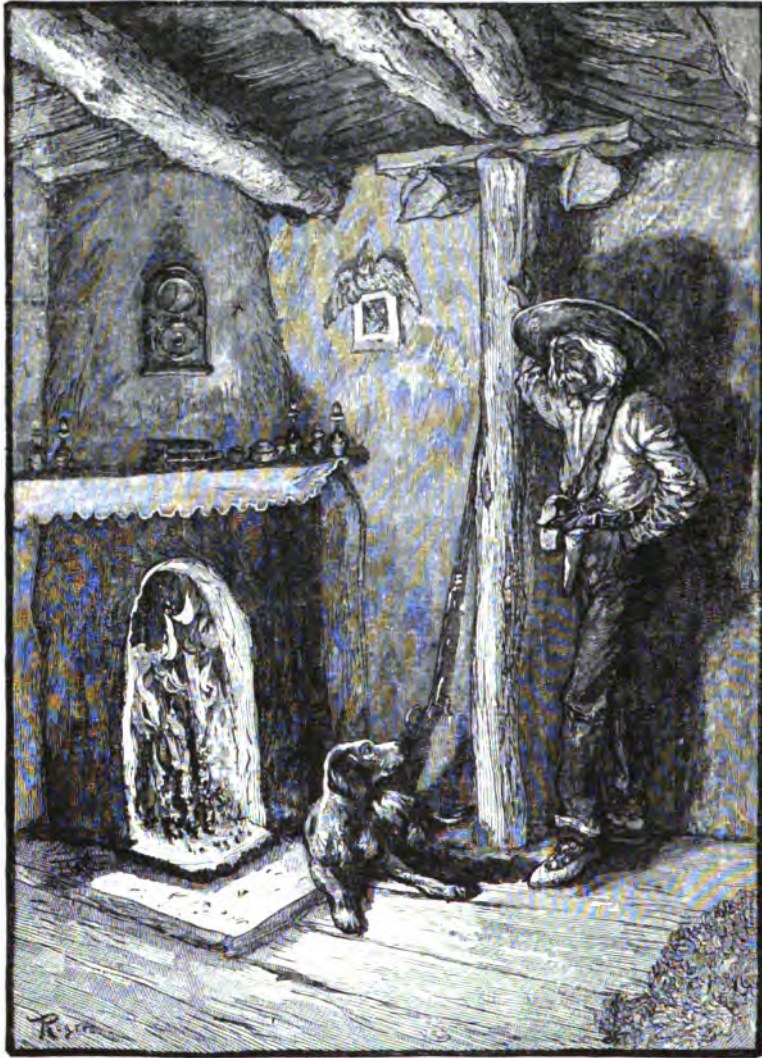
Uncle Pete had evidently made good use of his knowledge and experience in the choice of his ranch. His domain embraced 9000 acres, 5000 of which were arable land. The ground sloped gradually from the foot of the range, and the whole of his possessions were under his own eye. In a large barn-yard were great granaries and a fine stone stable, which would not be amiss in any city in the United States; and at varying distances on the gentle slope could be seen the little cabins of the tenants,

who cultivated parts of the land "on shares;" for it must be understood that this estate was not only a cattle ranch, but also a great farm.

There is no doubt that nearly every one who visits this region for the first time, even if partially informed about it beforehand, is grievously disappointed at the arid aspect of the plains, and finds it hard to believe in the power of that great beneficent agent, Water, which can make every inch of these table-lands and valleys, or the sage-brush wastes of the Humboldt region, or the Egyptian desert itself, literally "blossom like the rose." This is a comparatively rainless area, the "barren and dry land, where no water is," of the Psalmist; and yet a means has been found not only of supplying the place of the rains of heaven, but also of making such supply constant and regular. An intelligent and experienced writer says: "Irrigation is simply scientific farming. The tiller of the soil is not left at the mercy of fortuitous rains. His capital and labor are not risked upon an adventure. He can plan with all the certainty and confidence of a mechanic. He is a chemist whose laboratory is a certain area of land; everything but the water is at hand,—the bright sun, the potash, and other mineral ingredients (not washed out of the soil by centuries of rain). His climate secures him always from an excess of moisture, and what nature fails to yield, greater or less, according to the season, the farmer supplies from his irrigating canal, and with it he introduces, without other labor, the most valuable fertilizing ingredients, with which the water, in its course through the mountains, has become charged."

Water is thus both for the farmer and the herder—and the ranchman, who is often both farmer and herder—the *sine quâ non*, the prime necessity; and just here did one see how well Uncle Pete had chosen his situation. He had nine miles of water frontage on the St Charles Creek, and the same on the Muddy. Just where the former comes out of the Wet Mountain range, and where no one could take water above him, he had tapped it for his broad irrigating ditch, which, after a tortuous course through the estate, empties again into the stream from which it came, not a drop of its precious contents being thus wasted. Along the upper side of the fields lying on this gentle slope, before described, run smaller ditches. Then during the season does the skilful Mexican laborer dig little channels leading down through these fields, and, making little dams for the purpose, turn the water into them. The result is simple; Uncle Pete has raised 10,000 bushels of wheat, 6000 of oats, and 2000 of corn, and had a market for the whole on the spot, it being one of the charms of Colorado farming that the "honest miner" is both hungry and liberal, and that the farm produce has ready buyers. Suppose, however, that for our

present purpose we call farming a side issue, and come to the cattle which this ranch would support all the year round. It is said that when Kentucky cattle men, fresh from the "Blue-grass Region," see the plains, they



OLD ANTONIO.

are entirely incredulous as to their fitness for stock; but the experienced stockman smiles, well knowing that the nutritious qualities of the grass are simply unsurpassed, and that the food for his cattle for the whole year is

ready at a minimum of cost. For their water, again, a splendid creek frontage like Uncle Pete's would more than amply provide.

But to procure all this information we did not wait supper, after our long drive. It was served in a quaint dining-room, once constructed for the giving of Mexican fandangoes, but now forming part of the curious composite structure in which Uncle Pete, his family, friends, and numerous visitors found accommodation. In the old adobe fireplace, con-



"A SPANISH AIR."

structed by Mexican women, the sticks of firewood were placed on end, and in the figure standing alongside of it, with his dog at his feet, our readers should thank us for introducing old Antonio Lopez—a grand specimen of a class now rapidly disappearing. He was a most striking character: hair and mustaches nearly white, complexion deeply browned, about sixty years of age, and dressed in overalls of colored duck, with broad Mexican sombrero of black felt, its binding and tassels of silver braid. His pistols were in his holster, and his old-fashioned St. Louis rifle leaned against the wall. Antonio came from Mexico years ago, and fought a long while with the Indians, who gave him the many scars which

he carried. Unfitted for hard manual labor, he came to Uncle Pete as a hunter, and rendered him service in many ways.

"Let me put you in his charge to go into the mountains," said his employer, "and I could sleep soundly enough. He would be killed a dozen times before he would let you be insulted or hurt." And he looked it.

After supper came an æsthetic phase of the ranchman's life, which appealed to the sympathies of the Commodore. Coming in from the starlight, taking his seat on the vine-clad piazza, and feeling the mild evening air blowing in through the open lattice, and bringing with it the scent of the flowers, he heard the tones of a guitar, and the voice of one of the gentle and cultured daughters of the house raised in charming Mexican folk-songs in three-quarter time. Soon he forgot all about the burros, and was fancying himself under some window in Seville, and perhaps listening for the rustle of a mantilla above, when Uncle Pete suggested that if he were going to go into the stock business bright and early in the morning, it might be as well to go to bed.

He went to sleep in a room with both doors and windows open to the night air of this peaceful region. And when they called him in the morning, he was heard to murmur: "Hold on to those horses, Major! Confound this burro, I'll be the death of him! *Whoa*, you—!" and then he rubbed his eyes and started up.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE CATTLE RANCHES.

SPACE will not permit a detailed description of the pleasures of life at and about Uncle Pete's: walks up the picturesque cañon; trips, under Antonio's watchful care, for some distance into the mountains; rides on some of the many fine horses always ready for the saddle; and constant study of the minutiae of this great and interesting industry of stock-raising. It is carried on, as must be generally known, from Texas to a region considerably north of the Union Pacific Railway, and great herds pass from the Lone Star State through Kansas, and up to the great iron roads running east and west. In New Mexico, in Southern Colorado, on the Arkansas and its tributaries—the Fountain, the St Charles, the Muddy, the Cucharas, the Huertano, and others—in the great parks over across the range, and over the plains in Colorado, Nebraska, and Wyoming, the herds roam, and the *rancheros* ride. Between Denver and Julesburg, on the Union Pacific Railroad, lay the immense range of the late Mr. Ayliffe, one side of which was fifty miles in length. He is said to have begun fifteen years ago with a capital of \$100, and his estate is valued at \$1,500,000. It was interesting and instructive to hear how one of his friends accounted for this unusual success: "Some people try to attend to several things, or to do more than one kind of business, but he only thought of one thing for those fifteen years, and that one thing was cattle. And attending only to that, and working at it, and thinking about it all the time, he came to understand it wonderfully well, and to have perfect judgment about making the most of stock."

A dissertation on the cattle herds of the Great West would occupy a large volume, and those who have chosen other parts of this domain than Southern Colorado are doubtless competent to "give a reason for the faith which is in them," and amply support the wisdom of their choice of location. To us this same Southern Colorado seems to present, on the whole, the greatest advantages. It is traversed by railroads, and accessible from all sides; and the climate is most salubrious, and so mild in winter that



the stock can remain on the range throughout the year. Other things being equal, there are many men who highly prize the grand, ever-present spectacle, and genuine companionship of "the everlasting hills." No doubt in other regions land can be had more cheaply, and sometimes occupied without fee or reward, but there are sure to be counterbalancing disadvantages.

Above a certain latitude, and notably in Wyoming, great losses have occurred from severe winters, and not very far to the north the "Lo family" (as the noble-red man—"Lo! the poor Indian"—is called on the plains) come in to disturb and molest. All admirers and advocates of these hyperborean regions have ample opportunities to rise and explain; be ours the pleasant task, reclining under the spreading cotton-wood, and in the shadow of the Sierra Mojada, of singing the eclogues of the valleys of the San Carlos and the Huerfano, for it is "not that we love Cæsar less, but Rome more."

It has been said that water was the prime requisite, and the banks of streams are consequently first sought. Government land is divided into sections of 640 acres (a mile each way), and quarter sections of 160 acres. What more simple and easy, one may ask, than to take up four quarter sections in a line along the stream, and while owning, strictly speaking, only a quarter of a mile in width, to occupy, without let or hinderance, away back to the divide (ridge between that valley and the next), being sure that no one will have either the motive or the will to dispute the possession of this arid area? Nothing, certainly, except that a number of able-bodied citizens besides one's self have not only conceived this same idea, but acted promptly on it, and that, in consequence, the supply of water frontage may be found inadequate to meet the demand, and its market value may consequently and proportionately increase. There are always, however, ranchmen willing to sell, for one reason or another, and no one need despair of obtaining a good location at a fair rate, with the improvements ready made. Then he can buy his stock, mainly, if he be wise, on the spot and in the neighborhood; for, with the great improvement now taking place in breeds, it is no longer desirable to buy largely in Texas. Then come his "cow-boys," or herders; not Mexicans, as in old times, but generally stalwart Americans, quick of hand and deliberate of speech. They are provided with swift and sure-footed horses, generally, in these days, of the *broncho* type—a mixture of the American horse and the mustang.

It may now fairly be asked, where else in the world, and in what other known way, can a man sit down and see his possessions increase before his

eyes with so little exertion involved on his part? With the dawn the cattle are all grazing. Thin and gray enough the grass looks to the inex-



perienced eye, but the ranhero well knows the tufts of buffalo and gramma growth, gauges the value of this feed as compared, in the matter of nu-

triment, with the richest green-sward of apparently more fertile regions, and remembers that it grows afresh twice a year. Then, with the utmost regularity, and some time before noon, the whole herd—the splendid bulls, the plump steers, the red, and white, and roan, and mottled cows—take their accustomed trail, and seek the water with unerring certainty. Then back to the grazing again, and feed until

▲ "ROUND UP."

"The embers of the sunset's fires  
Along the clouds burn down,"

and night brings them repose.

As in more primitive days the different herds ranged intermingled over the public domain, so do they now stray from ranch to ranch, and at certain seasons of the year they must be collected and separated. They are distinguished by ear-marks, and more especially by brands, said brands being conclusive and universally accepted evidence of ownership. In June and July, and in September and October, "rounding up," or the grand collection and separation, takes place. For each district a master or director of the "round up" is chosen, whose orders are implicitly obeyed by the working force, consisting of from twenty to fifty men, furnished by the ranchmen of the district in proportion to their holdings. They have two or three horses apiece, and are accompanied by assistants, herders, cooks, etc., etc. Starting from a given point, taking a regular course, and camping every night, they sweep over the ranges. Each day they "round up;" the horsemen scour the country, and, with the skill coming from long practice, gather the cattle together. In vain does the restive steer break away and run back or aside, the skilful horseman is ready for him; the trained horse "turns on a five-cent piece," and he is headed off, and must yield to his fate, and move on in the preordained track. The "round up" takes place sometimes at a "corral," or large enclosure, sometimes on the open plain. But we must see it for ourselves, and with the reckless disregard of "magnificent distances" which characterizes this country, start for the "round up" at a corral on the great Craig or Barnum ranch—if we adopt the naming of Eastern newspapers; in reality, Hermosilla, the property of the Colorado Cattle Company.

It was on a cool and pleasant afternoon that the Colonel and the Commodore found themselves the guests of a new host, once more speeding across the plains, behind two fine horses, and this time leaving the Wet Mountains, the "Great Arroya" and the San Carlos on the west, and bearing off toward the Spanish Peaks, and into the valley of the Huerfano, or "Orphan." Clouds had been gathering to the southward, but we escaped the rain ourselves, and only found the dust laid for us, and congratulated our host on the prospective filling, from the distant showers, of his irrigating ditches.

"How do we cross the Huerfano?"

"Oh, it is easily forded. The bridge was carried away some time ago, but the creek has been dammed above, and most of the water must be in the ditch, and the bed quite dry."

But, if we thought so, we were soon to be undeceived. Away up in Huerfano Park, in the great Sangre de Cristo Range, and close to the Veta Pass, rises this stream, which only this noon was thin and sluggish enough. But far off there, where towers old Baldy Peak, had been a storm, or perhaps a water-spout, and a tremendous body of muddy water, bearing with it shrubs, sticks, and even large trees, had come tearing down the cañon. When we drove into the cotton-wood grove the horses stopped. From bank to bank stretched a roaring torrent. We were on this side; on the other were the trees around the dwelling-house, the stable for the horses, and the *supper*—so near, and yet so far! We thought of the words of the ancient psalm-book:

“Bright fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dressed in living green;  
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between;”

and we waited, watching the growing darkness, and coveting the flesh-pots of Hermosilla. And did we finally cross? Well, yes. A mule team came along, and the Commodore said, with Sam Patch, that “some things could be done as well as others,” and that he might as well be drowned



CROSSING THE HUERFANO.

as starve; and some one else remarked that his head was level (under ordinary circumstances the use of slang would have been strenuously deprecated); and then— But it is best to dwell on results rather than on processes. Suffice it to say that no one was missing at the supper table.

Some decades ago the Chevalier St. Vrain raised a force to fight the Indians; but although he had faced danger on the frontier for a long while, he did not entertain the view, so' common in 1861, that every one could command troops, and he applied to the United States Government



"CUTTING OUT."

for a trained officer. Colonel Craig was assigned to this duty, and he and his men began, not unsuccessfully, the repression and suppression of Mr. Lo. Before he parted with St. Vrain they had become great friends, and on one occasion, when he had expressed an admiration for the valley of the Huerfano, his chief told him that he was welcome to three or four hundred thousand acres, and had better have the papers made out; and with his enormous Mexican grants, no man was in a better position to make such a donation than St. Vrain. Up to this time Colonel Craig's title to 97,000 acres has been confirmed, and it is of 73,000 of these, and 8000 more, that the Colorado Cattle Company's domain consists. In the substantial and imposing house of stone and adobe, burned last year, dwelt Colonel Craig himself for some years, and many an old army comrade, on his way to or from a distant post, has enjoyed his hospitality. As we looked at the ruins of this dwelling, with the faint moonlight shining weirdly through a dismantled window, we could almost fancy it dating

back centuries instead of years, and perhaps the *pueblo* of an ancient Indian race.

But the bright day's doings savored little of antiquity. We wended our way to the great corral, and waited, like Sister Ann in "Blue-beard," until we saw, first a cloud of dust over the hill, then the galloping horsemen. Then came the herd, perfectly controlled, and urged on by the *rancheros*, and soon they were in the corral. Of these corrals there were



BRANDING A CALF.

five on this property. They are made of rough timber, standing on end and firmly secured, and are entered by bars. Some have what are called "slides," or passages gradually narrowing until but one animal can pass; and he, as he cannot turn around, can be easily branded, as would be needful with a new purchase.

Only the first purpose of the "round up" has been subserved when the cattle are collected. Next the cows and calves must be "cut out;" and we saw the "cow-boys" ride into the herd, single out the cow (with calf following), and with great skill extricate her from the throng. The young calves are, of course, not yet marked, but the presence of one with a cow makes it imperative to place that cow's mark on it. Strayed calves, on the other hand (called "Mauvrics," from an old Frenchman in Texas who is said to have added largely to his worldly store by a systematic ab-

straction of these waifs and strays), are sold for the benefit of the associated ranchmen. "First catch your calf," as Mrs. Glass would say. Perhaps one may think that this is an easy task; but he would find, if he tried it, that he was never more mistaken in his life, for the ease with which the rancheros accomplish it has only come with careful training and long practice. The little animal runs wonderfully fast, springs, turns, and dodges almost like a flash; but the cow-boy never takes his eyes off of him, and the trained horse, now well warmed up and entering fully into the spirit of the chase, responds to, almost seems to anticipate, every turn of his rider's left hand and wrist. Meanwhile the latter, with his right arm, is swinging his noosed rope, or lasso, and in another minute he has thrown it exactly over the calf's head. Instantly the horse plunges forward, giving "slack" to the rope, and allowing it to be wound around the horn of the saddle; then he moves on, dragging the calf after him, and the little creature is soon in the hands of the men with the branding-irons. These have been heated in a hot fire, and are quickly applied, and in a few minutes the calf, now indelibly designated as the property of his master, is again running about.

By nightfall the cattle belonging to the ranch on which the "round up" has taken place are separated and cared for, the rest of those collected are in the hands of the herders, the cook has prepared supper, and then come pipes and stories and songs, and well-earned repose in the perfectly dry air, perhaps without other canopy than the starry sky. Next day all are up early, and again in motion. There is a wonderful amount of life and merriment and vigor in these operations, and they cannot fail to greatly interest all who are fortunate enough to witness them. It may not be amiss to hint, incidentally, to enthusiastic spectators from the East, that they are likely to view a "round up" with more satisfaction and peace of mind from a seat in a wagon, or on a stout fence-rail, than from the back of a broncho.

In late summer and autumn the cattle which it is intended to sell go to their purchasers, who sometimes take them on the ranch; or they are shipped East by rail to Kansas City and elsewhere, and would doubtless, if they could speak, thank the benevolent people who have tried, by strict regulations and improved cars, to make their transit as easy as possible. Then through the whole winter the rest remain on the range, sometimes on the level plain, sometimes under the abrupt side of the mesas, or in the dry arroyas.

Through the splendid estate on which we were one could drive for twenty-eight miles along the creek valleys, with occasional glimpses of

striking scenery, where the stream lay at the bottom of a deep gorge. Everywhere there were cattle to be seen; those branded as belonging to this ranch numbering some 6000 and expected soon to be 20,000.

At a time when so much attention is directed to this business of stock-raising, some figures will naturally be expected in an article of this kind, showing the probable results, and some advice or suggestions in regard to the desirability and the best way of engaging in it. We will proceed, then, with a catechism, premising that the questions cover the main points on which information is likely to be sought.

*Q.* Is it advisable to engage in the raising of cattle?—*A.* Yes; provided (1) that the person either knows the business thoroughly himself, is willing to learn, or will give a portion of his profits to a trusty man to manage for him; (2), that he can command adequate capital; and (3), that, if he be going to take charge himself, he will not chafe at the loneliness and deprivations of the life.

*Q.* Can good and trusty men be found in the West to take charge of such a business?—*A.* Yes, most certainly. The writer is personally cognizant of a case where some gentlemen, about ten years ago, made up the sum of \$7000 for the purchase of cattle, and put the herd in the hands of a practical man. It was, of course, done when cattle were somewhat cheaper than they are now; and they did not buy much land, but sent their herd to range at a distance; but they have gotten their money back, and are offered \$125,000 for their present holding. They gave their manager *one-quarter* interest for his services.

*Q.* What amount of capital is needed?—*A.* It would hardly be advisable to begin an independent business with less than \$5000, of which \$3000 would be invested in stock. It is common for men employed by owners to have a few cattle of their own, which range with their employers', and in this way they sometimes get quite a little property together, and are enabled to start on their own account. On the other hand, the profits on a large herd increase in a greater ratio than the expenses, and the figures to be given herein will be based on an investment large enough to secure this benefit.

*Q.* What profits may be expected in the stock business?—*A.* The following may be pronounced a fair and reasonable commercial estimate, and it is put forward with only the remark that while the figures apply to circumstances as they are now, and there are chances and contingencies and possible disasters attending money-making adventures of all kinds, the margin here is so large that, after making all allowances which caution may suggest, one has still the promise of great results.



We will suppose an individual or a firm to have found a ranch to suit him or them in Southern Colorado, and to have bought it. The cost is hard to fix; but one of 10,000 acres, in complete order, could not stand in at more than...	\$50,000		
A herd of 4000 good cows could be bought at \$18 each, or...	72,000		
And 80 good short-horn and Hereford bulls at an average of \$50 each, or.....	4,000		
Making a total investment of.....		<u>\$126,000</u>	
By careful buying in the spring one should get 70 per cent. of calves with the cows, or say 2800 calves. Of these, on the average, one-half, or 1400, will be heifer calves.			
At the end of the first year affairs should stand as follows:			
The 1400 heifer calves will be yearlings, and worth.....	\$14,000		
There will be also 1400 yearling steers, worth \$10 each, or....	14,000	\$28,000	
With a herd of this size expenses may be put at not more than	\$5,000		
And for contingencies, sundries, and ordinary losses it is safe to take 4 per cent. on capital invested in stock, say, on \$76,000.....	3,040	8,040	
Profit at end of first year.....			\$19,960
At the end of the second year the 1400 heifers are two years old, and worth \$5 more apiece, or say.....	\$7,000		
And of the 2800 (70 per cent. of 4000) new yearling calves, an average of one-half, or 1400, will be heifers, and worth \$10 each, or.....	14,000		
1400 two-year-old steers are worth an additional \$6 each, or...	8,400		
And the 1400 new yearlings are worth \$10 each, or.....	14,000	\$48,400	
Deduct expenses.....	\$5,000		
And 4 per cent. on \$76,000 + \$19,960 = \$95,960.....	3,838	8,838	34,562
At the end of the third year the original 1400 heifers are three years old, and worth an additional \$3 per head, or...	\$4,200		
The yearling heifers of last year are two years old, and worth an additional \$5 each, or.....	7,000		
There are 1400 yearlings from the original stock, worth.....	14,000		
And of the offspring of the three-year-olds (70 per cent. of 1400 = 980) one-half, or 490, are heifers, and worth.....	4,900		
The original 1400 steers are three years old, and worth an additional \$10 each, or.....	14,000		
The 1400 steer calves of last year are two years old, and worth an additional \$6 each, or.....	8,400		
And there are 1400 yearlings, offspring of original stock, and 490, offspring of new three-year-olds—in all, 1890—at \$10 each.....	18,900	\$71,400	
Deduct expenses on 5400 cows, say.....	\$6,050		
And 4 per cent. on (\$95,960 + \$34,562) \$130,522.....	5,221	11,271	
Profits at end of third year.....			60,129
Total net profits for three years.....			<u>\$114,651</u>

1. No allowance need be made for depreciation of stock, as the cattle can with proper care always be sold for beef.
2. If the profits be invested in cattle, they will be largely increased.
3. No account is taken of interest on profits.
4. No account is taken of the gradual improvement in the quality of the stock.
5. Profit can often be made by buying cattle and keeping them for a year.
6. During the latter part of the winter and the spring the food is of course poorer than before, and, as the cattle are not then in the best condition, there is much demand for good beef for local consumption. By feeding cattle during those months for sale in Colorado, excellent gains should be realized. Good beef *on the hoof* was worth four and a quarter cents per pound in Pueblo in the spring of 1879.
7. A ranch purchased in Southern Colorado at present prices is almost sure, in view of the great increase in the business and the decrease of suitable land, to appreciate considerably in value—say, at least ten per cent. per annum.

It will be plain to any one who will examine carefully into the matter, that under ordinary and favorable circumstances profits will mount up each year in an increasing ratio, and he can readily make figures for himself. In the mean time we have a

## BALANCE-SHEET AT END OF THIRD YEAR.

## ASSETS.

Ranch, with three years' appreciation, at 10 per cent.....	\$65,000
5400 cows, at \$18.....	97,200
80 bulls, at \$50.....	4,000
1400 two-year-old heifers, at \$15.....	21,000
1890 yearling heifers, at \$10.....	18,900
1400 three-year-old steers, at \$26.....	36,400
1400 two-year-old steers, at \$16.....	22,400
1890 yearling steers, at \$10.....	18,900
Total.....	<u>\$283,800</u>

## LIABILITIES.

Capital put in ranch.....	\$50,000
Capital put in stock.....	76,000
Capital used in expenses.....	28,149
Profits on stock, three years.....	\$114,651
Profits on ranch.....	15,000
Total.....	<u>\$283,800</u>

A risk to be taken into account would be a possible outbreak of disease at some time, but out of profits as shown an insurance fund could readily be created. That so many cattle will be raised that prices will greatly fall need not be a matter of present fear; for, leaving out two most important factors—the great and increasing demand for our beef in Europe, and the new uses to which it is put in this country—our population has hitherto increased faster than the supply of good meat.

*Q.* Where had I best go?—*A.* You must decide for yourself, after obtaining all possible information to guide you.

*Q.* Can I obtain trustworthy information, not only about this, but also about all details of this business?—*A.* You most certainly can.

Let no one hastily imagine that the foregoing answers have been formulated, and the foregoing figures compiled, under the seductive influences of a region where people ride a day's journey on their own lands, and give away a few hundred thousands of acres with "lightness and freedom," or that they have not passed through the crucible of sober second thought. It is the aim and determination of the writer to state things, as far as in him lies, exactly as they are, and he would even quote that excellent though unrecorded saying of the wise man: "Blessed is he that expecteth nothing, for he shall not be disappointed!"

It is perfectly certain that the life of a cattle ranchman possesses the utmost fascination for men thoroughly accustomed to the resources and habits of the highest and most refined civilization, and presumably liable and likely to greatly miss them. One may meet, sitting in the door-way of the hotel at Pueblo, surrounded perhaps by "honest miners" in overalls, and railroad hands out of employment, gentlemen who will talk, with faultless Piccadilly accent, of the last gossip from London, and ex-officers of "crack" regiments, not unknown to fame. No one's felt hats have broader brims, no one's flannel shirts are rustier, and no one's boots more thoroughly covered with adobe dust; and every one will tell you that he is as happy as a king. May it not occur to more than one young man anxious to do good work in the world, and conscious of the drawbacks of business life in great cities, with its fierce competition and unavoidable risks, that life on the plains might give him ample occupation, comfortable gains, and a sound mind in a sound body?

And there is another class of men to whom this life should appeal with the greatest force—those unfortunates to whom the doctors each winter talk about Aiken and Florida, and "coming north with the strawberries." Perhaps, in wandering about this region, you may meet an acquaintance, remembered in New York or Boston as a thin, pale man, of

whom people used to speak as "poor fellow," and to whom each winter was a new terror. You will hardly recognize him in the brown-bearded horseman who has come in thirty miles that morning, and will think noth-



CATTLE GOING TO WATER.

ing of riding out again before night, with his letters and a few purchased necessaries in his saddle-bags. It is very pleasant, without doubt, to lounge in the old fort at St. Augustine, or to frequent Nice, and Cannes,

and Pau, but it is more efficacious, and far more manly, to "shun delights, and live laborious days," and to be doing yeoman's work and gaining health at the same time.

These were our cogitations as we sat in the evenings in front of the house; drinking in what our host happily called ozone, and waiting for the mail, which came semi-occasionally from Pueblo in a bag hung to the



THREE DAYS LATER FROM PUEBLO.

saddle of a small boy mounted on a tall horse—a primitive fashion, no doubt, but endurable for the last twenty miles, since our welcome letters came the preceding two thousand in fast express trains.

But all pleasant things must come to an end, and after breakfast one morning the large wagon came to the door, and we drove out through the gate, and past the end of the bluff, and over the rolling plain, dampened by the welcome rain of the night before, in the direction of Pueblo. It was a drive to be long remembered, with its accompaniments of a delicious and invigorating air, the sight of all the mountains, and glimpses of the Arkansas flowing to the eastward, miles and miles away. As we neared the town, musing, as one must under such circumstances, on the

days, not long gone by, of the fierce Indian and the roving trapper, a change came o'er the spirit of our dream, for we saw in turn the smoke of a smelting-works, a China "washman's" shanty, a derrick by means of which some one hoped to "strike ile," a saloon where there had been a first-class shooting affair, a stand for the sale of lemonade and chewing gum, and an advertisement of *H. M. S. Pinafore*. The Commodore, who is nothing if not romantic, was greatly disturbed at this abrupt transition, and relapsed into a troubled silence. It was only after some time had passed that a happy idea seemed to strike him. He departed in the direction of a telegraph office, and on his return seemed quite himself again, and threw out hints of a pleasant surprise preparing for us at Colorado Springs. And then the little, impudent, noisy, narrow-gauge train, which had left the San Juan country that morning, and come over the Sangre de Cristo at an elevation of 10,000 feet, came puffing up to the platform, and took us in; and we rolled out through a cutting, and away from the river, and up the Fountain Valley, and a boy came into the car and offered us books and magazines and figs, just as if we were going from New York to Yonkers or Paterson instead of along the base of the Sierra Madre.

"Is it not a shame," asked the writer, in a thoughtless moment, of a well-known pioneer, "that the train should be so delayed by 'wash-outs?'"

"That is not my view of the matter," replied he. "I am rather inclined to continual wonder and gratitude at what has been accomplished in putting these roads here at all in the face of such obstacles."

Some distance above Pueblo the valley grows greener and greener, and the railroad nears the great mountains. We stood on the platform watching the lights and shades on the range, and thinking how beautiful they were, when a long whistle came from the engine, and we saw that we were nearing the station at Colorado Springs.

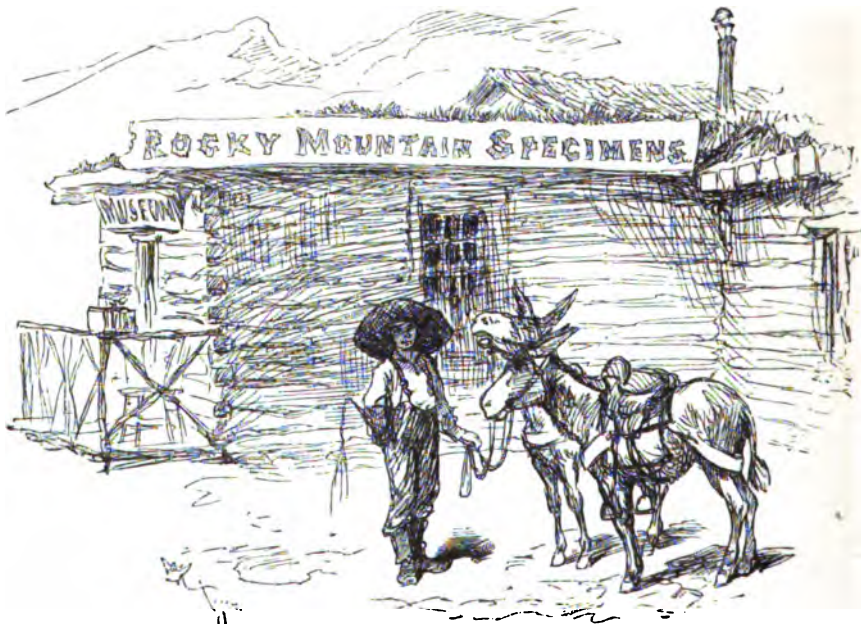
And then on the face of the Commodore there appeared a novel expression, in which a species of embarrassment struggled with a fiendish delight. The cause was not long in making itself known. In front of a curious log-cabin, devoted to the display of curiosities, stood a very thin and feeble boy, almost extinguished by a gigantic hat, and holding the bridles of—the two wretched burros. And then the deep design all came out. The Commodore dropped all pretences, and said that if any one thought that a burro was going to get the better of him, he would soon show him that he was mistaken; that he would fight it out on that line if it took all summer; and that he had had the two brutes (and the ignominious pests, according to him, bore the singularly inappropriate names

of Esmeralda and Montezuma) sent up to the Springs, and telegraphed from Pueblo to have them at the station.

At almost any other place in the world a deep dejection would have settled on the Colonel, but at Colorado Springs one has at hand a panacea for greater troubles than the forced possession of a burro, for, like old King David, he can "lift up his eyes unto the hills." It was impossible to think long of anything that afternoon but the majestic appearance of Pike's Peak, as it towered above the line of mountains before it.

The first stage of our journey ended, as it had begun, on the platform of a railway station, and the bustle and confusion brought to mind the morning at Kansas City, and caused the Colonel, remembering his interlocutor there, to remark to a friend, just as the sun came out from behind a cloud, and gave a new glory to the range, "The old fellow was right; it *is* a white man's country."

And then an aged stranger, with a brown and wrinkled face and gray beard—his clothes and shoes looked as if he had walked all the way from Leadville down through the Ute Pass—who had come close up to the speaker, quietly remarked, "You bet that's just everlastingly so, Colonel, *and don't you forget it!*"



## CHAPTER IV.

## EL PASO COUNTY AND COLORADO SPRINGS.

AS I sat, on a summer afternoon, on the balcony of El Paso Club, at Colorado Springs, I found myself inclined to meditation. Before me, and not far away, rose that beautiful Cheyenne Mountain (*Chy-ann*, they call it in the West) of which poor Fitz Hugh Ludlow said: "Its height is several thousand feet less than Pike's, but its contour is so noble and massive that this disadvantage is overlooked. There is a unity of conception in it unsurpassed by any mountain I have ever seen. It is full of living power. In the declining daylight its vast simple surface becomes the broadest mass of blue and purple shadow that ever lay on the easel of Nature." I felt that I quite agreed with Mr. Ludlow, even if I failed to put the matter quite so expansively; and then my attention was diverted by a mule team, with the driver lying on his load, and just over it a sign, on which was, "Wines and Liquors"—very large—and, "for medical purposes"—very small; and I thought that it would befit a man to be on good terms with his doctor in this place, even if he belonged to the "Moderate Drinkers' Association." Next it came forcibly to my mind that a wandering writer might think himself exceptionally fortunate to find, at the base of the Rocky Mountains, a capital club with sage-green paper on the wall, if you please, and a gilt dado, and Eastlake furniture; and then I could not help thinking how little our people really know of the history, or geography, or resources, of this part of their great country.

In 1540 Coronado was sent into this region by those old fellow-Spaniards of his who were consumed with the *auri sacra fames*, that fierce hunger for gold which induced them to scour the earth in search of it, just as it has sent a good many people who are not Spaniards into regions wild and desert. Eighty years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth he was perilously traversing the San Luis Park, and perhaps seeing the Wet Mountain Valley lying, as it does to-day, green and fertile between the two ranges; and he went away disappointed, after all. Then, in 1806, when Mr. Jefferson was President, and Aaron Burr was engaged



in his treasonable conspiracy to found a new empire west of the Alleghanies, General Wilkinson ordered Lieutenant Zebulon Pike, an adventurous and persevering officer of the United States army, to proceed westward, and explore the region between the Missouri and the frontier of Mexico. He left St. Louis on the 24th of June, and camped in the foot-hills at this point on the 25th of November. Now I had made the same journey in 1879, and beaten Pike hollow, for I left St. Louis at 9.15 P.M. on a Thursday, and arrived at the same place as he at 5 P.M. on Saturday, and I would not camp for the world, but was assigned a room by a hotel clerk with eye-glasses. I sympathized with Pike in one thing, however, as must many travellers, including the Englishman who wouldn't jump the three-foot irrigating ditch because he "couldn't tell, by Jove! you know, that the blasted thing wasn't three-quarters of a mile wide." Pike saw the great peak on the 15th of November, when he says that it "appeared like a small blue cloud." On the 17th he "marched at the usual hour, pushed with the idea of arriving at the mountains; but found at night no visible difference in their appearance from yesterday." And on the 25th he again "marched early, with expectation of ascending the mountain, but was only able to camp at its base." Poor Pike! he was modest, for he called it Mexican Mountain, and left others to give it his name; and he was a brave patriot, for, after serving his country faithfully, he laid down his life for her at Toronto in 1813.

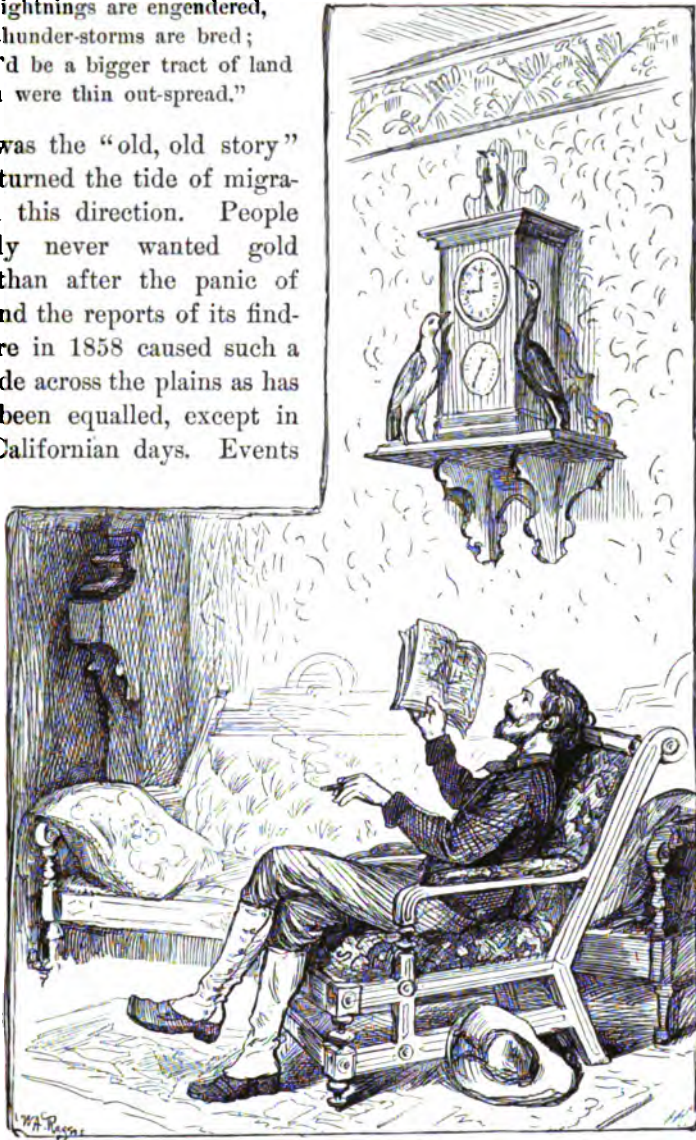
Again, in 1843, Fremont, the "Pathfinder"—now living quietly in Arizona as Governor of "the Marvellous Country"—reached the base of this peak, and wrote about it; but still, in the imagination of the average American citizen, it lay beyond the "Great American Desert," as remote as Greenland, as mystical as the Delectable Mountains. Of white men only a few saw it—the scattered trappers and fur traders, camping, perhaps, on the Fontaine, and drinking from the Soda Spring, as they passed down from their little forts to winter on the Arkansas; and perhaps it was some of them who gave utterance to the sentiments which a Western poet has paraphrased as follows:

"I'm looking at your lofty head  
 Away up in the air,  
 Eight thousand feet above the plain  
 Where grows the prickly-pear.  
 A great big thing with ice on,  
 You seem to be up there.

"Away above the timber-line  
 You lift your frosty head,

Where lightnings are engendered,  
 And thunder-storms are bred;  
 But you'd be a bigger tract of land  
 If you were thin out-spread."

It was the "old, old story" which turned the tide of migration in this direction. People probably never wanted gold more than after the panic of 1857, and the reports of its finding here in 1858 caused such a stampede across the plains as has never been equalled, except in early Californian days. Events



EL PASO CLUB-ROOM.

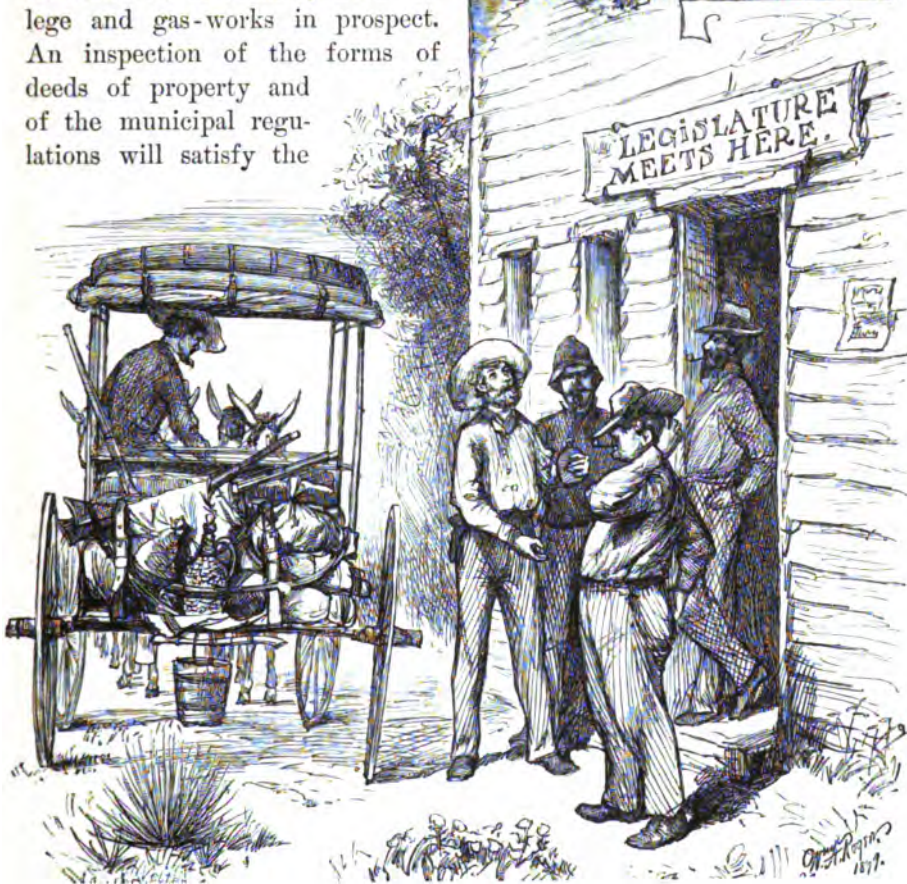
moved rapidly, and in the winter of 1860-'61 a Territorial Legislature, numbering some twenty-five devoted patriots, met at Colorado City, just about where Pike and Fremont had camped. Candor compels one to state that the surroundings were not those of grandeur or pomp; rather

of a stern and Spartan simplicity. The State-house is still standing. Tradition states that it contained three rooms: in one the members met, in one they slept; the third contained the bar! In the course of the proceedings a motion was made to transfer the seat of government to Denver. "And we carried our point," said a most entertaining pioneer, with whom it was our good fortune to converse, "because we had the best wagon, and four mules, *and the most whiskey*. In fact," he added, sententiously, "I rather think that we had a kind of a *wagon capital* most of the time in those days."

The Colonel and the Commodore rode into Colorado City from the north one bright moonlight evening, musing on its departed glories. In the pale, glimmering light the rear view of a pretentious brick and adobe building brought faint suggestions of Syria to their minds, and the flat-roofed dwellings of Palestine. The Commodore with a pensive air drew his pencil from his pocket. Alas! another moment dispelled our visions: in this Oriental dwelling they bottle lager-beer; in a wooden building opposite they drink it (largely). I believe that "Hay and Feed" are sold in the ancient Capitol. A young lady, accompanied by a gentleman in a linen duster and wide felt hat, passed in a buggy, and was heard to ask, "Oh, ain't this real pleasant?" and a stray burro, emerging into the road, lifted up his voice in a wail that sounded like a dirge for the departed statesmen and lost greatness of Colorado City. The Commodore murmured, "*Sic transit gloria mundi*; I know that amount of Latin, anyhow;" and struck the horse viciously with the whip. Later on, he was seen drawing, with a savage expression on his face—an expression altogether indicative of vanished illusions.

But if Colorado City be a thing of the past, Colorado Springs is a bright and flourishing little city of the present. When one conceives, however, the intention of describing it, he is fain to ask himself, "What shall the man do that cometh after the king?" Not only has the special correspondent bankrupted himself in adjectives long ago, but, as is well known, a charming lady writer, whose praise is in all the book review columns, has established her home in a pretty vine-clad house on a pleasant street in the town itself, and made due and varied record of her impressions and experiences. The colony (for such it is, and containing now some 4000 souls) lies on a little narrow-gauge railroad, starting at Denver, running at present to Southern Colorado and San Juan, and destined and confidently expected, say its friends, to establish its ultimate terminal station in one of those "halls of the Montezumas" of which we so often hear. It is a charm of this country that its residents are filled with a large and cheer-

ing, if somewhat vague, hopefulness, and there is no doubt that the station agent at Colorado Springs beguiles his leisure, when not selling the honest miner a ticket for El Moro or Alamosa, with roseate visions of despatching the "City of Mexico Fast Express," and checking luggage for Chihuahua and Guaymas. The little city is undeniably growing, and it has pleasant residences, well-stocked stores, water from the mountains, and a college and gas-works in prospect. An inspection of the forms of deeds of property and of the municipal regulations will satisfy the



MOVING THE CAPITOL.

most sceptical inquirer that the sale of beer, wines, and liquors is most strictly prohibited, unless "for medical purposes," and on the certificate of a physician. Now the Colonel knew that the town was founded by some



UNDER THE ROSE.

worthy Pennsylvania Quakers, and he told the Commodore all about these regulations, and how rigid and effective they were; but he regretted to notice a tendency on the part of the latter worthy to disbelieve some of the statements made to him, especially since his visit to Colorado City. He made a remark, common to naval men, about "telling that to the marines," and went out. In a short time he returned, and with a growing cynicism of manner proceeded to demonstrate, with as much mathematical exactness as if working up his longitude or "taking a lunar," that the support of the number of drug stores which he had seen would involve the furnishing to each able-bodied inhabitant of a *per diem* allowance of two average prescriptions, one and one-half tooth-brushes, three glasses of soda (with syrup), five yards of sticking-plaster, and a bottle of perfumery. He also muttered something about this being "too thin." During that evening he was missed from his accustomed haunts, and in the morning placed in the Colonel's hands a sketch, which he said was given him by a bad young man whom he had met in the street. It purported to represent a number of people partaking of beer in a place which bore no resemblance to a druggist's shop; but as the Colonel knew very well that such practices were prohibited in the town, he assured his friend that it must have been taken in some other place.

Colorado Springs it was that killed poor Colorado City, only about three miles to the westward, and all that is left to the latter is the selling of lager-beer in serene lawlessness, while the former is the county town, and has a court-house, and a fine school building of light-colored stone, and a hotel very pleasantly situated in view of the mountains. Down from the Divide comes the Monument Creek, joining, just below the town, the Fontaine qui Bouille, which we shall by-and-by see at Manitou, and away up in the Ute Pass. Along the wide central street or avenue

went out. In a short time he returned, and with a growing cynicism of manner proceeded to demonstrate, with as much mathematical exactness as if working up his longitude

(and what fine names they have!—Cascade, Willamette, Tejon, Nevada, and Huerfano), and up the grade toward the pass and the South Park go the great canvas-covered four-mule teams, bound, “freighting,” for Fairplay, Leadville, and “the Gunnison.” But we must go five miles northwest (the Commodore *would* ride his burro, Montezuma, and the Colonel positively refused, and took a horse), and climb Austin’s Bluffs, and look out. To the north rises the Divide, nearly as high above the sea as Sherman, on the Union Pacific Railroad. Westward the great mountains seem to have taken on thousands of feet in height, and to loom up with



FLOCK ON AUSTIN'S BLUFFS.

added grandeur. Away at the south, whither the course of the Fontaine is marked by the line of cotton-wood-trees, are seen the Sierra Mojada, and, on a clear day, the Spanish Peaks: and to the eastward stretch, across two States, and afar to the Missouri, the great “plains.”

It was to this pleasant region that the Colonel and the Commodore, after their researches, already chronicled, among the cattle ranches farther

south, had come in search of "fresh fields and pastures new;" and they were not long in discovering that El Paso County was famed for its sheep, and the quality of its wool product. It stretches from a point well over the range, out toward the Kansas line some seventy-two miles, and from the Divide on the north well down toward Pueblo; and there are between 150,000 and 200,000 head of sheep returned as held last year within its borders. Although in many respects the sheep business is less attractive than that of cattle-raising, it deserves attention as an important and growing industry, and it is doing very much for the prosperity of the country. There is, to be sure, something exciting, and, in a sense, romantic, about the steer and his breeding, while the sheep is a quiet and modest animal. One can fancy the broad-hatted "cow-boy" on his fleet horse, and throwing his lasso at full gallop, as feeling himself a kind of Spanish *toreador*, and perhaps imparting a spice of danger into the chase by flaunting a red scarf in the eyes of the lordly bull. The Mexican herder, on the other hand, plods monotonously after his flock, and all the chasing is done by his shepherd dog, while we know of but one man who was ever able to find anything alarming in the nature of this simple animal. This worthy, desiring a supply of mutton for his table, shot one of his neighbor's sheep, and was overtaken by the owner while carrying it away on his shoulder.

"Now I've caught you, you rascal," said he. "What do you mean by shooting my sheep?"

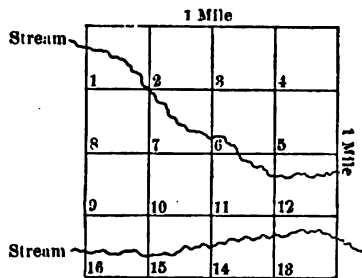
Sternly and grimly replied the accused: "I'll shoot any man's sheep that *tries to bite me!*"

But the gentle sheep does not lack friends and adherents, especially in El Paso County. It may here be stated that between the flock and the herd there is an irrepressible conflict. The sheep puts in a mild plaint to the effect that when he is nibbling away at the grass, in company with his relations and friends, the steer comes in with a party and "stampedes" him, and sets him running so far away that sometimes he cannot find his way back; also, that the steer stands a long time in the water, and tramples about there, and makes it so muddy that he (whose cleanly habits are well known) is debarred from drinking. He further deposes that while he stays at home, on his master's range, the steer is a first-class tramp, and roams about, trying to get meals from the neighbors. To this the steer disdainfully replies that no well-bred cattle can associate with such mudsills as sheep, and that the latter gnaw the grass so close that there would be nothing left for him in any case. It is a clear instance of "incompatibility of temperament," and a separation has generally to be effected.

Sheep are kept in many parts of Colorado, but they have a special hold

on this county, and have done a good deal in the way of dispossessing the cattle, the taking up and enclosure of water privileges tending materially to that end. This county affords a favorable opportunity for studying the life and work of the shepherd, for although there may be more sheep in some of the others, the wool from this neighborhood commands a high price, and it is claimed that the growth of grass and weeds here is particularly suitable for food.

The public lands of the United States are divided into two classes—those held at the usual price of \$1 25 per acre, and those which lie in sections alternate with railroad lands, and are consequently put at \$2 50. It is on the cheaper ones that the prospective sheep-owner wishes to settle, and his first object is to find that one great and important requisite—water. He examines the county map, and finds the public domain laid out in “townships” measuring six miles each way. Each township is divided into thirty-six “sections” of 640 acres each, and these again into “quarter sections” of 160 acres. Of a quarter section the whole, three-quarters, one-half, or one-quarter (the minimum) can be had in one of various ways. The sheep man finds a stream, which we will suppose to run in one of the two courses shown on the diagram, which represents a section of 640 acres. In the case of



the lower stream his plan is simple. The law requires that his plots of forty acres each shall touch along one side, and plots Nos. 13, 14, 15 and 16 will give him 160 acres and a mile of water frontage. In the former case, after taking No. 1, he must take either No. 2 or No. 8 (containing no water) in order to secure Nos. 6 and 7. This land can be had in different ways. In the first place, there are sales held by the government, at which any amount, great or small, down to the minimum, and within the offerings, can be taken by the highest bidder; and portions offered and not sold can be taken subsequently at \$1 25 per acre. Next, each man can “pre-empt” 160 acres, *i. e.*, give notice that he is going to take it up, and receive patent at the end of either six or thirty months, for \$1 25 per acre and fees. Next, again, he can occupy 160 acres under the Homestead Law, and having actually lived on it for five years, secure title, paying only fees—a fact which is respectfully commended to the attention of Socialist orators. But there may not be “offered lands” which suit our friend; and although he may have his 320 acres, and be debarred from singing,



"No foot of land do I possess,  
No dwelling in this wilderness,"

he may require much more, and find no man who wants to sell out to him. Now, Uncle Sam gave the soldiers in the Civil War the right to 160 acres each, only requiring them to take them up and live thereon five years, from which, up to four years, was deducted the time of their military service. Some of the boys in blue only took up portions, and the Solons at Washington then said that they should not suffer for this, and that "scrip" should issue to each one for the forty, eighty, or 120 acres which he had failed to take up. The beauty of this and other scrip, such as "Louisiana," "Sioux half-breed," etc., is that it can be bought, and the purchaser can locate, in forty-acre parcels, where he pleases. Thus, by paying perhaps at the rate of \$3 50 per acre for scrip, our sheep man can secure plots Nos. 11 and 12, and more in that direction, also perhaps a nice spring near by, and, what he most wants, land along another water-course three to five miles away. Between, therefore, his two water frontages his sheep can roam, for no one will take up this waterless tract. Between him and his next neighbor there is a courteous understanding that each shall use half the space. Then up go his wire or post-and-rail fences around the springs; perhaps some more divergent water-courses are secured; and now

"He is monarch of all he surveys,  
His right there is none to dispute."

Next our shepherd must purchase his sheep; and here come in a good many honest differences of opinion as to the kind which will give the best results. Some will buy cheap "Mexicans," expecting to breed a better quality of lambs, and then dispose of the original purchase. Others affect the California stock, which, of late years, has come into favor in some quarters. The weight of opinion, however, would undoubtedly incline our enterprising young *ranchero* to buy sheep on the spot in good condition, and, what is very important, thoroughly acclimated. His "bucks" (say about three to each hundred ewes) will generally be Merinos. In the autumn, we will say, then, he begins operations under favorable auspices. His cabin is very plainly furnished, and his "corrals," or yards and sheds, properly constructed and in readiness. For feeding in stormy weather he has enough hay safely stored away; and, after due care and inquiry, he has secured an experienced and competent herder—better an American. At daylight all hands are called to breakfast, and soon after the bleating flock are moving over the range, and the herder, with his canteen slung over his shoulder, and probably a book in his pocket, has whistled to his shepherd

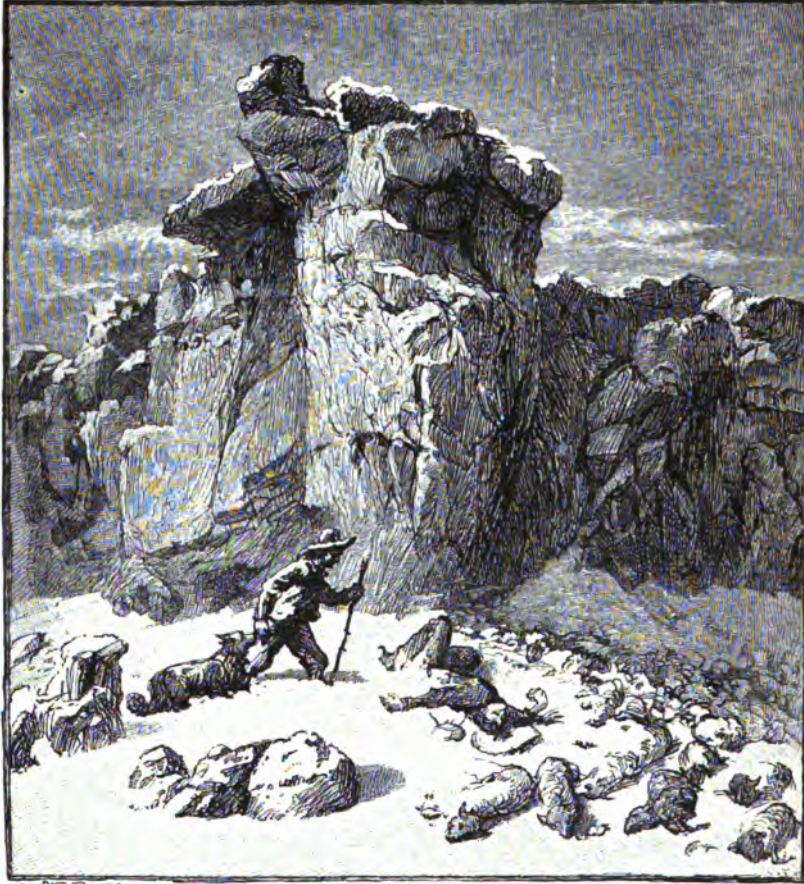
dog and started after them. During the whole day they graze on the short grass, going once to water; and afternoon sees them brought back near to the corrals, in which, later on, they are again confined for the night. Day after day, week after week, month after month, pass in monotonous round; and then the cold weather comes, and the herder puts on a thicker coat, and reads less, and walks about rapidly, and stamps his feet for warmth. And then some day, when he is far away from the ranch, there comes on that dreaded enemy of sheep-raising—a prairie snow storm. With but little warning the clouds have gathered, and the snow is falling in thick and heavy flakes. The sheep hurriedly huddle together, and no



OFF FOR THE RANGE

power can make them move. The herder may have had time to get them into a gulch, or under a bank, falling in this, there is nothing for it but to stay with them, sometimes a day and a night, and trust to getting them home when the storm is over. Not far from Colorado Springs is a gulch called the Big Corral, in which more than one thousand sheep were lost a year or two ago, having followed each other up to the brink, and fallen over into the deep snow. Nor did the Mexican herder ever return to tell the tale, for he shared their fate. It is with the snow-storm, indeed, that the dark side of the Colorado shepherd's life is associated, and the great tempest of the spring of 1878 left a sorrowful record behind it. It must be mentioned that sheds are an innovation, that some ranches have none

even now, and that before they were built the sheep were exposed, even in the corrals, to the fury of the elements. *Per contra*, it should be said that no such storm as that of March, 1878, has been known since there were any sheep in this part of the country. On this occasion thousands



THE TRAGEDY OF THE BIG CORRAL.

and thousands of sheep perished. The snow was eleven feet deep in the corrals, and sheep were dug out *alive* after being buried for two and even three weeks! Their vitality seems very great, and many perish, not from the pressure of the snow, but from suffocation caused by others falling or crowding upon them. It is asserted that they sometimes, while still buried, work their way down to the grass, and feed thereon. But our shepherd has taken care to have plenty of sheds, and he knows, too, that by

the doctrine of chances he need not count on such a storm more than once in ten years, so he faces the winter with a stout heart. Whenever it is possible to send the sheep out, the herder takes them, despite the weather; but when that is impossible or indiscreet, they are fed at home.

In May comes "lambing," and the extra hands are busily occupied in taking care of the young lambs. With their mothers they are separated from the rest of the flock, first in small "bunches," then in larger ones; and in October they are weaned. In June comes shearing—an easy and simple operation; and, if need be, "dipping," or immersing the stock in great troughs containing a solution of tobacco or lime, cures the "scab," and completes the year's programme. Our shepherd sells his wool, counts the increase of his flock after weaning, and if, as is to be hoped, he be a

good book-keeper, he sits down and makes up his accounts for the year. It is hard to picture a greater contrast than that which exists between the sheep and the cattle business, the freedom and excitement of the latter bearing about the same relation to the humdrum routine of the former as does the appearance of the great herd of often noble-looking animals widely scattered over the plains, and roaming sometimes for months by themselves, to that of the timid flock bleating in the corral, and frightened at the waving of a piece of white paper.

And then to think of the difference between the life of the "cow-puncher" (as he calls himself), riding his spirited horse in the company of his fellows, and that of the herder, on foot and in solitude, is enough to make us wonder how men can be found for the one, while there is the slightest chance of securing the other. And yet there are many such men, and the Colonel and the Commodore saw and talked with them.



SHEARING.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE SHEPHERDS OF THE PLAIN.

IT was through the courtesy of Mr. J. F. Atherton, of Colorado Springs, that we were first enabled to see something for ourselves of the life and operations on sheep ranches. We drove out of the town on a bright morning, and north and east over the prairie. On the front seat sat our guide, philosopher, and friend—a young man of a dry humor, and gifted with a faculty of forcible and incisive expression. Far off in the direction in which we were going rose a high ridge, which we must surmount before reaching our destination, and twenty-two miles must be scored off before we could hope for dinner at a small roadside ranch. Had the road been twice as long, the flow of anecdotes from our friend would have made it short enough. First we had a sprightly account of some of the manners and customs of the colony which we had left behind us.

“Temperance town? Not much. If a man wants his beer, all he’s got to do is to sign his name in a book, and get a certificate of membership in a beer club, and then he’s a share-holder—blamed if he ain’t—and they can’t stop him from drinking his own beer!”

“You’ve seen old —, haven’t you? Didn’t you know that they run him for Senator—just put up a job on him, you know. Blamed if he didn’t think he was going to be elected. The boys got a two wheeled cart, with a little runt of a burro in the shafts, and an everlasting great long pole sticking out in front with a bunch of hay tied to the end. (You see, the burro was just a reaching out for that hay, and that was the only way they could get him to go.) Blamed if the old chap didn’t ride round in that outfit, all dressed up in a kind of uniform with gold epaulets, and two fellows behind, one beating a big drum, and the other blowing away at a cornet. He was the worst-looking pill that you ever saw, and dog-goned if he didn’t put it up that he was going to be elected *sure*. Well, that night the boys hired a hall, and when he come out to address them, they made such a noise that you couldn’t hear a word; and then, in about five minutes, there come a cabbage, and took him alongside of the head,

and then eggs, and potatoes, and I don't know what; and when the election come, he had just one blamed vote, and he cast that himself!"

"Rain? No; I guess not. But when I was in Pueblo last time—that's the blamedest town, ain't it?—I was caught in a storm, and it turned into hail, and before I got to the hotel, blamed if I didn't turn round three times to see who was throwing stones at me!"

With quaint narrations of this kind, made doubly comical by that manner of telling which the hearer must despair of reproducing, the miles slipped away, until the earth-roofed log-cabin came in sight at which dinner was to be had. At a short distance therefrom we saw the white tents of a party from the United States Geodetic Survey. In one of them we found the cook hard at work baking bread and cake, and engaged him in friendly converse. He informed us that, in the matter of pay, he came next to the chief; and from the account which he gave of the appetites of the party, we were disposed to think that he was earning his stipend. It may be that it was only because our charioteer judged all occupations by contrast with the hardships of sheep-raising, but we found him inclined to underrate the labors of the surveyors, and he told us that they "had a soft thing."



THE PRAIRIE POST-OFFICE.

While we were dining, a man who was sitting near us quietly remarked that he had just lost twelve hundred sheep. With the most perfect nonchalance he went on to say that he and his "pard" had only just come to the country and bought the sheep; that he was driving the wagon, and that his pard, who was behind with the flock, was ill, and lay down, and missed them. To those who know what a showing a body of twelve hundred sheep will make on the plains, this will seem rather like a fish than a sheep story, but it was quite true. Our companions made a show of offering sympathy and advice, but, in confidential converse with us, spoke with a certain lofty disdain of the "tender-feet" (Coloradoan for new-comers), and their efforts to find their lost stock. Nor did they change

their tone when the poor man said that he was too tired to search any more, but would pay men to do it for him; and it was left for the Colonel and the Commodore—painfully conscious as they were that, despite their



SUPPER WITH THE HERDER.

exalted military and naval rank, they were also “tender-feet”—to feel for the sufferers.

Resuming our journey, and after passing a notice of the lost sheep, and a primitive prairie post-office, consisting of a small box on a pole, in which the “cow-punchers’” letters were quite as safe as in any of Uncle Sam’s iron receptacles, we met the pard, his long legs dangling on each side of a small broncho, and a calm and happy smile on his face. We made sure that he had found his little flock, and his assurance that he had not seen anything of them elicited the remark from our companions that he “took it mighty easy.” It may give some idea of the character and sparse population of this country to mention that these sheep, lost on Thursday night, were found on Sunday, thirty miles away, less some seventy killed by gray wolves and coyotes.

A few hours later, ascending the hill which had loomed up before us all day, we entered a little valley, and came to Mr. Atherton’s ranch—a representative one for this region. There were a small cabin, a stable, sheds, a pump at the spring, three corrals connected by “shoots,” or nar-

row passages, with a curious swinging gate for throwing the sheep into alternate divisions. A more lonely place it is hard to imagine. The short greenish-yellow grass stretched to the horizon on all four sides, and not even a tree or a shrub was to be seen. Before long a few sheep came in sight, then more, then hundreds, and then the herder, in a long dingy canvas coat, walking with a swinging stride. Smoke, meantime, was coming out of the iron stove-pipe in the cabin roof, and the herder was busy, as soon as the sheep were safe in the corrals, in preparing the supper. The ranchman does not feel inclined to say, with the late Mr. Motley, "Give me the luxuries of life, and I'll dispense with the necessaries." On the other hand, he treats luxuries with a pronounced disdain, but is not without certain comforts. Of the herder's home-made bread and roast mutton, on this particular occasion, no one could complain; nor is "apple-butter" to be altogether despised. *Que voulez-vous?* If you sigh for the flesh-pots of Delmonico, you ought to have stayed in New York, or at least gotten into the good graces of the cook of the Survey party. And, after all, these things are a matter of taste and habit. A genial traveller, the late lamented J. Ross Browne, once remarked to the writer, when engaged in the discussion of a particularly good dinner, "But you know

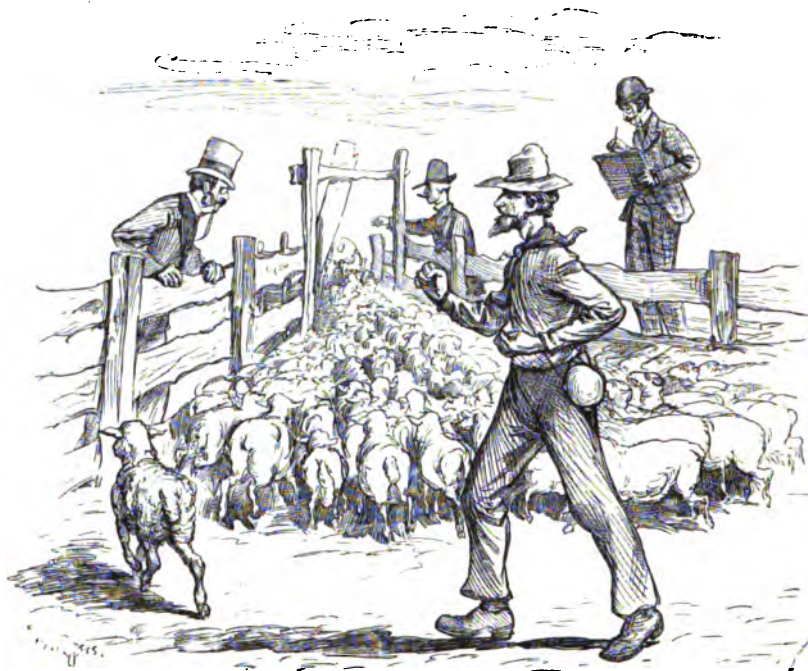


MORNING AT THE RANCH.

that this formality, this elaborate cooking, these courses, are all barbarism. True civilization is to be found in the Colorado Desert, where one fries his salt pork on a ramrod, and goes his way rejoicing."

We heard rumors of ranch cabins wherein a third room was added to the one in which the occupants eat and sleep and the kitchen; but we saw them not, and were yet content. And after the knife had been duly





COUNTING THE SHEEP.

sharpened on the stove-pipe, and the mutton carved, and the tin porringers of tea served out to all, we cultivated the acquaintance of the herder, and a remarkable character he proved to be. The first words that we heard him speak settled his nationality, for, on being told that the owner of the twelve hundred sheep wanted a man to search for them, he sententiously remarked, "Hi'm 'is 'uckleberry." Then his conversation flowed on in a steady stream :

"I was in the British harmy. Left there? Yes; deserted. Then I was in the United States harmy twice. Used to shoot two or three Hindians every day, me and two other good fellers. I didn't 'ave no 'ard duty: was the pet of the regiment. Then I was brakeman on a railroad. Oh yes, I have been in hall kinds of business. Hi'm the champion walker for five hundred yards. Lost \$700 of my own money on a bet last winter. Leadville? Yes; I've worked in the — mine. You bet hit's the best one there. Lively place? That's so. I used to work hall day in the mine, and spar in the theatre at night for twenty dollars per week. You bet they've got the *fattest graveyard* in the country in Leadville. A pard of mine saw twelve fellers dragged hout in one night. Been to

England lately? Oh yes. Made \$1600 in two weeks. Why do I 'erd sheep at twenty dollars per month? Oh, just for my 'ealth. System's kind of run down. I tell you a feller can just make money in this country, but *he's got to have sand.*" (It must be explained that "sand"—one of the happiest and most forcible expressions in the whole vocabulary of Western slang—means dogged resolution, or what we call "grit.")



THE SLEEPY STORE-KEEPER OF BIJOU BASIN.

Neither the Colonel nor the Commodore approved of very early rising, but, the next morning, determining to "assume a virtue if they had it not," they said that it was very pleasant to breakfast at 5.30. Then they saw the sheep run through the shoot to be counted, giving long leaps as they cleared it, and, as soon as the gates of the corral were opened, tumbling over each other as they rushed out to find the grass; and their last sight of the herder, as he stepped off, vividly recalled the feats of Rowell and O'Leary.

Then again we went to visit the ranch of a resident of Bijou Basin—a pretty valley on the Divide—with a pleasant house in the village, and 8000 sheep in ample corrals just over the first hilly ridge. As we drove into this curious little village it seemed steeped in a sleepy atmosphere, most strongly suggestive of Rip Van Winkle. Two stores out of three were closed as we passed them; and when we came back, and found one open, the proprietor rose from his bed to make a small sale. The keeper of the second also reclined on a couch of ease, and the third store—Dick's—remained obstinately closed.

“Blamed if I ever see a day seem so like Sunday,” said our ciccone. “If I had to live here, I'd just *bottle up and die!*”

“Dick's got some beer in his shop,” charitably suggested the second store-keeper, again gracefully stretched on his counter. “He ain't there a great deal, but he 'most always leaves the key at the blacksmith's.”

With a singular unanimity a move was made to the establishment of that artisan, whose sturdy blows on an iron wedge were the first signs of life in the place. Two villagers were watching him; the three newcomers joined them; then three residents came up on horseback, and swelled the throng. The blacksmith had no key, and Dick had gone away. The Colonel and the Commodore felt the somnolent influence coming on them; in common with six other able-bodied men, their sole interest in life seemed to be the completion of that wedge, and only the ring of the hammer saved them from the fate of the sleepers of Ephesus. Suddenly there was a cry, “Dick is coming!” and everything was changed. The blacksmith remarked that he “must wash down that wedge before he made another,” and when Dick arrived he took the key from him and opened the door. Then somebody said “Beer,” and the majority of the residents of Bijou Basin held a town-meeting in the store. Dick's coming, like that of the prince in the tale of the “Sleeping Beauty,” had completely broken the spell.

After a talk with our new host, and an inspection of his flocks, and corrals, and some of the operations in progress, we concluded that no better place could be found than Bijou Basin (where, as an exceptional thing, the family home has replaced the cabin, and the school-house is close to the ranch) wherein to rest awhile, and carefully compile some figures, which the reader, unless he intend becoming a shepherd, can readily skip. They apply to the case of a man with capital coming out, not to take up or pre-empt land, but to buy a ranch ready to his hand.

Such a one, capable of accommodating 5000 head of sheep, could be had, say, for \$4000, comprising at least three claims three to five miles

apart, also proper cabins, corrals, etc. A flock of 2000 assorted ewes, two to three years old, should be bought at an average of \$3 each, say \$6000; and 60 bucks at an average of \$30, or \$1800. A pair of mules and a saddle-horse will cost \$275; and we allow for working capital \$1925. Capital invested, say, October 1st, \$14,000.

Under ordinarily favorable circumstances, and with great care, one may expect his lambs during May, and estimate that there will be alive of them at time of weaning a number equal to seventy-five per cent. of his ewes, or, say 1500 on the 1st of October, a year from time of beginning operations.

His gross increase of values and receipts will then be, for that year, as follows:

1500 lambs (average one-half ewes, one-half wethers), at \$2 each.....	\$3000 00	
In June he will shear his wool, and get from		
2000 ewes, 5 pounds each, or 10,000 pounds, at 21 cents.....	\$2100 00	
60 bucks, 17 pounds each, or 1000 pounds, at 15 cents.....	150 00	2250 00
		<u>\$5250 00</u>
<i>Expenses:</i>		
Herders, teamsters, cook, and provisions.....	\$1835 00	
Shearing 2060 sheep, at 6 cents.....	123 60	
Hay and grain.....	275 00	
	<u>\$2233 60</u>	
<i>Losses</i> (all estimated as made up, in money):		
Ewes, 4 per cent. on 6000.....	\$240 00	
Bucks, 5 per cent. on \$1800.....	90 00	330 00
<i>Depreciation:</i>		
On bucks, 5 per cent. on \$1800.....	90 00	2653 60
Net profits for first year.....		<u><u>\$2596 40</u></u>

SECOND YEAR.

The 1500 lambs will be a year older, and worth an additional 15 per cent. (or 15 per cent. on \$3000).....	\$450 00	
1500 new lambs will be worth, as before.....		3000 00
And there will be of wool from		
2000 sheep, 5 pounds each, or 10,000 pounds, at 21 cents.....	\$2100 00	
1500 lambs, 4 pounds each, or 6000 pounds, at 21 cents.....	1260 00	
60 bucks, 17 pounds each, or 1000 pounds, at 15 cents.....	150 00	3510 00
		<u>\$6960 00</u>
<i>Expenses:</i>		
Herders, etc.....	\$2060 00	
Shearing 3560 sheep, at 6 cents.....	213 60	
Hay and grain.....	350 00	
	<u>\$2623 60</u>	

*Losses :*

On ewes, 4 per cent. on \$6000.....	\$240 00		
On bucks, 5 per cent. on \$1800.....	90 00		
On lambs, 7 per cent. on \$3000.....	210 00	\$540 00	

*Depreciation :*

On ewes, 5 per cent. on \$6000.....	\$300 00		
On bucks, 5 per cent. on \$1800.....	90 00	390 00	\$3553 60
Net profits for second year.....			<u>\$3406 40</u>

## THIRD YEAR.

The second year's lambs will be worth an additional 15 per cent., or, say (15 per cent. on \$3000).....			\$450 00
There will be 1500 lambs from original 2000 ewes, and, say, from new 750 ewes (one-half of 1500), not more than 60 per cent. in first lambing, or, say 450—in all, 1950 lambs, at \$2 .....			3900 00
Wool will be:			
From 3500 ewes, 5½ pounds each, or 19,250, pounds, at 21 cents. .	\$4042 50		
From 1950 lambs, 4 pounds each, or 7800 pounds, at 21 cents....	1688 00		
From 60 bucks, 17 pounds each, or 1000 pounds, at 15 cents.....	150 00	5830 50	
			<u>\$10,180 50</u>

*Expenses :*

Herders and fodder.....	\$2970 00		
Shearing 5510 sheep, at 6 cents.....	330 60		
New corrals, etc.....	900 00		
			<u>\$3600 60</u>

*Losses :*

On ewes, 4 per cent. on \$6000.....	\$240 00		
On new sheep, 4 per cent. on \$4500.....	180 00		
On lambs, 7 per cent. on \$3000.....	210 00		
On bucks, 5 per cent. on \$1800.....	90 00	720 00	

*Depreciation :*

On old ewes, 10 per cent. on \$6000.....	\$600 00		
On bucks, 20 per cent. on \$1800.....	360 00	960 00	5280 60
Net profits for third year.....			<u>\$4899 90</u>

## RECAPITULATION.

First year's profits.....	\$2596 40
Second year's profits.....	3406 40
Third year's profits.....	4899 90
Total.....	<u>\$10,902 70</u>

This statement would probably meet with scant favor from an "old-timer," who would confidently assert that he can "run" a flock of 5000 sheep, year in and year out, at an average cost of fifty cents per head. Such a one (and there are many of them) has perhaps lived twenty years in this part of the country, and tried many kinds of business. He is

deeply attached to the soil, and knows no other home. He has spent years and years, it may be, in the mountains, prospecting and mining, and while he may like a soft bed, and a tight roof, and a good dinner as well as his neighbor, there have been epochs in his life when they, or any one of them, would be no nearer his reach than the joys of a Mohammedan paradise, and "he counteth none of these things dear" when his mind is set on the accomplishment of any object. When this man takes up the business of sheep-raising, he is in dead earnest. At the beginning, at least, he knows nothing, thinks of nothing, but sheep; lives among them, studies and masters every detail of their management, and institutes a rigid and searching economy. He will have good sheep, good corrals, and probably good sheds; but he will care little for comforts in his cabin, and it is well known that one of the most successful sheep men in this region began by living in a *cave* in the bluffs near Colorado Springs. To loneliness the old-timer is a stranger, and very possibly early habits have made him prefer a solitary life. His herder will most assuredly give good value for his wages, and will do exactly as he is told, and know that the master's eye is on him.

"Yes, he was a good herder when he wanted to be," remarked an old-timer, "but he liked to be boss, and so did I, and there couldn't very well be two."

His pencil would be busy with the foregoing estimates, and if such as he were the only ones to engage in the business, then indeed might they be modified.

On the other hand, we will suppose the case of the young man in the East whose health will, he thinks, be improved by a residence in Colorado, or who fairly believes himself inclined and suited to face a life on the plains, "with all that that implies." This ideal personage, *if* (and that word must be italicized in mind as well as on paper) he is wise, and wisely advised, will come out on a preliminary visit. He will live for some time on a ranch, and make up his mind how the life and the business will suit him; also, if an invalid, will he most carefully, and with good medical advice to aid him, notice the effect on his health. He will not underrate the monotony of the existence, the isolation, the dead level of the year's progress; and unless he be exceptionally constituted, small blame to him if he invite his hosts to a good dinner, propose their very good health and overflowing prosperity, bid them good-bye, shake off the dust of his feet on sheep ranches, and betake himself either to some other avocation in Colorado, or to the nearest railway station where he can catch the Eastern express. But, perhaps, wisely counting the cost, he remains until he has

thoroughly learned the business, then leases before he buys, and then launches boldly out as a full-fledged shepherd. It will not be necessary to recall to him or his kind the old, old truth, the cardinal axiom, that there is no royal road to business success of any sort; and that in Colorado, just as in New York, or London, or Calcutta, or Constantinople, there is no hope for him without economy and industry, and strict personal attention, and that, even with them, the fates may be sometimes against him.

To such a one, then, are these figures respectfully submitted, showing returns of something like twenty-five per centum per annum. Comparing them with those previously given in these pages about cattle, he sees that the latter promise him larger but more tardy returns, while the former show smaller requirements in the way of adequate capital, and his wool is a yearly cash asset. As regards variety and attractiveness, and in any æsthetic sense, the poor sheep must clearly go to the wall in the comparison, and the steer be elected to the place of honor "by a large majority."

It may here be properly remarked that good men can almost always find employment as subordinates, and ought to learn the business quickly, and perhaps do well for themselves.

"I wanted a man to herd sheep," said, for instance, an old-timer in the hearing of the writer, "and I met one coming out of Pueblo. He said that he would like to work for me. 'Look here,' said I, 'I won't pay you any wages, but I'll give you 250 lambs, which you must herd as part of mine.' He agreed to that, and worked for me three years and a half, and until he had to go away and be married, and then I bought him out. The wool had paid all expenses, and he had \$2250 coming to him in cash."

Nor would it be impossible for a hard-working man, with a very much smaller sum at his command than that assumed in the figures, to purchase a few sheep and make a beginning for himself; but, with the gradual absorption of the streams and springs, this is becoming daily more difficult.

For the Colonel and the Commodore there was small need to conjure up ideal shepherds, for they found them in El Paso County in every conceivable variety, and heard most entertaining and veracious narratives of their manners and experiences. Successful old-timers, enjoying the results of their past labors, and clad in the sober garb of civilization, laid down the law over social cigars; while youthful beginners, with doubtful prospects, sported hats with an enormous breadth of brim, and seemed to delight in garments of dubious cut and texture, and extreme antiquity. In this connection, indeed, there is room for a homily, for it may surely be

said that in a new country the incomers who have enjoyed the blessings of an advanced civilization in their former homes owe it to themselves to do all in their power to translate said blessings to their adopted residence. And so, when water has come, and gas is coming to the county town of El Paso, it would be well for youthful *rancheros* to cease emulating the attire of Buffalo Bill, and make the acquaintance, when they come thither, of a tailor and a boot-black. One of two gentlemen from the Eastern States, visiting Colorado Springs, and calling upon a lady to whom the *convenances* of life were traditionally dear, apologized for the absence of his companion, whose clothes suitable for such an occasion had been delayed by the expressman.

"Only hear that!" she delightedly cried. "Why, I have been meeting the sons of dukes and earls with their pantaloons tucked in their boots." To which the very natural reply was: "So much the worse for the sons of dukes and earls. They would not presume on such liberties in their own country, and it is high time that they were effectually taught that they shall not take them here." Indeed, there are features of the curious irruption into Colorado of scions of the nobility and aristocracy of Great Britain which are extremely interesting and amusing, and which may justly claim future attention; but at present it may simply be remarked that sheep have no regard for noble birth, and that Piccadilly seems to furnish an inadequate preparation for a successful ranchman.

Then before our observant eyes there passed other figures and faces—two gentlemen from New England, in from a distant ranch; one, after some months' hard work, to *desipere in loco* at Manitou, another to drive sheep to Las Vegas, in New Mexico, at the rate of *ten miles* per day, through the sage-brush! Next came an Englishman bearing the name of a noble family—a university man of remarkable culture, and manners befitting his birth and education, but in garb and general appearance a veritable figure of fun. Learning that after abandoning a sheep ranch of special squalor, where he had toiled to little purpose, he had been engaged for four months in driving horses up from Texas in company with some Mexican herders, a gentleman engaged him in friendly converse, and finally asked point-blank what possessed him to lead such a life. With great gentleness and courtesy he replied that he was one of Matthew Arnold's "Philistines." And thus the procession went on.

We were indebted at the last to a very lively and outspoken resident for some illustrations, given us "in dialect," of the unfavorable side of the shepherd's existence. His experience of men had not been an agreeable one, and an officer of the law appeared with unpleasant frequency at the



end of the vistas of ranch life which he portrayed; but the shepherd of Colorado is not the only man who finds fatal enemies in whiskey and cards, extravagance, inattention, and laziness and stupidity.

“Didn’t you never hear of —?” asked our friend. “He was the worst pill you ever see. High-toned Englishman; always ‘blasting this bloody country, you know.’ Come here with \$50,000; went away owing \$20,000. How is that for high? Blamed if he cared what he paid for anything! Offer him a horse worth \$40, and charge him \$150, and he’d



MILOR IN FLUSH TIMES.

give you a check. You bet he lived high; always set up the drinks. Didn’t take long to bust *him*. He didn’t care what he paid for his sheep. Had 2500 of them, and you used to see thirty or forty Englishmen loafing on him. You bet he didn’t have the trouble of selling them sheep. *Sheriff did that for him.*”

“Then there was — —. He just put on heaps of style. Flew high, you know—regular *tony*. He started in with 600 sheep—just think of that; wouldn’t pay for his cigars. He used to come into town in great style—four horses to his buggy. Then he come down to three; then two;

then one. Then he had none, and had to stay on the ranch. Sheriff sold him up sharp. Then he kept a billiard saloon. You bet he busted on that, because, you see, he used to play with the boys, and always got beat. Then he was a-going about the streets, just everlastingly played out; and the last I see of him he was a kind of rostabout, or dish-washer, to a camping outfit. *Wouldn't that just get some of his high-toned relations up on their ear?"*

We thought that it undoubtedly would, and we thought, too, with a certain wonder, of the habit of some parents and friends of sending young men to this country who are either *mauvais sujets*, and better out of their sight, or incapacitated for competition with the keen souls whom they must meet, [—] and then letting them shift for themselves.

But, like the recent writer on Colorado in an English magazine, we are giving "the dark side of a bright picture," and it was only with kindly and pleasant impressions and memories of the gentle shepherds of the plain that the Colonel and the Commodore bade them good bye, and turned their steps toward the grim cañons and lofty mountains holding in their remote fastnesses those silver and golden treasures for which most of the dwellers in this land so eagerly strive. They are kindly and hospitable, these lonely ranchmen, and no one goes hungry from their doors, or lacks a sheepskin on which to sleep; nor are the lighter graces altogether neglected. We had heard much from one of our friends, the proprietor of a large and successful ranch, of the extraordinary gifts and quaint peculiarities of his *chef de cuisine*, and had the honor of making the acquaintance of this gentleman. His appearance suggested the Wild Hunt of Lutzow rather than the surroundings of a peaceful kitchen; but we were bound to credit his assertion that if we "would come out to the ranch he would treat us kindly. You bet he could cook. He was just *on it*." This worthy had run through his cash, and desired to negotiate a small loan. This being effected, he proceeded to invest the funds in a bouquet, which, with great courtesy and gravity, he presented to his "boss" just before he galloped off. We had understood that he resembled the person of whom Mr. Harte says,

"He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown,  
And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town;"

and we therefore made record of this little incident as truly pastoral.

And so, as we looked back from the Ute Pass over the plains, dotted with ranches away out to Kansas, the lovely lights and shadows were alto-

gether suggestive of the vicissitudes of their occupants' career; and, as an abrupt turn shut them out, we recalled admiringly the herder's epigrammatic saying: "A man can make a lot of money in the sheep business, but *he's just got to have SAND!*"





## CHAPTER VI.

## GRUB-STAKES AND MILLIONS.

ONE might indeed call it providential, that the vast deposits of the precious metals in the Rocky Mountain region remained practically unknown to the citizens of this country until a time when they were never more needed by said citizens. Old Mendoza, the Spanish viceroy, had a shrewd idea about them, and it was he who sent Vasquez Coronado, with three hundred and fifty Spaniards and eight hundred Indians, from Culiacan, the capital of Cinaloa, in 1540, to confirm the correctness of his suspicions; but Coronado does not seem to have been a success as a prospector. If he had only had a keen eye for "blossom rock" and other indications, or if there had been a Diamond Drill Company in Cinaloa, how differently history might have read! More than two centuries and a half later, again, when tremendous changes had taken place in the map of the world, and a young and independent nation was building itself up and pushing its borders westward, one James Pурсley, a Kentuckian, found gold at the "head of La Platte." Even the Cherokee Indians had a hand in turning the attention of our people, and no one else, to the rich inheritance locked up for them in the coffers of the Snowy Range; for they brought shining samples to Kansas and Nebraska in 1857, and soon after that time the emigration began to what is now Colorado. Of this exodus, and some subsequent phases of life in the new land, it was our good fortune to hear some account from one of the old pioneers—a fine specimen of the men who made this country what it is by their courage and energy:

"Nothing ever seen like that rush to the mountains, gentlemen—nothing, I assure you. California? Why, that was an agricultural country, while here there was nothing but gold and silver, or the chance of getting them, which isn't the same thing by a long sight. What brought men out here was that they were just *dead broke* at home—just dead broke, I tell you! '57 had done that. These men were ready for a new country—had to find something—and they came out across the plains when there wasn't a thing here but Indians. Why, we old fellows have a *round up* 'most every year in Denver, and talk and laugh over those times. We were all alike—nobody had any money—all cleaned out before we skipped out from home. No one had done anything to be ashamed of; but it was a regular amalgamation of busted people, who left their country for their country's good—and *their own*. If you'd meet a man, and be introduced to him as Mr. Jones, it was all right to ask him, 'What was your name in the States, Mr. Jones?' But you bet it was because the boys had pluck and grit that they stuck to it, and got the ores out, and got the country going ahead. What do you say to bacon one dollar a pound, and flour fifty dollars a sack? I tell you, when the sulphurets came along, and we couldn't hold the ores, and things were pretty blue, a good many would have left, but *they couldn't get away*."

It took the "honest miner" a long time to learn that "placer" operations—the washing of metal from the sands—were not a certainty and a permanency, and the capitalists who came in after him also a long time to make expensive experiments, and equally expensive mistakes, and to come down to what is technically and happily called "hard pan," and operate to some extent with proper means, skill, and common-sense. There was one collapse about 1864, and of course the panic of 1873 affected the progress of the State, and it may fairly be said that the real "flush times" in Colorado are these in which we are now living. In spite of all disappointments and drawbacks, steady progress has undoubtedly been made, and great results accomplished. Mining is, beyond all question, as has been said, the foundation of the growing greatness of the State, and it is most interesting to learn from an elaborate calculation, coming recently from a responsible source, that after making full allowance for the labor of all the men employed from the beginning, and all the money sunk, the residue shows a better return than any other investment in this country. It must not be forgotten that this is an *average*, and that the fortunes of two or three bonanza kings balance the losses of thousands of poor men; and against the results of this calculation should be set the assertion—for which ample support can be obtained—that at least up to 1871, when

railroads cheapened living and introduced greatly improved facilities, the proportion of miners who could be called successful was *one in five hundred*.

It is to be noticed that here, as in other similar regions, public interest is continually attracted to new discoveries, and a floating population at once drawn thither; and events move so rapidly that an account of the state of affairs in the mining regions may be stale before it is in type. On the other hand, it may be said that even if some of the people go away, the mines remain, and the silver and gold come out just as surely and easily as before. A larger area than ever is now the scene of active operations.

Starting from the north, we come to the mines of Boulder County, not far from Long's Peak, where there was an excitement, some three years ago, about tellurium veins. Then come those of Gilpin (Black Hawk, Central City, etc.) and Clear Creek (Georgetown, etc.) counties; the former noted for gold product, and both containing what are called "true fissure veins," where the rocks have been broken or torn asunder by earthquakes or volcanic disturbance. In this neighborhood some of the earliest discoveries were made, and the bullion product of the two counties is large and steady. Then come various points in the South Park, and just between the Park and Main Ranges, California Gulch, now known from one end of the world to the other, for here is Leadville. South again, and between the Sierra Mojada and the Sangre de Cristo lie Rosita and Silver Cliff, and south-west again of this, the great San Juan district. Discoveries have also been made in the Gunnison and Elk Mountain country, away west of the Snowy Range, and only time can show what other now hidden treasures are to come to light in these regions. It is needless to say that several quarto volumes could easily be written about these mines and their operation, and still much be left unsaid; and perhaps, indeed, in view of the rapid movement of events, the writer of such a work stands in greater danger of being behind the age than he who attempts some random sketches of the haunts and ways of the "honest miner"—so first called, it is said, by aspiring patriots who sought his suffrages. Mr. Harte declares that when sets of pictures portraying the contrasted careers of the honest and dissolute miner were first sent out to California they utterly failed of their effect, for the reason that the average miner refused to recognize himself in either capacity.

A man may come to Colorado with resolutions worthy of Leonidas; he may treat gold and silver with a lofty disdain; he may be doctor, lawyer, parson, school-teacher, book agent, lightning-rod man, or dealer in sew-

ing-machines—anything but a miner: all in vain, for sooner or later, if he stays in Colorado, the mania for the precious metals will make an easy victim of him; he will seek a “claim,” and fondly see a bonanza in the smallest and shallowest of his “prospect holes.”

The Colonel and the Commodore were nothing if not strong-minded, and the latter had been particularly cynical about the sordidness of a thirst for wealth, but his downfall dated from the time that he acquired, with strange ease, some share in a mine of great possible, if small actual, value (there are so very many of this kind). He hinted more than once that we had better look for ourselves into this mining business, and started on the tour of inspection with unwonted alacrity. He even showed some inclination to “grub-stake” some men—a simple and easy process, by-the-by. One can acquire an interest in mining property in many ways. He can find a mine himself; he can supply another man with food and tools, and give him a share in what he may find (and this is “grub-staking”); he may buy a mine when found, or a share of it, bearing in mind the Western saying, that “a prospect hole is not a mine;” or he can invest in stocks. Grub-staking a good man, and, if possible, accompanying him on his search, may be called the best way—for, said an old hand, “you make your loss at the start.” Buying a claim or claims is not infrequently satisfactory; but said, with quaint gravity, another “old-timer,” “If I was a capitalist, and I’d see a mine worth half a million, I’d want to buy it for about twenty-five thousand dollars, and have some advantage on my side. A man can’t see very far into the ground.”

It is stated that no geologist ever yet found a valuable mine—the humble prospector being always at the front—and even then owing much to accident. With his burro laden with a little bacon and flour, perhaps a little coffee and sugar, a frying-pan and a coffee-pot, and with his pick and shovel, this hard-working pioneer traverses the length and breadth of the mineral region, undergoing many and great hardships, often facing danger, often, indeed, laying his bones on some desolate hill-side or in some lonely cañon; and then—only to think of it—one in five hundred finds fortune! We hear of late years that mining has become as regular and legitimate an occupation as manufacturing; and it is undoubtedly true that method and system have been largely introduced, and that the strong owners of paying mines and successful smelting-works may rightly claim that they are engaged in sober and industrial pursuits; but with the great bulk of modern Argonauts, from our poor, sanguine pick-user and burro-driver to the New Yorker who, without the slightest real knowledge of what he is doing, “takes a flyer” in Wall Street, it is as certain as the sun rises and sets

that the gambling and not the commercial instinct predominates. A bank was pointed out to the writer in a large mining town which, with a capital of \$50,000, had deposits of from \$700,000 to \$800,000, and which had made \$43,000 net profits in nine months.

"But they say that there is no money in banking," was added—"I mean, no money as compared with what some of them can make in mining. When a fellow can go out and make a forty or fifty thousand dollar strike, *banking seems pretty slow.*" Could anything better illustrate what has just been said?

But if we did not grub-stake anybody, or make large investments for ourselves, we had ample opportunities of seeing those who did.

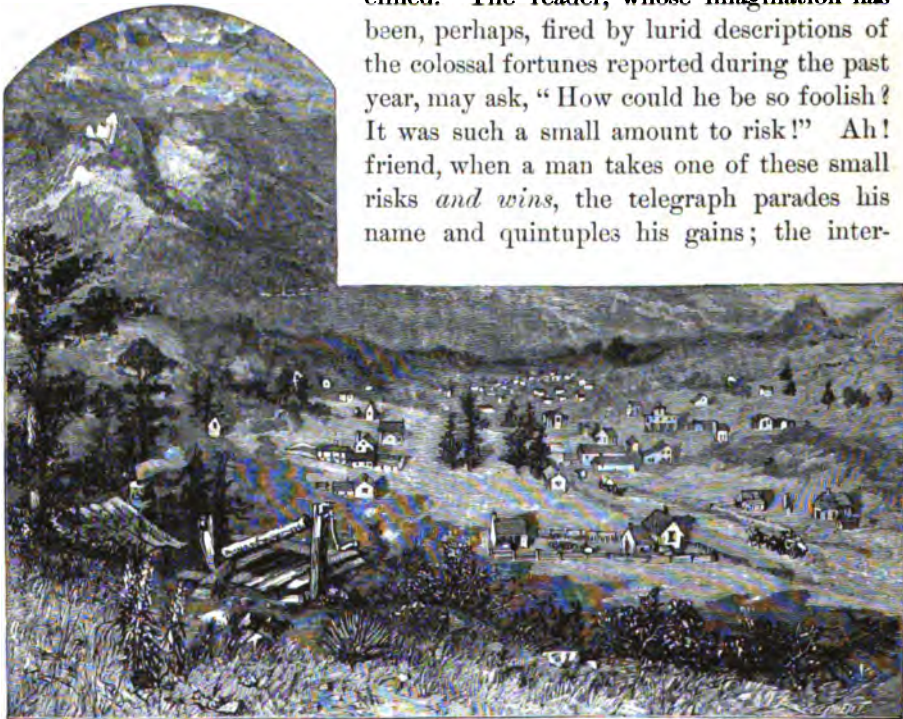
Of all mining camps in Colorado (and a centre of mining operations is always called a camp) Rosita is one of the prettiest and most interesting. There must have been a vein of sentiment in the honest miner who gave it that charming name, Little Rose. When he made his first "strike," he must have thanked his stars that nature had put the silver in such a picturesque place, and even the operations carried on for seven years have not been able to spoil it. We went thither from Cañon City, taking the stage on a pleasant morning, and driving over the foot-hills of the Sierra Mojada, and into and up Oak Creek Cañon. From the head of this the summit was easily crossed; and then, when we had scored our thirty miles, a beautiful and striking scene met our eyes. In the foreground were dome-like hills, the upper ones bare, and the lower ones, as well as the gulches between them, showing great numbers of pine-trees. On these hill-sides and in these gulches were scattered the houses and other buildings which make up the genuine little Alpine town—so Alpine, indeed, that one might expect to hear at any moment the echo of the *Ranz des Vaches* or the tinkling of the bells. Then came a valley lying a thousand feet below, and beyond rose with wonderful and unusual abruptness, and in a solemn majesty which must have impressed the Spaniard when he associated it in name with the sufferings of the Divine Redeemer—the great Sangre de Cristo Range. The peaks are sharp and jagged, and some attained the height of about 14,000 feet. What Nature can do here in the way of grand and glorious effects with light and shade, at early morn, at sunset, or when the moon is sending her rays down on the grassy meadows in this peaceful Wet Mountain Valley, cannot be described, nor should the suggestion thereof be publicly named, but whispered to those true worshippers whom she so surely rewards. Happy the honest miner whose prospect hole lies in this charmed region! and well might some comrade who had toiled in such a place as those parts of Nevada where the sage-brush



surrounds him, and the Po-go-nip (icy wind) chills him to the bone, exclaim, "This—and silver too?"

This little town was founded in 1872, and led a quiet existence, with occasional episodes of what is here called "booming," until about two years ago, when occurred one of those striking and romantic episodes which do so much to clothe mining with a strange fascination. One Mr. E. C. Bassick had been a gold-seeker in Australia in old days, and there lost his health. In 1877 he was, as happily reported, thoroughly "busted" —"dead brcke." He prospected in a vague way, and passed over a good deal of space, with no success; but one day was sitting on the ground on a spot over which he had previously gone, and, with his pick between his knees, was striking aimlessly at a boulder. One of his blows chipped off something from its surface which looked to him like good ore, and he picked it up and carried it into the town. Telling a gentleman (well known to the writer) of his discovery, he offered him one-half interest for *twenty-five dollars*. And here comes in a striking illustration of mining life, and a curious comment on its uncertainties, for the gentleman declined.

The reader, whose imagination has been, perhaps, fired by lurid descriptions of the colossal fortunes reported during the past year, may ask, "How could he be so foolish? It was such a small amount to risk!" Ah! friend, when a man takes one of these small risks *and wins*, the telegraph parades his name and quintuples his gains; the inter-



ROSITA.

viewer "seeks" him, and the charity letter-writer and the book agent gird up their loins and take fresh courage. But when he does it and *loses*, he generally keeps quiet; and when he has done it and lost, perhaps, scores or even hundreds of times, he remarks to himself, like Mark Twain's patient friend, that "this sort of thing is getting monotonous." Perhaps on this occasion our friend had slept badly, or he had on a pair of tight shoes; at all events, he declined sending twenty-five dollars more where so many had gone before. And that is the reason that he is not building a "palatial" residence on Fifth Avenue, or visiting the effete kingdoms of the Old World. *Rouge perd. Faites le jeu, Messieurs.*

On the side of the street which runs up the southern hill in Rosita stands an assay-office, and when the prospector, minus the dollars, approached it, he saw a load of wood thrown off at the door. *Venit, vidit*—he ran in and made a hurried bargain—*vicit*. He sawed the wood, and the assayer made the assay, and the results of this division of labor were simple and striking. He took out of this property some \$450,000, and then sold it for \$300,000 in money and \$1,000,000 in stock.

"When he come into this place, sir," said a genial resident of the pretty town, "all *he* had warn't too much to pack on one burro; but when he lit out, it took a four-mule team to freight his trunks."

We had the privilege, not accorded to many, of seeing this bonanza, as we, of course, saw many others; and it may be hardly necessary to say, once for all, that as the limits of this book must preclude the mention of any but what may be called representatives of the different classes, so must an attempt to seize on some interesting and picturesque features of mining take the place of the technical description which can readily be had elsewhere.

Into the side of one of the round Rosita hills goes the Bassick tunnel, and down from the slope above comes the perpendicular shaft, while near their junction is a large chamber, timbered with great skill. At one corner comes in a faint glimmer of light from the tunnel; all else is from the scattered lamps of the workmen, whom, before our eyes become accustomed to the murky dimness, we might mistake either for gnomes of the Hartz Mountains or familiars of the Spanish Inquisition. But a word dispels all illusions: "Arrah, and will yez lower her down the laste little bit in the wurruld, Mike?" It is only the new steam-engine.

This mine has puzzled the geologists; but then those gentlemen are in such a chronic state of bewilderment over the new developments in the State that, in happy local parlance, "they have to take a back seat." Con-

ceive, if you please, a crater in a hill, of indefinite and undiscovered size and extent. Conceive, then, some mighty power to have taken boulders of different shape and size, dipped them in rich molten ore, largely chloride of silver, heaped the crater full of them, melted up a giant museum full of all kinds of silver ores with gold in considerable quantity, and copper thrown in, poured the compound in so as to fill every crevice, heaped on the dirt, and left the whole to cool for indefinite centuries, and you have this mine.

As a contrast, take the Humboldt, round the corner, which may stand for a specimen of the thousands of silver mines on true fissure veins of quartz mineral in the old camps in Gilpin and Clear Creek counties, the new and wonderful ones in the San Juan country, and hundreds in the long leagues lying between. Entering a rough wooden building, you see a steam-engine turning an immense drum, around which is coiled a wire rope. On a chair sits, with each hand on a lever, the bright, watchful engineer, his eyes fixed on the drum, now nearly covered with the coil. In another minute, click! the machinery has stopped, and out of an opening in front, like Harlequin in a Christmas pantomime, has come a grimy figure, who stands there smiling at you, with a lamp fixed on the front of his cap, and his feet on the rim of a great iron bucket. He steps off, the bucket is emptied of the load—not of rich ore, but of very dirty water, which it has brought up—and there is an air of expectancy among the workmen, and an inquiring smile on the face of Mr. Thornton, the superintendent. Something is clearly expected of you, for it is established that you are not what is called by the miners a “specimen fiend,” or unmitigated sample-collecting nuisance, and it is assumed that when you came hither to investigate you “meant business.” You take the hint, and follow Mr. Thornton to a room, where, amidst a good deal of joking, you put on some clothes—and such clothes! If you have one spark of personal vanity, “all hope abandon, ye who enter here,” for even your kind guide has to turn away to hide a smile when he sees you in overalls which will not meet in front, and are precariously tied with a ragged string, an ancient flannel shirt, the sleeves of which hang in tatters around your wristbands, and a cap which might have come over in the *Mayflower*, and has a smoky lamp hooked into its fast decomposing visor. As you approach the mouth of the shaft the engineer genially remarks that there “ain’t *much* danger,” and when the bucket has come up and been partially emptied, the bystanders repeatedly advise you to be careful about getting in. As you climb perilously over the side, you think of the Frenchman who, starting in the fox-hunt, cried out, “Take notece, mes amis, zat I leafe everyzing

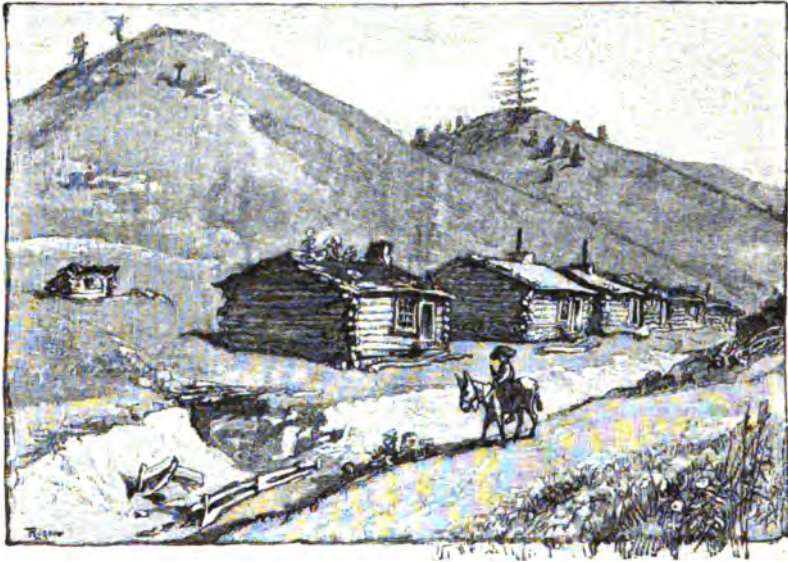


THE COLONEL INVESTIGATES THE HUMBOLDT.

to my wife!" And when you are crouched down so that Mr. Thornton can stand on the rim above, you do not think at all, but know that you are what Mr. Mantalini called "a dem'd moist, unpleasant body." Mr. Thornton makes a grim remark about it being as well to have some matches in case the lamps go out, gives the word, and down you go. Understand that there is just about room for the bucket in the shaft, that the latter is slightly inclined, and that you catch, and jar, and shake in a nerve-trying way; and understand, further, that a person should carefully study his temperament and possible disabilities before he takes a contract to go into a deep shaft.

At a certain depth—it may be 500 or 1000 feet (in some Nevada mines

it is 2500)—you stop at side drifts or cross-cuttings in which men are at work, and here you see, walled in by rock, the fissure vein. Some are “stoping,” or cutting pieces away with the pick, others holding the steel wedges, and others striking them tremendous blows with sledge-hammers. They are, by-the-way, in the habit of accompanying these blows with guttural sounds, the hearing of which induced a special correspondent of the gentler sex—ignoring the fact that they receive three dollars per diem, own chronometer watches, and have fine bank accounts, and silver spoons



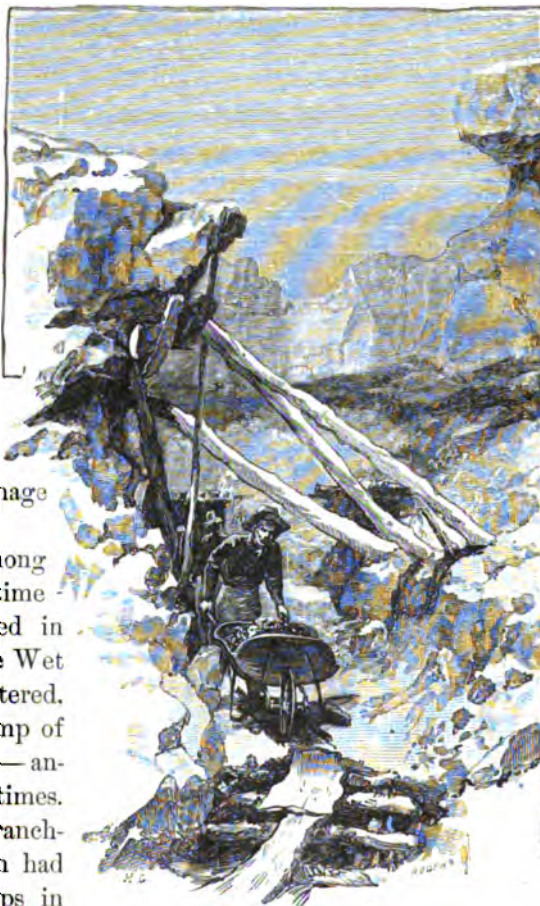
HUNGRY GULCH.

on their tables—to write a soul moving description of the poor down-trodden miner, imprisoned far from the light of the blessed day, uttering terrible groans as he toiled his life away for the enrichment of the bloated and pampered capitalist! Other men, again, are drilling, loading, and tamping for the “shots” which are to tear the rock in pieces; and you will probably remember a pressing engagement to “meet a man” at some distance from the mine, and induce Mr. Thornton to ring for that moist car, and take you up before they light the match. Emerging from the shaft, clad once more in the garb of civilization, and thinking what a set of fine fellows you have seen, you will agree with the sagacious soul who said to the Colonel and the Commodore, “Yes, there’s a good many of them big-hearted fellers in this country. You see, them small-souled

cusses *takes too much irrigation to bring them out.* They've just got to git up an' git!"

Our route lay, one pleasant morning, through Hungry Gulch. On one side stood Nebraska Row, a curious collection of cottages, built in the early days, with sunflowers growing out of their mud roofs, and recalling to a fanciful imagination the hanging gardens of Babylon. Behind these cottages a lone miner, to whom steam-engines and modern improvements lent no aid, toiled at a small claim, to which attached the sentimental cognomen of the Ada. Mines are usually, indeed, named with more regard to forcible significance than to poetry; and the school-master must be frequently abroad in the camps, for some friends told us that after a claim had been named the Cymbeline, it was four weeks before its owners could ascertain who this personage might be.

Then our road wound among the hills, where only a short time ago the mule-deer roamed in large numbers, and soon the Wet Mountain Valley was entered, and the curious mining camp of Silver Cliff came in sight — another wonder of these times. The frugal and prosperous ranchmen of this pastoral region had gathered in their hay crops in peace for years, and the low hill, ending in a cliff, seven miles from



MINING AT SILVER CLIFF.

Rosita, had probably never struck them as anything else than a contrast to the fertile lowlands near it. Not many years ago it was actually examined scientifically but unsuccessfully for *iron*. Some prospectors tried

their fortune here in the summer of 1878, and found some "pay ore" in the shape of chlorides of silver. The first house was built in September, and in ten months there had sprung up, like Jonah's gourd, a wonderful town. As curiously unlike its pretty little neighbor Rosita as it is possible to conceive, it lies like a checker-board on the plain, angular, treeless, and unpicturesque. No wise man will accept the local census of a town which is "booming," but the population has certainly run in less than a year from one or two tens to several thousands. We had an excellent dinner, and can state that it was *not* here that the scene occurred of which a friend told us.

"What's your order, stranger?" asked mine host of an inoffensive guest.

"Broiled chicken on toast, if you please."

"Which?"

"Broiled chicken on toast," said the guest, "if it can be had."

"Stranger," said the landlord, impressively, drawing a six-shooter, and pointing it at his head, "*you want* HASH, and you're a-goin' to eat it. I don't allow no tender-foot to go back on his victuals in *this* place!"

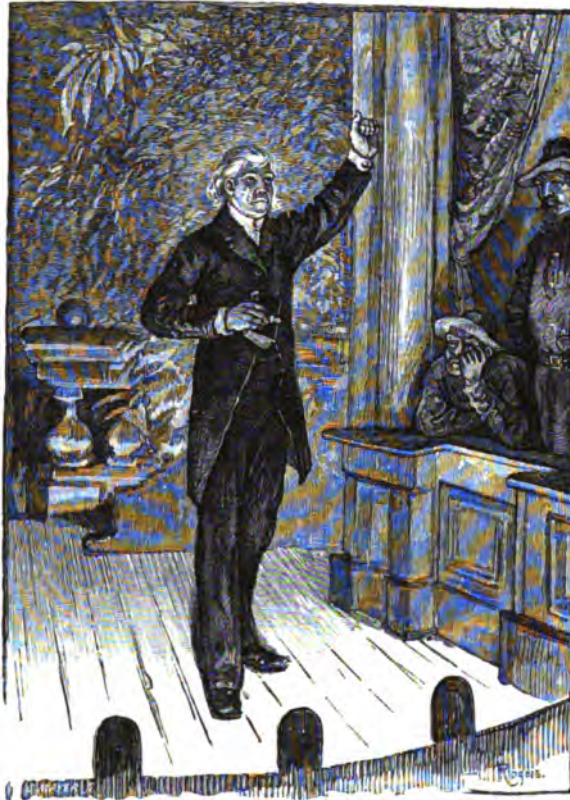
Saloons appeared with painful pertinacity, and a variety theatre, in which, on a certain Sunday night, the proprietor invited a preacher to officiate, listened, in company with "the boys," in a respectful and orderly manner, with a view of "giving the Gospel a show," passed round the hat, handed its ample contents to the parson, bowed him out, and in ten minutes more had the usual miscellaneous orgies in full blast.

The prospectors of a few months ago have given place to a great New York company, with a capital of \$10,000,000; and although we know of none of the signs by which one distinguishes that specimen of natural history called the "capitalist," he was confidently declared to be on the spot in great force, and on the point of making colossal investments. For the rest, we could assuredly see signs of prosperity, and more than a few promising mines; and after sinking shafts and running tunnels, people were clearly getting tired of such slow processes, and were actually cutting slices out of the hill, as does paterfamilias out of the Christmas plum-pudding.

A very kind and hospitable lady, proud of the Colorado town which had the good fortune to claim her as a resident, asked the Colonel, with great courtesy, if he had prepared accurate descriptions of certain streets and buildings, and on his reluctantly confessing that want of space, etc., rather petulantly remarked: "Now I really believe that you will only tell about the funny side of things, and that isn't fair."

Filled with compunction, the Colonel began a course of reading in the papers of the place; and having insensibly imbibed a measure of their style, he tried to write about Silver Cliff in a manner different from the foregoing, and something as follows:

“This live town contains at least eight thousand inhabitants, and is bound to see that figure and go some thousands better within six months. Our esteemed friend the Hon. Charles Bunker, who has recently estab-



SUNDAY EVENING AT THE VARIETIES.

lished an excellent peanut stand in our city, reports that people are flocking to us from the effete Denver and the upstart Leadville. Charley's peanuts can't be beat.”

“The Hon. Zechariah Fettyplace, Member of the State Legislature of Indiana, from the flourishing town of Sandy Plains, and Pelatiah Pettengill, Esq., a prominent undertaker and capitalist of the same place, show a



preference for the toothpicks of the Oriental. These representative gentlemen declare that New York is played out, compared with this place. We need just such citizens as these, and trust that they may be induced to cast in their lot with this magnificent camp."

"The genial Pete Starkweather, who so efficiently assists Aleck Smithers in mixing drinks at the Honest Miners' Home, has, we are glad to hear, struck it rich on a lead adjoining the Roaring Cowpuncher and Mary Ann Eliza, in Blue Murder Gulch. A prominent gentleman from Dakota, who came in on Billy Bullion's boss coach last night, and wrestles his hash at the Occidental, says that he knows a man whose cousin told him that leading New York capitalists had telegraphed to bond this claim for a million and three-quar—"

But here the Commodore said that this was all rubbish, and the Colonel knew it, and that he would just like to know if he was not going to write soberly, and say something about the mastodon found thirty feet below the surface in the Cedar Rapids Mine, which might have been of priceless value to science, but which was ruthlessly smashed to pieces—the mine men saying that they were after pay ore, not mastodons. Why, even the society upon the Stanislaus, of which Truthful James relates that

"Every member did engage

In a warfare with the remnants of a paleozoic age,"

would have done better than that. The fact was that the Commodore had heard of trout in Grape Creek, and had brought forth a pair of brand-new and sportsman-like leggings, and borrowed fishing-tackle from a too-confiding native, and he wanted to "give mining a rest," and have a turn at the fish. His enthusiasm infected the rest of the party, and they pushed out toward the range. They had a near view of the grim summits close at hand, and of the Moscas and Veta passes, and the Spanish Peaks away at the south, but the poor Commodore came home very low in his mind. He had been wet through, damaged the new gaiters, broken the borrowed pole in one place and the borrowed line in two, and slaughtered thousands of grasshoppers for bait, but the trout in Grape and Colony creeks swam untouched in the clear mountain water. It was only in the evening, when a genial old resident was "reminiscing" for the benefit of the company, that he found consolation in hearing of the misfortunes of some other sportsmen. Said this gentleman:

"I used to ride the Pony Express. Pretty rough grub in Pueblo, you bet: fried cucumbers and water, with a piece of fat bacon hung up to tantalize us. Then I went down further south, and couldn't git nothing to

drink but *tarantula juice* [bad whiskey], and I struck a kind of a colony of *gruber-grubbers* from Georgia."

"What are gruber-grubbers?"

"Why, peanut diggers—worst lot you ever saw—come there expecting to find houses all built, and irrigating ditches all dug. I saw an old bell-wether, and asked him for something to eat, and he hadn't a thing, and I knew he was the kind that live on *snaps*."

"What are snaps?"

"When I first heard it I didn't know myself—thought the man meant ginger-snaps. But he said that these beats, when they were at home, had old squirrel rifles about as long as a mantel-piece, and with flintlocks. They'd go out and *snap* at deer, and if they killed him, all right. If they didn't, they'd have to live on the snaps until next day!"

"Yes, those were pretty rough times in Pueblo," remarked another old hand. "I was county clerk, and when we wanted bacon or flour we'd issue a county warrant for it. Things came out all right, though, for when we wanted to square up, the treasurer burned 'em, and we had a new deal."

## CHAPTER VII.

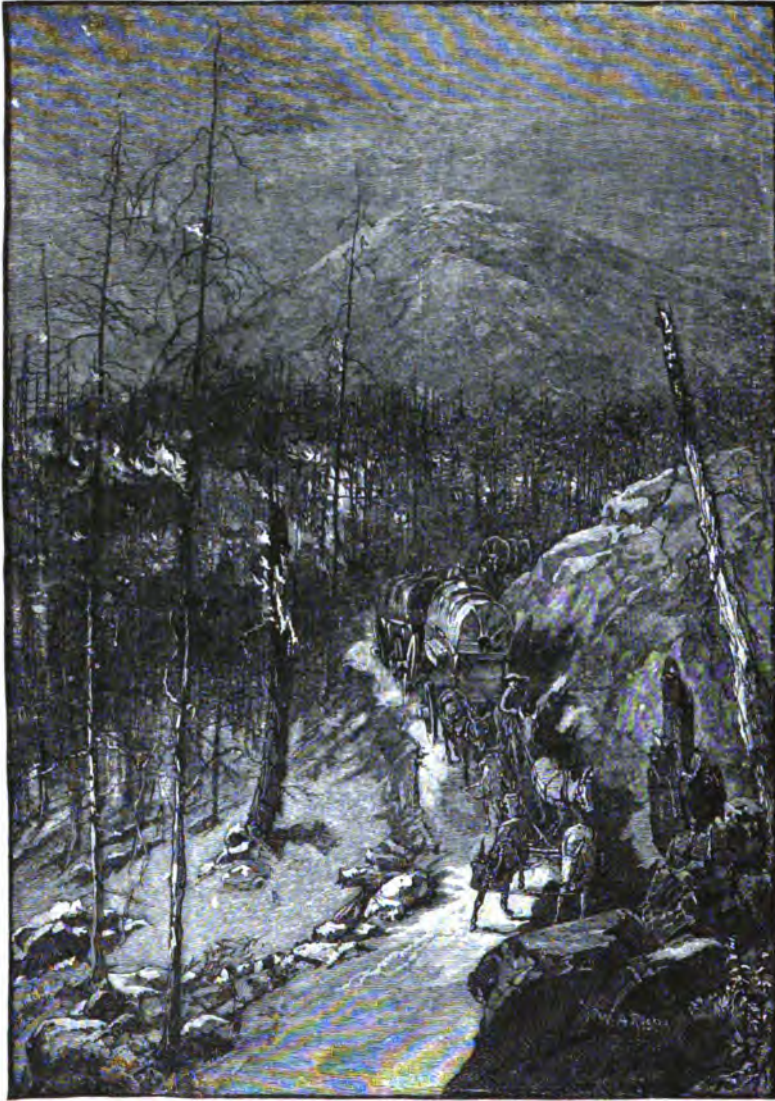
## THE HONEST MINERS OF LEADVILLE.

WE could not tarry on the Rosita hills, and we sped north, reluctantly postponing the trips to San Juan and the Gunnison country, which promised such store of information and pleasure. A day's staging took us to Pueblo, and on the way we passed a new little camp called Silver Hill. It looked picturesque enough, and we were fancying it the abode of a generous prosperity, when, just as a young and hopeful citizen had remarked to us that "the boys could make a first-class camp out of this if they only had the fortitude," an aged person exclaimed, with a sort of growl, "There's fortitude enough, but there ain't no money, you see. That's what's the matter, you bet!"

It was our lot after leaving Pueblo to go, not as goes the every-day traveller, but on a "special," with Billy Reed, of the Rio Grande Road, on the engine—or rather partly on, for he seemed to project half his length out of the window of the "cab" as he rounded the curves in about half of schedule time. One of the men best worth knowing in this world is an American locomotive engineer; and either the sight of the great mountains, or some less perceptible influence, seems to develop in the Colorado brotherhood an added measure of simple manliness and grave courtesy. The Colonel found a worthy successor to him of the "special" in Tom Loftus, whose guest he was on the engine of the Leadville express, two hours out from Denver, early on the morning of the day of all days in his mining pilgrimages. Little enough do the passengers in the comfortable cars know of the skill and caution required to control the train on such a journey; but it is clear to a careful observer, and infinitely interesting. All roads, it is said, lead to Rome; all railroads in Colorado try to lead to Leadville; and from the force of circumstances, and through the energy displayed in its construction, this line, which had terrible natural obstacles to overcome, is, at the date of writing, well in the van. Not very far south of Denver it enters the cañon of the Platte River, up which it winds after the manner of the narrow gauge in these parts. The strong little engine

laboriously puffed up the grade, and Tom was exactly as careful in economizing "her" strength, and giving "her" rest, and food, and water, as if she were a favorite mule. The frost had turned many of the leaves yellow, and a few red, lighting up the cañon in a striking manner. At certain points it opened out into little parks, and graders' cabins and campers' locations were frequent. Then came one of those grand horseshoe curves, and Kenosha Summit, some 10,000 feet above the level of the sea; and then a scene altogether wonderful, and something to be long remembered. The summit was a kind of plateau, and was quickly crossed, and we had hardly taken in the outline of the great peaks on the north, when, without warning of any kind, we glided on and along the edge of the sloping wall of the great South Park, and saw it stretching below us leagues away to the south, and across to the Park Range, beyond which lay our goal; and now Tom shut off his steam, and let the train, controlled by the air-brakes, scramble down the slope and run across the park to Red Hill. Here were the Leadville stages, and here also a spring-wagon, to which were attached four good mules. Climbing into this, we whirled along the dusty road ahead of the stages, passed the old mining camp of Fairplay, arrived at the foot of Mosquito Pass, and began to ascend the road, which had been open but about two months. Two extra mules toiled away on the lead, and foot by foot we climbed toward the summit, rising, bleak and bare, some 13,300 feet. It must be known that, not among careless tourists, but among experienced drivers, who rightly estimate danger, the crossing of the Mosquito is considered what the life-assurance companies call "extra hazardous," and Sam, who had held the reins for twenty-one out of the thirty-three years of his life, viewed it with a certain gravity. He had shaken his head at a loose tire, insisted on having an extra brake-shoe at Fairplay, and shut his lips hard together when he saw a new and refractory mule as near wheeler.

A remarkable character, indeed, was this driver, and we listened with growing interest to his hearty utterances. When he had taken the trouble to lean over and point out to the inside passengers a little house built by some hardy miner away up on the crest of a peak, where it looked a wild bird's nest, and the person addressed had assumed a *nil admirari* manner, Sam remarked, "I come out a small shaver twenty-one years ago, an' I never knew the time when I couldn't see somethin' worth lookin' at in them great mountains. It's a pity that Smart Aleck in there can't cross them once without bein' bored." And again, after a pause, "Guess if them clouds was to drop on us when we get to the top, he'd find out somethin' new. Why, I've had them clouds gather round my coach up in the



FREIGHTING ON MOSQUITO PASS.

pass there so as I was as cold as Christmas—this time o' year, too—and you couldn't see a foot. All I could make out was a glimmer, like a miner's lamp, hangin' on to the end of my whip-stock—made by the electricity, you know; an' I only knew where my team was by the pull on the lines."

That's what *she's* afeered of [thus did he, with affectionate persistence, designate his wife]—them clouds a-droppin'. When I come in, on t'other route, last winter, with both arms froze half-way up to the elbow, she just begged me never to take the lines again—women is such fools about a feller, you know. When I'm out, she just watches the mountains, an' if a storm is a-comin' on, she'll just cry an' worry all night. So now, if it's bad weather, I just telegraph her when I get to Leadville. 'Tain't any trouble, you know; an' then she's satisfied."

He had expressed himself somewhat strongly at the station where we had changed teams, because the wagon had not been repaired, and the bad mule had been thrust upon him.

"She never heerd me swear but once," said he, later on; "then it slipped out at a — jayhawker as wouldn't give me no show to pass him on a narrer road down by Fairplay."

As we climbed higher and higher, little animals, hardly squirrels and hardly rabbits, ran over the rocky slopes, puzzling us as to their identity, until we remembered the words of the Psalmist, "The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats, and so are the stony rocks for the *conies*"—for such they were. As the wind grew colder, the passengers buttoned their overcoats and wrapped their heavy blankets around them, talking and laughing as usual; but Sam sententiously remarked that "if they knew what was ahead of 'em, they'd keep quiet, sure." And they knew in a few moments, for we reached the summit, from which stretched downward with sharp turns, and on the very edge of an awful precipice, the road, hardly wide enough for the coach. The elderly gentleman who had seen nothing to surprise or please him in the lofty miner's cabin, nervously dropped the canvas curtain after his first glance, and in a few minutes hastily asked to be allowed to change his seat to the other side. Certain demonstrations made by him during the descent induced the driver to remark, later on, "I guess, by the way that Smart Aleck hollered when we swung round some of them 'cute' curves, he'd seen somethin' new *this* trip;" and in fact we heard the next day that he had indeed seen something so new to his experience, that he would give all that he possessed to be safely out of the town, and once more on the home side of the passes.

But the driver had something else to do than talk, now that the descent had begun. His eyes shone like diamonds, and there was a bright spot on each cheek, for he saw the refractory mule's behavior, and felt the loose brake. The angles were terribly acute, and the front feet of the leading mules would seem to be over the edge before they were skilfully swung round. Fortunately no clouds "dropped" on us, but night was fast com-



ing on, and the wind blew fiercely over the lofty summits, and each turn seemed

more abrupt, and each stretch of road narrower and more dangerous, than the last.

"ROUND ONE OF THEM 'CUTE' CURVES."

It was rather more interesting than reassuring to see the only passenger who was thoroughly familiar with the pass quietly clear the wraps from his feet, and make ready for a possible spring. The situation was not agreeable, but it was worse before it was better; for in another minute off came a tire, and it was hardly hammered on when adverse fate again

brought us to a halt. Through the whole drive we had been meeting great mule teams, the drivers riding one of the wheelers, one hand on a string leading to the brake-lever; and now just ahead on this narrow road, and *inside*, was one of them.

"I swear, Jim, I believe I'll have to drive right over ye!" cried Sam, in despair; but after a moment's deliberation, and urged by one of their number, the passengers descended, and literally put their shoulders to the wheel, not without a mental reservation to the effect that their contract with the stage company hardly compelled them to lift for dear life within a few inches of that terrible descent, at the foot of which a slip might cause them to be found the next day mangled and crushed past all recognition. And thus we went on from Scylla to Charybdis, for we were behind time, and reached only after dark the place where the road agents had waylaid the stage only a few nights before. Well might Sam say, "Never had a drive like that before. Everything against me: the brake bad, and the shoe not workin', an' the tire comin' off on the same side that the black mule was on, an' the wagon draggin' to one side all the time."

We had reached what by comparison was level ground, but our pace was slow, for Sam quietly told us that there were "as many stumps in the road as hairs on a dog's tail." The stage behind us was actually caught on one, and remained there two hours; and as we finally entered the California Gulch of old days, we thought of Mr. Harte's heroine, and her pathetic inquiry:

"Oh, *why* did papa strike pay gravel  
When drifting on Poverty Flat?"

for although great are Leadville and its carbonates, the way thither is indeed a hard road to travel.

And now, having seen this famous place, and returned to a lower elevation, and carefully pondered over the matter, does the present writer lay his hand on his heart and make two solemn asseverations: first, that the mines here are extensive, and doubtless valuable, and easily and profitably operated; and second, that Baron Munchausen, and Marco Polo, and the author of the "Arabian Nights," must hide their diminished heads in the face of the achievements of the special correspondents who have "written up Leadville," for as romancers the last-mentioned indisputably carry off the palm.

For some years, beginning with the spring of 1860, men panned the surface dirt for gold in California Gulch, and when it "petered out" they



went away. In 1877 it was found that the now world-renowned "carbonate belt" lay among the wooded hills on the east of the Arkansas Valley. In April, 1878, an important discovery was made on Fryer Hill, and results may be expressed in a few simple figures: In eighteen years this



RESIDENCE AT LEADVILLE.

county (Lake) is estimated to have produced in gold and silver about \$7,300,000; in 1878 it produced about \$3,100,000; and one well-informed writer thought that in 1879 it would produce something like \$10,500,000!

So easily handled are these new-fangled ores that this is pre-eminently the "poor man's camp," and many and great have been the changes from penury to affluence in this region, although none so picturesque and rounded off as that narrated as happening at Rosita. The small store-keeper who "grub-staked" some prospectors is Lieutenant-Governor of the State, and credited with indefinite millions; at the recent wedding of

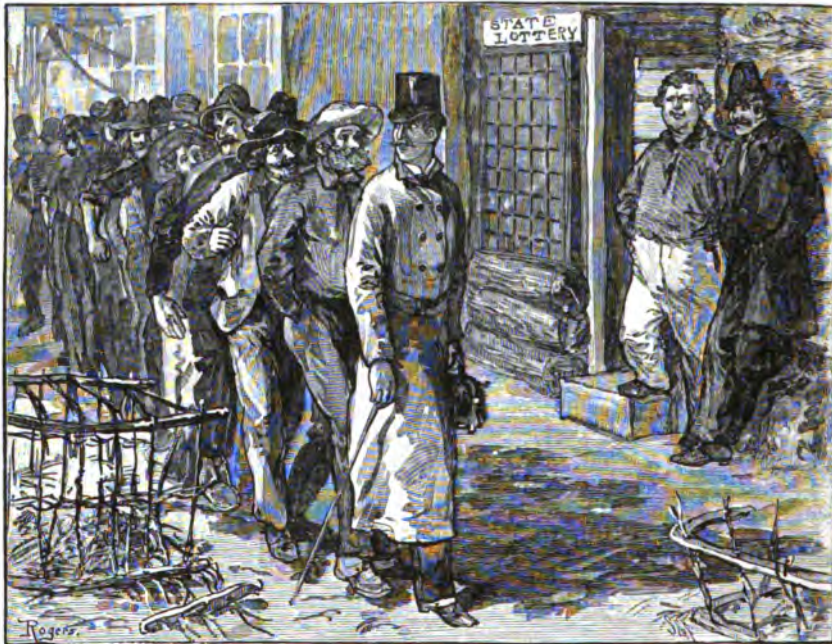
one of these prospectors Jenkins fairly revelled ; and a right-minded *nouveau riche*, whom we met on his way back from a quiet summer on the Eastern seaboard, informed us that while six months before he could not find a man who would spare him five dollars, he had lately been "presented with three diamond rings."

Mining camps, in the nature of things, grow to towns and cities, as boys grow to be men ; but as there are those humans whom we declare to be not men, but overgrown boys, so is Leadville not a city, or a town, or a village, but an overgrown mining camp. And when one reads what has been said about its actualities in this regard, he feels inclined to exclaim to the writers, in the words of one of their brethren, "Perhaps you fellows think that there is no hereafter!" Let the reader picture to himself a valley, or gulch, through which runs a stream, its banks rent and torn into distressing unshapeliness by the gulch miners of old days. Close around are hills, once wholly, now partially, covered with trees, which, having been mostly burned into leafless, sometimes branchless, stems, furnish surroundings positively weird in their desolation. Around, at a greater distance, rise lofty mountains, and between the town and one of the ranges flows the Arkansas. Along a part of the length of two streets (six inches deep in horrible dust, which one of the local papers declares will breed disease) are seen rows of the typical far Western buildings, some large, some few of brick, one or two of stone, very many small, very many of wood. Outside of these are mines and smelting-works, smelting-works and mines, stumps and log-cabins, log-cabins and stumps, *ad infinitum*.

The Commodore had heard that an unfortunate Eastern "capitalist," dismounting from the stage some time before, arrayed in a particularly elegant and voluminous duster and a high hat, and starting "in an airy kind of way" to walk to the hotel, found himself followed by a gradually lengthening single file of jocular residents, all keeping step with him. Fearing a similar fate, he had reluctantly doffed the new leggings before we started on a tour of inspection. Traversing the principal street, and ascending a hill, we came to one of the great mines of the region—the celebrated Little Pittsburgh Consolidated, of which all the world has heard, and which may rightly be taken as an exemplar of those carbonate properties which have puzzled the geologists and experts, delighted the workmen and smelters, and enriched the finders and owners. There are many of them, but one specimen may stand for all. Here, at a very moderate depth, was a great body of mineral through which shafts and horizontal levels ran, and in marked contrast to the following up of a vein now three feet and now three inches wide : here the inquisitive wanderer could

walk comfortably around a great block of ore, and amuse himself by ciphering up its cubic contents. Only a portion of the property had presumably been opened up, and yet of the dividends, was it not written in the financial columns?

“But,” says the doubter, “I am not sure that this will all last.\* Here we are at the bottom of the deposit, and large as it is, there are limits which must ultimately be reached in four directions. Now, in the San Juan country, you can look up in the cañons and see true fissure veins



A WALL STREET MAN'S EXPERIENCE IN LEADVILLE.

stretching for 3000 feet on their sides, and know that they go through the crust of the earth.”

“Yes,” says another, “but that ore is harder and more expensive to work, and the veins ‘pinch’ (or contract to very small dimensions), and, as the miners say, ‘you can’t see into them farther than the end of the pick.’ I am not sure but that it is better to buy a barrel full of pork, than to buy a barrel with the hope of filling it.”

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\* The collapse of the stock of the company, in 1880, offers a curious commentary on this remark.

And so went on the discussion. It need not be said that the man who could solve the questions raised would be the deadliest bull or bear that ever broke loose in Wall Street. Wiser was that clear-headed mining superintendent who, feeling confident that the deposit which he was working was underlaid, at a greater or less depth, by others, ordered a diamond drill, and declared that he was "going for carbonates or China!" It is to be hoped that he fared better than the Irish shaft-sinker who said, when asked if he were not in litigation, "Bedad, no, surr; sure I'm in porphyry."

Amidst all this treasure the Colonel and the Commodore wandered like two modern Ali Babas, sometimes talking with the miners, and rather



SUBURBAN SCENE, LEADVILLE.

overwhelmed with the profusion of "other people's money" about them; but when the mariner heard an expert, who was chipping away at the wall with a little hammer, remark, "That's good goods," this purist stopped both ears, and asked the way to the nearest shaft. Then we journeyed about the camp, exchanging the sights of the great mines, the commodious buildings, and the modern machinery for other and strange ones. Pursuing a tortuous course between stumps, we brought up against cabins

of different degrees of newness. Quaint signs invited the thirsty to "Smile twice for two bits," and the intending purchasers of stores to "Cook 'em yourself!" A funeral, consisting of a hearse, one carriage, and a *brass band*, passed down the main street, and men came out to view it from the ecclesiastical-looking porch of a saloon actually called The Little Church. Following another, or, rather, *the* other, street down parallel with the gulch, we came to smelting establishments disgoring red-hot



LEADVILLE GRAVEYARD.

crucibles which took up half the road, and compelled the teamsters coming in through strata, rather than clouds, of dust to turn out of the way. And our last saunter in Leadville brought us to two startling sights, about which there was a terribly impressive suggestion of cause and effect. We had driven to the point where the picket-line of log-shanties, shaky and mud-bedaubed, reared chimneys economically constructed of old barrels, and had hardly passed them when an indescribably dreadful odor brought us to a sudden halt, and it was from a safe distance that we looked on multitudinous heaps, from which blackbirds were rising in masses, of the reeking garbage of the town. Farther on, in another direction, we came upon a graveyard which was the very embodiment of grim desolation. It lay between two frightfully dusty roads, and the sulphurous fumes from a smelter near by brooded over it; the fences were broken down, and only an occasional rail hung by one end on a tottering post. Within were a few white-railed enclosures, and only a few inches apart rows on rows of earth-mounds, and hundreds, not of head-stones, but of stunted head-boards. It was the very saddest of sights—a scene for the genius of Doré himself. One could fancy the disembodied spirit of the poor miner hov-

ering about in vain longing for a resting-place for the clay so lately tenanted by it—perhaps on some grassy slope in an Eastern State, or even in the wildest cañon; and there came back to us, with strange significance, the words of the herder away out on the plains: “Leadville? why, that’s the fattest graveyard you ever see!”

In estimating the population of this place, one should remember what John Phoenix said about that of Cairo, Illinois—that it consisted of thirteen, but was put at five thousand, because they took the census just when five trains of cars had arrived before a boat started for New Orleans. A deduction of fifty per cent. from the average newspaper figures might come near the mark, but a “reliable gentleman” residing there thought even this too high. Nor can the writer refrain from an expression of wonder and disgust at that morbid spirit which has wasted such power of description and comment on the alleged wickedness of Leadville; the plain truth being that it is just about as much worse than any other frontier mining camp as it is larger. The gist of the whole matter is that this is a wonderful aggregation of human beings about a wonderful development of mineral wealth, “with all which that implies;” that with a little leisure from their absorbing occupations its respectable residents may be trusted to greatly improve their surroundings; and that, besides making a notable addition to the wealth of the country, it has done good service in advertising Colorado to the ends of the earth. Our last recollections thereof are connected with the conversation between an honest miner and a pompous new-comer, who was walking down the street.

“Mister, how much do you ask for it?”

“For what, sir?” (in a deep bass voice).

“Why, the town. I supposed you owned it.”

To Leadville, Central City and adjacent towns are as the old to the new. To reach them, one goes by the way of Golden, from Denver, through the Clear Creek cañon, beloved of photographers, and up the north fork of said creek. As far as Black Hawk, the impudent little narrow-gauge road has only taken a steep upward grade, and wound around curves in the manner common to these parts, but here something else must be done. Towering on hills above are many repetitions of the mills, houses, and shops below; indeed, they seem continuous for miles; but how to reach that particular division thereof which is called Central? Clearly

“Facilis descensus \* \* \*  
Sed revocare gradum  
Hic labor, hoc opus est;”

a statement, however, which Virgil would have modified could he have known a Colorado engineer. *Hoc opus est*, indeed. The train runs through or by the station, and some distance up a gulch; then a switch is changed, and it is pushed back, over Black Hawk, at a considerable height, and up the side of the mountain at the south. Once again it runs ahead, and concludes its climbing at the station in the town with as much modesty as if it had not made its way up 3000 feet in twenty-five miles. At first sight Central seems set amidst unlovely surroundings, the hills having been quite stripped of trees and covered with gray "dump-heaps;" but a short stay develops a home-like sentiment. The hotel is of brick; the churches, the schools, and opera-houses of granite. Perched fairly on top of each other, on the almost perpendicular hill-sides, are comfortable little houses, in which dwell not only "honest miners," but U. S. Senators as well. Here, twenty years ago, John H. Gregory found the first of that gold which has poured out in a steady and increasing stream ever since. Fortunes have been lost as well as made; unsuccessful and terribly expensive experiments have been tried, and many wrecks are strewn around; but not only does the Pactolian flood flow on more freely than ever, but the ground on the opposite side of North Clear Creek has been found to be rich in silver. Old shafts, abandoned by disappointed Eastern companies, are now successfully worked by local lessees; the stamp mills are running and enriching their owners; and people have come down to "hard pan" or "bed rock." New findings, "bonanzas," and "lucky strikes" in various quarters have drawn off nearly all the floating and most of the rough element; the revolver is put away in its case; and, as just stated, the church is of stone.

Driving across Bellevue Mountain and down Virginia Cañon to Idaho Springs, one may take the train for Georgetown, shut in on South Clear Creek by lofty mountains, and "solid for silver;" and then returning, threading the famous cañon of the Vasquez, and passing between the Table Mountains, approach the bustling little aggressive metropolis, Denver, which its inhabitants proudly call the Queen City of the Plains. Its distinctive character is fast disappearing—as the street-cars run through the streets occupied not many years ago by ox-teams and bands of ration-seeking Indians—but progress is in the right direction. A commercial city, and attracting, from the first, even a more miscellaneous population than the mining centres, there have been times when it was by no means a pleasant residence for a person of delicate nerves, but now law and order are as powerful as in most Western cities of its size.

In a work now out of print, but written with a delightful force and vi-

vacuity, the author, a Colorado journalist, says, after speaking of the good order in the mining regions (*italics are ours*):

“In Denver it was *not so quiet*, although the worst days of that town would not begin to justify the hideous and *altogether fictitious picture* given of it by William Hepworth Dixon, A.D. 1866.”

To prove this assertion come the following statements: “Subsequently, ruffians, gamblers, and thieves overran the town, and *no man's life or property was safe*. \* \* \* There was a man, or fiend, named Charley Harrison, who boasted that he had a jury in h—l, sent there by his own hand! He was the king of the desperadoes. One day he deliberately shot to death a negro, *we suppose for being a negro*. \* \* \* It may interest the gentle reader to know that, on the breaking out of the Civil War, these *thugs* ardently embraced the Southern cause. Returning from Richmond in the spring of 1863, with Confederate commissions in their pockets, they were captured by a band of wild Indians in the Osage country and their heads cut off. *They died*. It is to be hoped that Harrison is *having a good time down below with his jury!* \* \* \* One man, named Gordon, seems to have taken Harrison for his exemplar. \* \* \* He fell upon a barkeeper named Gantz and \* \* \* succeeded in shooting him through the head. *Gantz died*. Gordon ran away.” And now comes the turn of the tide, for “Sheriff Middaugh followed him into the Cherokee country more than five hundred miles, caught him, and, in spite of the most frantic efforts of a mad Leavenworth mob to release him—*whether for the purpose of hanging or letting him escape we have forgotten*—brought him back to Denver. He was tried by a people's court, found guilty, and hanged.”

In the face of these and other sketches—by a local artist, be it remembered—Mr. Dixon must stand abashed.

Near Denver are the Boston and Colorado Smelting-works, the establishment *par excellence* of its kind in the United States; here in the numerous and busily occupied banks does the successful miner deposit his gains; here does the hirsute mountain-dweller don the garb of civilization, and procure a “shave” and a “shine;” and here does the whilom grubstaker and present millionaire purchase his corner lot, and rear his lofty business block and commodious dwelling. The successful prospector, when the horizon, so long contracted for him, at last expands, is generally content with less.

“I'm goin' to have my first real square meal, boys,” said one, exhibiting *seven boxes of sardines*; and then, with his eyes kindling, “You bet I'm a-going to New York, and I'll have a carriage driv' by a nigger *with a bug on his hat!*”



As the Colonel and the Commodore sat, after the manner of the place, in chairs on the sidewalk of Larimer Street, in front of the hotel, the former asked, "Do you not find, oh Commodore, an answering chord in your breast to the emotions which stir yon sturdy man whom we met last night, who had unloaded on the gentle capitalist, and sees vistas of wealth and luxury before him?"

"To me," replied the Commodore, sententiously, "the hardy gold-seeker appeals more powerfully than the gold-finder. About him, what wealth of rugged picturesqueness—what symmetry—what *intensity*—Hello! by Jove, there are our burros, after all! I was afraid that scamp had gone back on us."

The Colonel sadly rose to his feet and walked around the corner, whereon stood a lemonade stand.

"Wherefore lemonade?" he asked of the attendant. "Surely this is at variance with the traditions of the Far West."

"Oh," replied the native, half apologetically, half contemptuously, "it's a kind o' *habit* they've got into."

A little farther on a gentleman in a wire hat, nankeen trousers, and cloth shoes accosted him, and softly asked, "Was you a-thinkin', sir, of investin' in mines?" His hand fumbled nervously at papers in his coat pocket; but the Colonel looked him kindly in the eye, and deliberately answered, "My friend, I am not a tender-foot. I have 'been there before!'"

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE TOURIST.

I MET the Manitou stage one pleasant morning on its way from the train to the Springs and the hotels, and had several minutes' view of a number of travel-worn linen dusters and expectant faces.

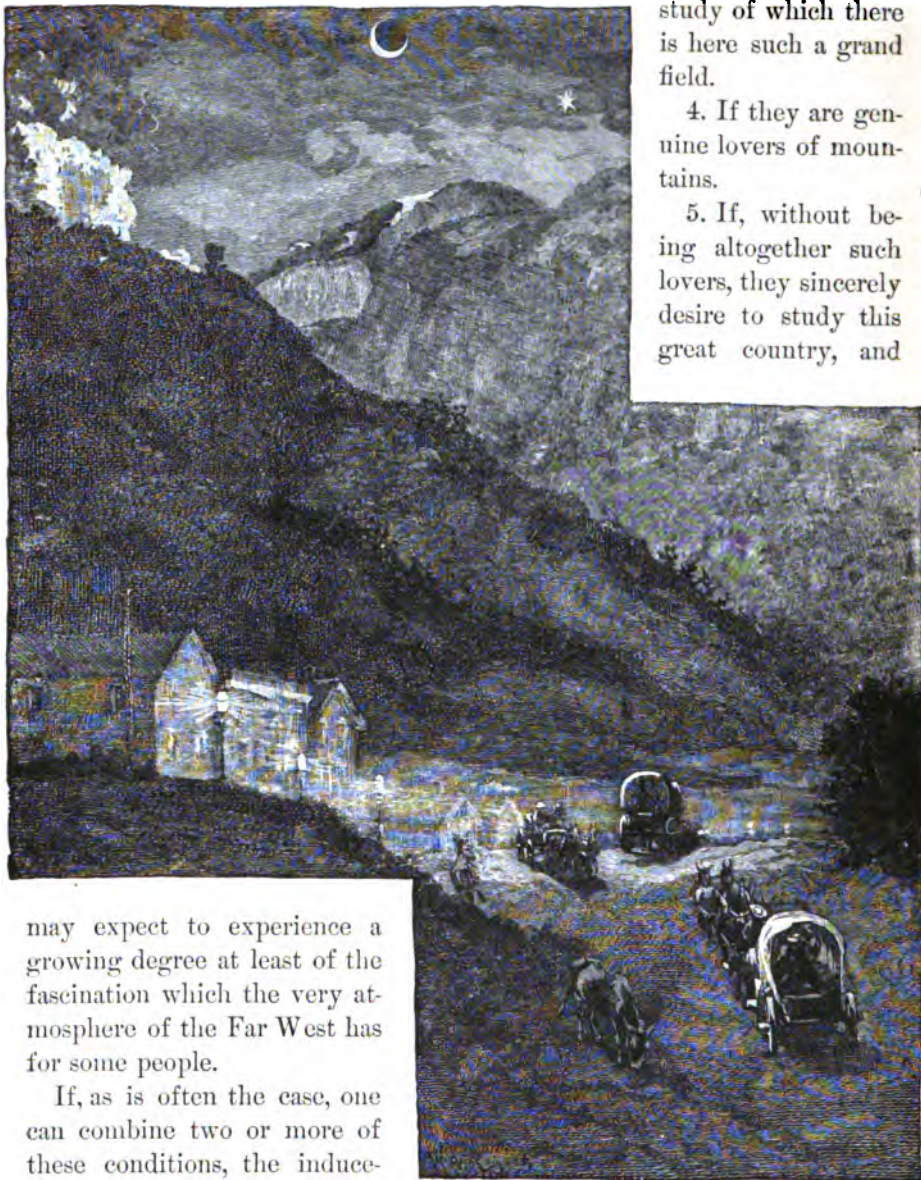
"To how many of those people," I asked of my very intelligent companion, "will their first impressions on alighting be of disappointment, pure and simple?"

"To at least nineteen-twentieths," was the reply of this gentleman; and he was undoubtedly quite right.

It is a misfortune to a region, great or small, to have been overpraised and too much "written up," and it is this which has happened to Colorado. In some cases people have undoubtedly, for one reason or another, said that about the country and its characteristics which they knew to be untrue or exaggerated; in others, some of those who are gifted with a keen and absorbing appreciation of its peculiar and subtle delights, and rare power in describing their own impressions thereof, have given vent to their feelings. The latter might say that they must not be held responsible for the deficiencies of their readers, but they have undoubtedly aided in making up that unhappy nineteen-twentieths. Of these disappointed people, again, it must clearly be said that many may, after all, find the country growing upon them—but the fact of the original disappointment is an unmistakable one.

In one of the following cases persons may be advised and encouraged to expend the time and money needful to make the journey to the Rocky Mountains, and remain long enough in the Centennial State to enable them to study it:

1. If they have present or prospective business interests.
2. If they are in ill-health, and if (let the proviso be heeded) they have intelligently satisfied themselves that the probabilities are in favor of the climate proving beneficial to them.
3. If they are enthusiastic devotees of some of the sciences for the



study of which there is here such a grand field.

4. If they are genuine lovers of mountains.

5. If, without being altogether such lovers, they sincerely desire to study this great country, and

may expect to experience a growing degree at least of the fascination which the very atmosphere of the Far West has for some people.

If, as is often the case, one can combine two or more of these conditions, the inducement to go will be proportionately increased.

On the other hand, if people will not intelligently inquire about a possible destination; if they will delude themselves into expecting to discover paradise, or the gardens of the Hesperides, or the fountain of Ponce de

MANITOU—PIKE'S PEAK.

Leon, between the thirty-seventh and forty-first degrees of north latitude, and the twenty-fifth and thirty-second meridians of longitude west from Washington, they will find out their mistake. If they want the pleasures of Newport and Saratoga, by all means let them go to those well-known and charming places, and not look for such things in a State where there are probably less than two inhabitants to the square mile. And, finally, if they be grumbling, discontented, imperfectly developed travellers, let them, in the name of common-sense, stay at home.

Now the Colonel and the Commodore, already so conspicuous in these pages, had mounted their ridiculous-looking burros, Montezuma and Esmeralda, and were traversing a certain cañon, when the Colonel delivered himself of the sentiments just laid down, and was going on to explain how much he himself admired the country, and how it grew upon many people, even if they were not enthusiastic at first, when the Commodore, who was as yet unacclimated, and breathed with difficulty, and was generally out of sorts, said that "he couldn't see it." And then the Colonel quoted the Autocrat, and serenely replied, "I know that you can't, my dear Commodore; *but you prove it.*"

And so it was, for a few days saw this naval worthy restored to his accustomed spirits, and the one glass fitted to his eye with its wonted jauntiness, and his appetite as much a terror to landlords as ever. He began to show a keen appreciation of the picturesque, and it was only his antipathy to hard work which induced him to spitefully reply, when some one remarked that after his investigations among sheep owners he knew enough to carry on a sheep ranch himself, "I know enough *not to.*"

Of course we went to Manitou, for every one goes thither. It is called the "Saratoga of the West"—an appellation which pleases Manitou and does not hurt Saratoga. There are some baths and some mineral springs there; and the qualities of the latter can be learned by the curious from the pamphlet written by Dr. S. E. Solly, of Colorado Springs. The responsibilities of the place seemed to be shared by a colored brother of varied accomplishments and great command of language, and a fine specimen of the great North American hotel clerk. Wishing to realize the reproduction of the gay life of Saratoga at the foot of Pike's Peak, we asked the former about the prospects of a "hop;" and his reply reminded us of the man's statement that he had a match, and if he only had a pipe and tobacco, he could have a smoke, for he exclaimed, with great enthusiasm,

"Oh yes, boss—yah, yah!—dat's easy enough. We'll have lots of fus'-rate hops. Jus' you get de music, an' de ladies an' gen'lemen, an' I can call de dances bully—you bet!"



AN ILLUSTRATIVE POEM.

The latter, with a lofty superiority, stigmatized us as "tender-feet," but we found that he was only saying, "You're another," for his own stay in the country had been brief in the extreme.

Everybody, or nearly everybody, ascends Pike's Peak, but we did not do so, because the Commodore discovered that Montezuma's spirit was willing, but his flesh was weak.

Manitou is a "health resort," as are several other places in Colorado; and it may briefly be said, and with all seriousness, that the Centennial State, while it is no more of a cure-all than the patent nostrums of the period, can indeed afford relief, and life itself, to many a forlorn and despairing sufferer. "Words," says the Chinese proverb, "may deceive, but the eye cannot play the rogue;" and one may see men and women walking about, and using and enjoying life, who long ago, if they had stayed in the East, would have, in Western parlance, "gone over the range," or joined the great majority.

"Why, they keep me here for an example of the effects of the climate," said a worthy and busy man at Colorado Springs. "I came here from Chicago on a mattress."

And so did many others, and so may many, many more, if they will only display ordinary common-sense,

and heed a few plain words of advice, which will surely have the endorsement of those who know the country well.

They should, firstly, on no possible account (and this caution is disre-



THE MISSIONARY OF MICRONESIA.

garded every day), think of coming until they have sent to some respectable, responsible, and experienced physician, resident in Colorado, not their own crude ideas of their condition, but a diagnosis prepared by a doctor who knows them well. They should, secondly, make up their minds that the climate may *arrest* disease without curing it, and that a permanent residence may be indispensable.

They should, thirdly, be prepared for a careful life, largely out-door, and abandon, once for all, any ideas of the working of miracles in their cases, or of the propriety of disregarding the great laws of health in Colorado any more than in New York or Memphis. This subject will be found treated at length in a later chapter.

If we did not go up Pike's Peak, we did go to Cheyenne Cañon and over the Cheyenne Mountain "toll-road." There are cañons and cañons, and, especially as the country is explored and opened up, the difference between many of them is largely in the matter of accessibility; but Cheyenne holds, on all accounts, a high place. At the level spot where one leaves his horse or burro we found a poetical sign, and complying with the invitation thereon contained, entered a neat tent, and engaged the family who furnished the refreshments in familiar converse. They had left Massachusetts not very long ago, and the young girl who attended to the egg-boiling department seemed contented enough, and took kindly to cañon climbing; but paterfamilias, when asked if he liked Colorado better than his old home, replied, with vehemence, "Better? I rather guess not. I'd sooner live on red herrings there than stay here."

The Commodore seemed rather loath to leave this domestic scene, but when once off, he crossed and recrossed the cañon on narrow and precarious logs with the skill bred of his profession. Reaching the "seven falls," one can feel rewarded for the fatigues of the ascent, and see a striking vista of the plains, framed by the abrupt walls of the gorge. Then we ascended the remarkable toll-road constructed over the end of Cheyenne Mountain, and away up and back among the peaks. How far it goes we failed to discover, but we had on our trip an experience worth recording. Stopping at a very rough log-cabin, we asked a plainly-dressed woman if she could give us something to eat. She cheerfully assented; and while preparing, with some pleasant apologies for its scantiness, a meal which we thought must have nearly exhausted her supplies, she talked to us; and it was with a curious realization of a strange and sharp contrast that we heard her quiet statement that she, with no companions but another woman, who had "gone berrying," and a little boy, was camping there for her health, and that she was a *missionary from Micronesia*, resting on her long vacation journey to Illinois! Her husband was still at his post, and she had come alone all the weary distance—across the Pacific, from San Francisco to Cheyenne, and down to Colorado—and we could see the patient, enduring look in her eyes, suggesting a concentration on the straight line of Duty, rather than day-dreams—away up in the Sierra Madre, 9000 feet above the sea—of the tropical verdure, and the sunlit, dancing waves of the blue Pacific, and the coral reefs far off on the equator. When we offered to pay for our refreshments, she declined, with a kindly dignity, and asked us to do something for the next person whom we might find in need of help.

*Facilis descensus*—which means that the Commodore made better time



GRAND CAÑON OF THE ARKANSAS.

down the road than up. But it was a terrible pull, and found him tired and hungry enough at the close; and it was with more than his usual cynicism that he turned to the Colonel at the hotel table and said,

“Saratoga of the West, do you call it? How is this for an *entrée*—



‘Mush and Milk?’ And I wonder who superintends the French department. Look here!”

But the Colonel, remembering the old Salem merchant and the name of his ship, softly asked, “If m-o-r-a-n-g don’t spell *meringue*, what on airth do it spell?”

As we stood at the railway station in the morning, and our colored brother saw two or three tall men between him and the trunks on the one side, and the baggage-car on the other, we heard him cry out, “Don’ look so large dere, gen’lemen. Look small—yah, yah!—look small, please.”

On another pleasant afternoon our train rolled slowly up the valley of the Arkansas, and came to a halt at Cañon City. Half an hour later we sat on a platform-car away up in the Grand Cañon, or Royal Gorge. Two thousand feet above us rose the mighty rock barriers (they call them, for the benefit of tourists, and with a curious nicety of exaggeration, three thousand *and nineteen*). The train was backed into just the position to give the Commodore the view which he desired; and, while he was drawing, the rest of us made an attempt to attain to some adequate conception of the grandeur and majesty of those great red walls, seamed and furrowed from top to bottom. In certain places trees grew on the top, and down to the very edges of the chasm, and at intervals immense lateral gorges opened out. As we turned back the moon appeared, and her pale light streamed down only far enough into this pathway of the mammoths to emphasize the deep shadows below. As we finally emerged into the open valley we perceived that the authorities had chosen this very spot for the erection of a fine penitentiary—perhaps to enforce the contrast between the works of Nature and those of men, or to qualify the tourist’s pleasure by reminders of what comes (adopting the Western standard) to fiends in human shape who steal mules, and poor fellows who only send their fellow-men into the next world.

Through this great cañon comes, from its birthplace away up in the mountains, the Arkansas. Up to within a few months no human being had passed through it except on the ice in winter; the workmen were actually lowered down from above to drill the holes for blasting; and in one place a longitudinal bridge has been hung from strong iron beams, stretched like ridge-timbers across the chasm; but Leadville is near the valley of the upper river, and this is one of those longest roads around which are the shortest roads home. Probably before these pages are in type the Grand Cañon will be simply Section No. So-and-so of Division No. Such-a-one, and the Express Train No. 1 will have the right of way through over Local Freight No. 17, and passengers will be thinking more

of their chances of "striking carbonates" than of "what God hath wrought" around and above them.

The observant vacation tourist will naturally interest himself in the growing industries of the new State, aside from those connected with the absorbing demands of gold and silver mining. He may not see much of the business of stock-raising, already described in these pages, but without leaving the main routes of travel he will observe collieries, fire-brick works (Golden, on Clear Creek, is quite a miniature Pittsburgh), grist-mills, saw-mills, paper-mills, cheese factories, and other enterprises, and he will inquire about farming. Knowing what prices are paid in the mining camps for food for those thousands of busy and hungry men, and their equally busy and hungry beasts, and hearing about the surety and adaptability of irrigation, he will very likely think the Colorado farmer a person to be envied. Let him listen, then, to the story of an "old timer:"

"I was mining up Central City way one day, and there come along an old chap with onions to sell. You bet we was glad to get vegetables about then. They were as small and mean onions as you ever saw, but I was bound to have a dozen, and he charged me a dollar and a half. Well, sir, I didn't say nothing, but I just allowed that farming must be an everlasting sight better business than mining, and I'd better go into it myself. So I quit my claim and struck a likely kind of a ranch, and hired a Dutchman at one hundred dollars a month to take charge, and I skipped out East for seed. It took a long time then to go and come, and when I come back, first thing I saw was an old fellow ploughing in my field. Then, when I come to the house, I saw some one had jumped that. There was a widow woman from Georgia had moved in and was living there, and I sung out that that was all right, and I hoped she'd take her time and make herself quite at home, but that I had a sort of an idea that that was my house. Well, I got things all straightened out, and my vegetables began to come up. And one day Jim Ewell, a sort of market-man, come along and stopped to dinner, and had a cigar on the piazza, and I knew that he was counting the cabbages in one of my fields; and then says he, 'Joe, I must have them cabbages,' and he offered me \$1800 for the lot, and I took him up, and he pulled out a bag of gold-dust; but I didn't want it in the house, and I told him to put it in the bank, and give me a check when he liked, and to send for those cabbages any time. And when he'd gone I sat smoking, and with the fumes of the tobacco came visions of wealth. Why, at that rate, there was \$30,000 good in that crop, and I began to feel *tony*, *tony*, sir, I tell you. And as I kept on smoking, the sun was kind of obscured, and I looked up over Table Mountain, and saw a queer kind of

a cloud; and while I was looking, out come the sun, and the air was full of millions of diamond points, just *skintillating, skintillating*, sir, I tell you. And what was it? *Grasshoppers' wings!* And they settled down, some inches deep, on my ranch, and the next day, out of my \$30,000 worth, I had—one hatful of lettuce that was under glass! And when I went down to Denver some time afterward, the boys asked me to supper; and they'd put up a job on me, and got a jeweller to help them, and the chairman made a speech, and give me a coat-of-arms, and it wasn't nothing but a *grasshopper rampant.*"

Rampant indeed was this terrible insect, and a most effective "evener up" of profits and losses. It is understood that he is not as much feared as formerly, and that the crops can be protected—a consummation devoutly to be wished.

A part of one's vacation can be profitably employed in observation of the social and domestic life of the State. Colorado homes are of many kinds, from the handsome brick or stone house of the Denver banker to the adobe-plastered, earth-roofed log-cabin, the hut of boughs, the tent, even the caves of the miner or the poor stockman. Of comfortable and often æsthetic residences there are more in proportion in Colorado Springs than in any other place, owing to the facts that many cultured people have come thither for their health, and that the colony organization has done much to improve and adorn the town. The "little rift in the lute," in the fine character of the average "old timer," is his indifference not merely to some of the *convenances* of life, but also to those sanitary precautions and regulations which are becoming indispensable in this age; and he is too apt to say that things "are good enough for him," and to put too much faith in the power of the dry air. That a fine old pioneer, for instance, whose horse had fallen and died in the road, should, because the carcass was inoffensive, lay out new wheel tracks at the side, rather than move it, must surprise most people. Nor is the *cuisine* all that can be desired; and this, too, from apparent carelessness rather than the want of ample facilities for good living; and in some places the water, alkaline or otherwise unpleasant, will not prove satisfactory. Churches abound, and worshippers too, and some faithful early leaders have sown good seed. Clergymen adapted to the country find their hands held up, and have many interested and intelligent parishioners.

"Do you know the Rev. Mr. X——?" was asked of a stage-driver. "X——?" delightedly cried he, "Why, that's *my* preacher. *I hang my hat on him every time.*"

Cities abound to a greater extent than is agreeable to the fastidious

visitor; and fewer of them, and more towns, or even villages, would seem to be needed, for a mayor and council prove cumbersome machinery for a collection of some two or three thousand people. Of colonies, there are the well-known "Fountain" organization at Colorado Springs, now quite a cosmopolitan place; Greeley, an agricultural one, between Denver and Cheyenne, on the plains; Colfax, a collection of Germans in the Wet Mountain Valley; and a very prosperous little Welsh settlement at Gwillimville, on the Divide.

Of the people of Colorado in general no right-minded vacation-spender can fail to form an exalted opinion. Among the "old timers" may be found men who are, in the truest and fullest sense, nature's noblemen, and whose acquaintance is a pleasure and a profit. Strong, brave, cool, generous, and truly kind, those who know them well cannot fail to pronounce them. The influx of later years has been, on the whole, of fine material, and the Centennial State has no cause to be otherwise than proud of her citizens. Hospitality is spontaneous and hearty, and one is sure of a kind welcome in house or hovel, and alike of a seat at the table of the Denver banker or mine owner, and a share of the prospector's last biscuit.

## CHAPTER IX.

## OVER THE RANGE.

PEOPLE come to Colorado from all quarters of the world—Asia (the laundries of Soe Long, Lee Bow, and Sam Sing abound), Europe, the Eastern States, and what we used to call the West. They do not always, however, retain the outward appearance which characterized them in other climes.



"STRANGER, DO YOU IRRIGATE?"

An old gentleman from the East, of a clerical aspect, took the stage from Denver south in ante-railroad days. The journey was not altogether a safe one, and he was not reassured by the sight of a number of rifles deposited in the coach, and nervously asked for what they were.

"Perhaps you'll find out before you git to the Divide," was the cheering reply.

Among the passengers was a particularly (it seemed to him) fierce-looking man, girded with a belt full of revolvers and cartridges, and clearly a road agent or assassin. Some miles out, this per-

son, taking out a large flask, asked, "Stranger, do you irrigate?"

"If you mean drink, sir, I do not."

"Do you object, stranger, to our irrigating?"

"No, sir." And they drank accordingly.

After a farther distance had been traversed, the supposed brigand again asked, "Stranger, do you fumigate?"

"If you mean smoke, sir, I do not."

"Do you object, stranger, to our fumigating?"

"No, sir." And they proceeded to smoke.

At the dining-place, when our friend came to tender his money, the proprietor said, "Your bill's paid!"

"Who paid it?"

"That man"—pointing to the supposed highwayman, who, on being asked if he had not made a mistake, replied, "Not at all. You see, when we see that you didn't irrigate and didn't fumigate, we knew that you was a parson. And your bills are all right as long as you travel with this crowd. We've got a respect for the Church—you bet!" It was no highwayman, but a respectable resident of Denver.

This reminds us of another traveller, who displayed such verdancy on the top of a Leadville stage, not long ago, that he gave some practical jokers too good an opportunity to be neglected.

"We must be gettin' pretty nigh where them road agents be—eh, Jim?" asked one of another, at a particularly safe stage of the journey.

"What, gentlemen, do you have road agents here?" asked the tender-foot.

"Yes, indeed; we're attacked 'most every day," was the cheerful reply. It was but a few minutes before the unfortunate man, having been first induced to conceal his watch in one of his boots, was jolting horribly about on the baggage-rack in the rear, covered by the large leather flap. Crouched here, he heard with terror the reports of the pistols discharged in the air by the worthies on top, and cries of "Bully for you, Bill!—guess you plugged *that* fellow." (Crack!) "There's another of them down." (Crack! crack!) "Guess they won't attack no more coaches." When released, some time later, from his uncomfortable position, he proceeded to present a sum of money to a quiet man on the box, who was pointed out to him as having saved the lives of the party by his bravery and sharp-shooting. This money was, of course, afterward returned to him, with the hint that he had been badly "sold."

The holiday tourist can come hither by several routes, as hereafter specified. Local railroads afford him considerable facilities, and without fatigue or annoyance, and with ladies in his party, he can visit, in addition to the places to which allusion has been made, Estes Park, near Long's Peak (the property of the Earl of Dunraven), Bowlder and Clear Creek Cañons, Bellevue Mountain, Idaho Springs, the cañon of the Platte, the Ute Pass, and the crossing of the Sangre de Cristo Range into the valley of the Rio Grande. Next, eschewing the flesh-pots of the hotels, and the

“Delmonicos of the West,” or “of the Mountains,” or what not (there are several of them), he may procure tent and general “outfit” (oh, expressive and most comprehensive word!), and proceed to camp out,



perhaps in one of the great parks North, Middle, South, or San Luis; the smaller, Estes, Manitou, etc., etc.; or on Bear and other creeks, where the trout do

mostly congregate; bearing in mind that the average camper of this decade will require fresh meat, mails, and telegrams twice a week, and choosing accordingly. Remembering the time and expense involved in transporta-

CAMPING OUT.

tion from the Atlantic sea-board, he buys his tent and stores at Denver or Colorado Springs, puts them on a wagon, and then, arrayed in the seediest of flannel shirts, the broadest of hats, and the tallest of boots, and with gun in hand, and large revolver and cartridges in belt, he casts off the trammels of civilization. He can live just as economically or just as expensively as he pleases—can buy fat salt pork and flour, and, as the Leadville sign suggests, “cook ’em himself;” or he can hire a fine cook, order fresh meats, vegetables, and fruits, which will keep wonderfully well at these altitudes, and find his camp a “Saratoga of the West”—in expense if not in other respects. In the morning he may discover ice near his tent in August, and at noon be enjoying a refreshing bath in the stream. For the rest—horse, dog, gun, and rod, with a good supply of magazines and papers, help him pass the time. Some come simply for economy’s sake, and secure, at all events, an out-door and rustic life, such as it is, for a small sun; others are ordered to live in just this way for the benefit of their health, and there is no doubt that in certain cases it proves a cure; others, again, think it novel and interesting and romantic, and if they are disappointed, do not say anything about it. The Colonel was sceptical, and made objections.

“Why, O rover of the mighty deep,” said he to the Commodore, “seekest thou to abandon the delights of the El Paso Club, the post and telegraph offices, and the flesh-pots of this civilized town? Why hast thou thy head cropped like unto the gentlemen who serve the State in striped suits at Cañon City? And why incasest thou thy manly form in the flannel of the backwoods and the overall of the miner, instead of the gay tweed of the latest Regent Street cut? Speak, I entreat thee!”

“Learn, then, O warrior,” replied he, with dignity, “that my soul, long inured to communion with nature on the vast ocean expanse, seeks longingly a return to the primitive delights of the dweller far from the haunts of men. It will none of these effete luxuries and demoralizing dainties;” and the Commodore helped himself to a third portion of the gooseberry-pie.

“But,” rejoined the Colonel, “hast thou not read in the journal of the period, unjustly called venal, what words of wisdom have fallen from the lips of the Froudes and Macaulays? Is it not written that, when people desire to imitate the ancients, they forget that the ways of our ancestors were but the choice of Hobson, and that if they lived in caves and tents, it was but because co-operative building associations were the inheritance of their posterity, and the brown-stone, high-stoop dwelling was a dream?”



"The Froudes and Macaulays be blowed!" said the Commodore. "Shiver my timbers if I don't go camping—you bet!"

And he went—a comical figure, indeed—coercing the reluctant Montezuma on the dusty road; and he camped; and he returned, and said that he "had a boss time." Only from contemporaneous history were vivid



EXPEDITION OF THE COMMODORE AND MONTEZUMA.

accounts gathered of his first dinner, when he gazed pitifully through his one eye-glass at the ants crawling over his plate, and sprung up in distress when a large yellow-jacket stung him on his close-cropped head; and of his last night, when he awoke from fitful slumber to see a steer with his head through a hole in the tent, and a coyote snuffing under the flap, and to hear the howl of the dog ensconced at a safe distance.

With the approach of cold weather the camper sells his outfit as advantageously as he can, and inscribes his name on the nearest hotel reg-

ister ; and he who has chartered a wagon, and combined camp life with travelling, emerges from the Ute Pass or one of the cañons, and becomes like unto his fellow-men. But for one thing how shall they, and even the residents of Colorado, answer—the strewing of the whole country with the great North American *tin can*? From the Wyoming line to the Veta Pass, from the White River Agency far out on the plains, lie terrible deposits, daily increasing, and rivalling gold and silver, in extent if not in value, of the whilom receptacles of egg-plums (whatever they may be), tomatoes, and succotash.

“Do you not think,” gently asked a clever friend of the writer, as they drove past one of these shining piles, “that when the New Zealander is quarrying out the remnants of our civilization, he will come to the conclusion that the tin can contrasts unfavorably with the pottery of Etruria?”

If the Colonel would not camp out, he willingly acceded to the Commodore’s wishes when the latter wanted to “be on the move,” and go where he would not see the perennial and conventional verdant tourist, open-eyed and duster-clad ; and it was when our Colorado sojourn was drawing to a close, and our wanderings and investigations had far progressed, that we took a trip combining more of rare attraction than it is easy to describe, but not to be recommended except to the experienced traveller, and to him only when in robust health. Given these conditions, let him speedily go and do as did we.

We had “seen Leadville” by day and by night, but never before at the hour just preceding daylight. From the hotel we went to a restaurant for coffee. It had apparently not been closed during the whole night. A sleepless proprietor presided, and a sleepy waiter served us ; and as the former saw us counting thirty-three empty champagne bottles on the table, he cheerfully remarked that “that warn’t the half of ’em.” Then we emerged, and saw a shadowy stage coming up the street, and a shadowy driver confirmed our claim to outside seats. Then there climbed up by our side a quiet man, courteous of manner and gentle of speech, and one might have thought him a mild Eastern capitalist ; but he was something very different. Connected with the transmission of the United States mails are certain officials called “special agents.” Matters may be going a little wrong in an office, and one of them appears just in the nick of time. When one’s registered letter has not come, he may have a call from another ; and let a highwayman make a mistake, and choose for his operation a coach with “U. S. M.” on it, and the whole power and purse of the government are against him ; and when he is brought to bay in a gulch, and throws up his hands as the rifles of the posse are covering him,

it is some such mild-mannered gentleman as this who rides ahead and puts his hand on his shoulder. The writer has met three of them in company, playing a quiet game of tenpins before starting on a quest, and noticed one in particular who wore gold spectacles, and looked like a German professor. This man alone took two mail robbers from the North to Texas, quietly informing them that while the intending rescuers could undoubtedly kill him, they might be entirely sure that the first motion would send



THE SPECIAL AGENT'S WORK.

both of *them* into eternity; and such was his fame that no man in all the crowd moved a finger.

Just about as the clock struck five, the stable-man who had brought the stage to the office door descended from the box, and "Purley," one of the oldest and most celebrated drivers in the country, drew on his gloves, turned up the collar of his long brown overcoat, and looked up, shaking his head.

"Don't know about so many on top, gentlemen. Bad road ahead, you know, and light load inside. I bring three people into Leadville for one that I take out. But never mind; I'll risk it. If we go over, we'll all go together."

"All ready!" And receiving the mail from a sleepy clerk, we rolled out of the rows of shanties, past the saw-mills and lime-kilns and charcoal ovens, and into and up the valley of the Arkansas—here as mean a little stream as ever ran through some Massachusetts meadow.

"I'll show you where it rises in a few minutes," Purley told us; and he did. This is what is usually called summer, and yet he was beating his arms to warm his hands, and we wore extra thick clothing, and were



MOUNTAIN OF THE HOLY CROSS.

wrapped in great miners' blankets. The road is cut through the woods, and we dodged sharp branches with some difficulty. Eleven miles out came Chalk Ranch and breakfast, and then we climbed up to the Tennessee Pass, the ascent being picturesque in the extreme. With the spring pointed out to us, we had done with not only the Arkansas, but all streams and rivers which affiliate with the Atlantic, and beyond us was the Pacific slope; for we were about to traverse the great continental

Divide, the backbone of America. This road is confidently stated to be an improvement on the old one; but neither is very kind, if a broken and abandoned wagon told a true tale. Nevertheless, it leads to the top, and over it we went, the Commodore fancying that he snuffed the breeze from Japan and China. A dead broncho lay on one side—perhaps he had been attached to the broken wagon, and thought his occupation gone when it came to grief—and some grim soul had put a whiskey bottle between his stiffened jaws. Now we came to Ten-Mile Creek, into which, if you drop a nautilus shell, it will float away west, make the mysterious journey through the great cañon of the Colorado, pass Callville and Fort Yuma, and finally be swept into the Gulf of California. When one passes Creston, on the Union Pacific Railroad, it is his guide-book which tells him that he is on the Cordilleras and the great Divide. Here he sees it for himself; and he sees, a mile or two farther on, and if the weather be clear, something else—a sight worth the whole journey—the famed Mountain of the Holy Cross, rising up at the westward, and saying to a fanciful imagination, with the great white cross lying on its sloping crest away above the lonely range, *In hoc signo vinces*. And one looks at this noble, this stupendous sight from Carbonateville—store and post-office. Then we passed the Ten-Mile mining district, and in due time came to Kokomo—a mining camp supposed to be “booming,” but giving no marked evidence of the process; surely is it, however, one of the queerest and quaintest places that was ever seen. One very narrow street is carved out of the side of a steep hill, and below it are numbers and numbers of skeleton houses—mere wooden frames—the very morbid anatomy of architecture. Along we came from a higher level, and Purley saw the wistful look in the Commodore’s face, and obligingly pulled up just where the buildings began; all of them, above and below this one preternaturally narrow street, having the air of hanging perilously on the hill-side. Nothing could possibly pass us, as a woman discovered who rode up the slope in front, neatly dressed, hatted and gloved, as some women would be in a Sioux village or on the Jornada del Muerto.

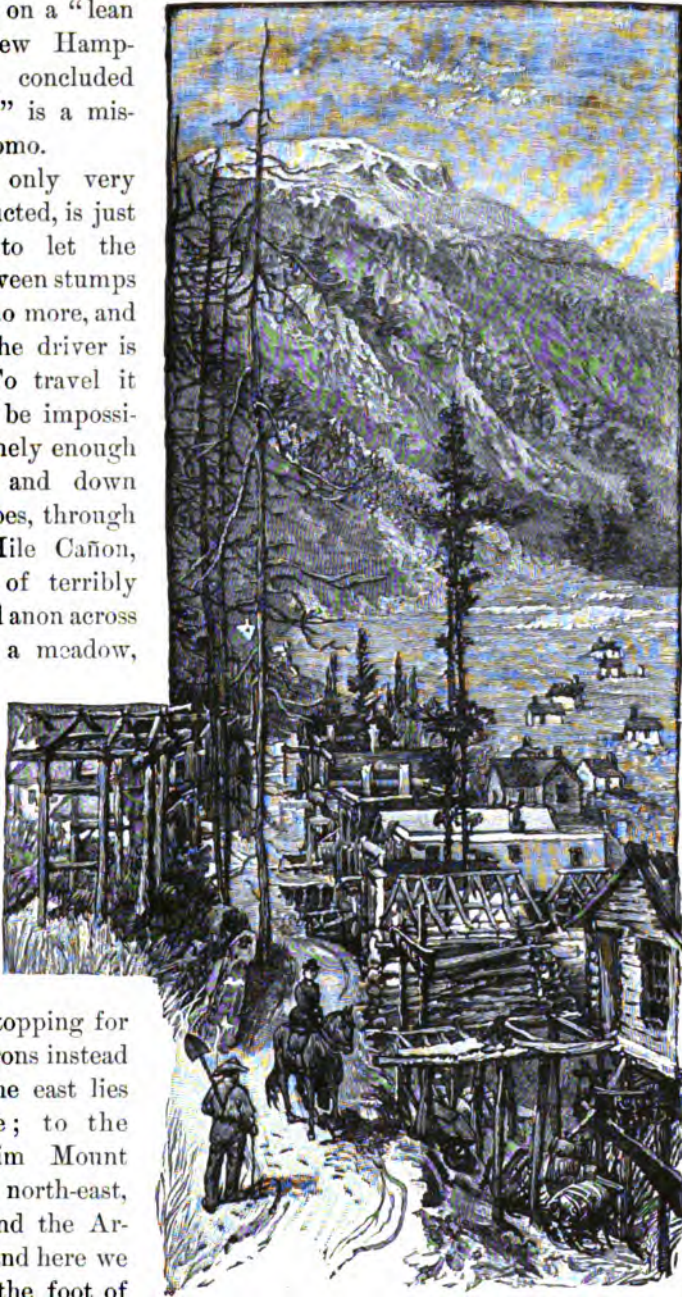
“Can’t you give me a chance to pass?” she asked.

“Well,” said Purley, “this gentleman’s taking a sketch of the town, and just you keep still, and he’ll have you.”

“Picture?” cried she. “Well, then, just put me in as a *cow-boy*, for I’m hunting stray cattle;” and, with a laugh, she guided her surefooted broncho to one side, and over half a dozen stumps and rocks, as we touched our hats, and Purley set his foot hard on the brake and drove up to the little inn. The “loafers” hung around as if this were a sleepy ag-

ricultural town on a "lean streak," in New Hampshire, and we concluded that "booming" is a misnomer for Kokomo.

This road, only very recently constructed, is just wide enough to let the wheels pass between stumps and rocks, and no more, and the strain on the driver is tremendous. To travel it at night would be impossible, and it is lonely enough by day. Up and down steep hills it goes, through desolate Ten-Mile Cañon, over stretches of terribly dusty levels, and anon across an attempt at a meadow, while mighty peaks are seen on all sides. Leaving the stage, we took a large wagon, and, after passing the Ten-Mile, the Snake, and the Blue, and stopping for dinner, two wagons instead of one. To the east lies Breckenridge; to the south-east, grim Mount Lincoln; to the north-east, Gray's Peak and the Argentine Pass; and here we were again at the foot of the continental Divide and



KOKOMO.

must climb it. Symptoms of fatigue were not wanting among the passengers, and there was much ground still to be traversed before they could hope for rest. The road runs up through a timber belt, and our progress was slow enough to make our driver's conversation very welcome. He told of old days when he rode the Pony Express, springing from horse to horse, and making his hundred miles per diem; and then of the overland stages, and of the time when the murderer escaped from Denver, and took the coach at an outside station, and he heard a hail, and saw the *vigilantes* in full gallop after him—stern Nemesis herself, in the shape of three quiet citizens armed to the teeth, who took their prisoner out, and then let the stage go on. There comes a time, he also told us, when an old driver "loses his grip," and cannot keep up the pace, and must "take a back seat;" and all this time we were still climbing, and here at last we were on the summit of Loveland Pass, and saw two little posts with "Tunnel Line" on them, and another giving the elevation as 11,784 feet. For, strange to say, these Colorado railroad builders, who joke at grades and speak disrespectfully of elevations, propose carrying the Colorado Central through the ridge, and in some mysterious manner over the "high line" by which we came.

Now for the last time we descended; and here our nautilus shell would be whirled down that roaring South Clear Creek, the Platte, the Missouri, and the Mississippi, and float out between Captain Eads's jetties into the Gulf of Mexico. Soon we again took a stage; and then, when the sun was well below the horizon, and we seemed to have passed our whole lives in those seats, and never known what it was *not* to have our spines brought at intervals into violent collision with the sharp edges behind us, the valley narrowed, and the great dump-heaps appeared on the side of the hills, and we passed Brownsville and Silver Plume, and finally rattled down into the main street of Georgetown. We ached in every bone, and thought of supper as a hollow mockery, but we would not have missed that drive of sixty-five long miles for all the world. This was all the Great American Desert when some of the youngest of us studied geography. Pathfinder Fremont came to grief on one of the creeks along which we passed; the fires causing the smoke hanging over the mountains were set by Ute Indians; and yet not only had we crossed and recrossed the range, and enjoyed all this grand scenery, in fourteen hours, but the locomotive may soon do it in four and a half.

The changing leaves on the mountains reminded the Commodore, shortly after this last trip, of what he was to see of gorgeous yellow, brown, and gold on the familiar slopes of the Hudson Valley and in the

New England woods; and the day came when our effects were packed, and he exacted one last test of the Colonel's devotion in a ride to the station with him on the backs of Montezuma and Esmeralda. It was accomplished with a large degree of exasperation on his friend's part; but the obnoxious burros had become, through the Commodore's mistaken devotion, pampered and overfed, and mischief looked out from their eyes as we dismounted. The train moved off, the engineer blew his whistle, the burros raised their voices and their heels simultaneously, the horses heard and speedily saw them, and we looked back from a curve in the track at a scene of havoc and devastation. A small donkey-boy, a colored porter, and an old woman lay prostrate in the dust; the driver of the North-western Company's stage was, with strange and angry exclamations, endeavoring to hold his frightened horses with rein and brake; and the burros were well up the Manitou road, and making the best time of the season toward the Pacific Ocean.

With the departure of my naval friend at Pueblo, I dropped all semblance of official rank, and, still lured on by the fascinations of the country, ascended the Veta Pass by night, favored by the wondrous sight of a freight train far above our heads, on the track where we were soon to follow it, and thrown into a lurid illumination by the sparks from the smoke-stack, and the frequent opening of the furnace door of the panting engine. I visited the valley of the Rio Grande, ate trout cooked to perfection, saw the stage of the Southern Overland Mail Company, with its splendid Eastern horses (at one point they put *twelve* on the coach), start for the Southwest, and then came again across the Sangre de Cristo, and around the Muleshoe Curve. Just before we approached it, and as the engineer was telling me with what extreme caution he was compelled to run ("If a stone should happen to drop on the track, look where we'd go," said he), we saw, winding along the stage-road far, far below, what seemed to be pack-mules, and one bit of bright red color lighting up the line. Five minutes brought us to a band of Ute Indians bound over the range, and they were a sight not to be lightly viewed by any reader of the novels of J. Fenimore Cooper. All were on lean ponies, leading and driving others; braves with their guns across their knees, squaws with their papposes bound on their backs in receptacles which exactly resembled bark quivers, and diminutive children. Drawn up on the hill-side, they gazed stolidly at the train, and the engineer said that "he'd a good mind to whistle, and see those ponies jump, if he didn't think the Indians might fire into us." When we came on the plain there were looming up, to gladden the heart





SPANISH PEAKS.

of the mountain-lover, the beautiful Wahatoya. Fusi-yama, in Japan, is beyond all question the finest single

mountain known in the world; the Holy Cross is awe-inspiring; but for two lofty and splendid hills, side by side, and forming a spur thrown out into the level like these, I know of no match. I sing their praises at all times, and eagerly strain my eyes for them when there is a possibility that they may be seen on the distant horizon. We were a little doubtful about them once on a long drive; but a friend who had been scanning the misty distance, and who knew that, as far from New York as this, he might paraphrase *Pinafore* without fear of actual personal violence, softly said,

“For they *are* the Spanish Peaks:  
 For they might have been La Veta,  
 Or peaks of other *natur*,  
 Of which the guide-book speaks;  
 But in spite of all temptations  
 To belong to other nations  
 They remain the Spanish Peaks.”

I had them again before me as I sat writing the last lines of this chapter at a lonely station in the sage-brush, with the rattle of the telegraph instruments in my ears. On this side was the newest and most vigorous American civilization; on the other were the remnants of effete Spanish rule, and the wonderful and tantalizing records of a prehistoric race. Past them lay my road, and, with the “All aboard!” of the conductor, I stepped on the train and turned my back to the New and my face to the Old.

## CHAPTER X.

## THE SANTA FE TRAIL.

**F**EW citizens of this country are aware how lately begun, and how rapidly accomplished, has been the development of communications throughout what we call the Great West, but which is more properly designated the Heart of the Continent; especially since, if we are guided by the meridians of longitude, our domain now extends—strange as it may seem—*as far to the west of San Francisco as it does to the east*. The average layman may, indeed, rightly claim that when as astute and experienced a traveller as General William T. Sherman could state, in 1865, that he “would not buy a ticket for San Francisco for his youngest grand-child,” and then ride thither himself by rail only four years later, he (the layman) can hardly be blamed for not keeping pace with the graders and track-layers.

It is, actually, only about thirty years since parties of any considerable size began to cross the continent, and only about twenty since the first emigration to the Rocky Mountain region. In two and one-quarter centuries after the landing at Plymouth Rock the descendants of the Pilgrims had made their way in force only to the Missouri; and it seems curious that the Spanish race, so far behind the Anglo-Saxon in enterprise, should, starting from the South, have made so much earlier progress toward the great central domain, where the miner and the ranchmen now find congenial homes. Yet in 1527, only thirty-five years after Columbus had given a new world to Castile and Leon, Alva Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca sailed from Spain, and landed in what is now Florida; thence he made a wonderful overland journey, occupying nearly nine years, and after passing through the region known at present as New Mexico, arrived at the city of Mexico in the summer of 1536, more than eighty years before the *Mayflower* dropped her anchor off the American coast. Previous to his coming, wonderful stories had reached the Spanish authorities of the “Seven Cities of Cibola;” and his accounts induced the sending of expeditions to the North, which finally resulted in the conquest of the country.

In 1539 Niza laid claim to Cibola in the name of the King of Spain; and while the actual date of the founding of the city of Santa Fe is in doubt, it probably antedates Leadville by some three centuries. Into the field of



ALVA NUÑEZ CABEZA DE VACA CROSSING THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT.

fascinating inquiry and speculation as to the pre-Columbian inhabitants it is not permissible here to enter. The Pullman car now bears the enterprising antiquarian, in ease and comfort, to the banks of the Rio Grande del Norte, and his learned lucubrations will soon be spread broadcast over the land.

It was at about the beginning of this century that it dawned upon our people that there were good markets as well as cities and people in and near this same Rio Grande Valley, and under Mexican rule. There is said to be in the ancient palace at Santa Fe a Spanish document proving the existence of a trail, in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, from the old French settlements in what is now Illinois to some of the towns in New Mexico; and from one of them—Abiquiu—to California. General Kearny is said to have despatched a courier over the latter; but all efforts of the writer have failed to prove the authenticity, or secure a proper translation, of the document in question. Mr. Gregg, in his interesting

book, "The Commerce of the Prairies," now out of print, and from which much information could be collated, stated that a merchant of Kaskaskia named Morrison heard, about 1804, through some trappers, of the stories which the Indians had told them of this ancient land, where Spanish pomp and civilization went hand in hand with royally high prices for merchandise. He despatched one La Lande, a French Canadian, on an adventure to Santa Fe, and La Lande went thither with alacrity, but omitted the trifling formality of coming back again. The log huts of Kaskaskia knew him no more; he lived in opulence in a one-story adobe house, while the excellent Morrison

"Looked for the coming which might not be;"

and finally La Lande died in the odor of sanctity and was gathered to his fathers, without having rendered any account sales, or made any remittance to his principal.

Next there comes to the front again that splendid patriot, Lieutenant Z. M. Pike, soldier, explorer, and high-minded gentleman, whose fame deserves far more enduring record than it has received. It was in the course of the expedition on which he started, in 1806, that he met James Pursley (whom, for his refusal to show the Spaniards where he had found gold, a Colorado writer laconically calls "good boy"); and this worthy man seems also to have been allured by the tales of the Indians, and to have gone to end his days in the land of Montezuma; and when Pike himself came back, and told his manly, straightforward story, great interest was excited in the strange places which he had visited, and in the alluring prospect of a profitable trade. Considering that Santa Fe, Taos, and other towns, and the country in their vicinity, had depended entirely upon supplies from Mexico and the other provinces under her control, there was every reason for this interest, and for a vigorous opening up of the business. First essays were not promising. Four men, starting with their goods in 1812, and manfully pushing their way to Santa Fe, returned only in 1821, having been imprisoned during nearly all the intermediate time. The next year, however, marked the opening of the Santa Fe Trail—that wonderful road, some eight hundred miles in length, rising so imperceptibly for three-quarters of this distance as to seem absolutely level, and without bridge from end to end. There it stretched away toward the sunset half a century ago, and there it stretches to-day; and what poet's dream, what prophetic vision of the ardent patriot, steadfastly believing in the future greatness of his country, can afford a measure of either the romance or the reality of the march over and beside it, during those fifty years, of

the pioneer, the trader, the soldier, the Free-State champion, the settler, and the railroad engineer, and its results, as seen to-day? We listen complacently to Fourth-of-July orators, and read with uninstructed enthusiasm of the development of the Great West; but to really know something about it one ought to study for himself the region through which is defined, now clearly, now faintly, this pathway of empire. It is to the doings of this worshipful brotherhood of nation-builders and their achievements that the writer would offer his meed of tribute.

#### I.—THE PIONEER.

With only misty and imperfect records to guide us, we cannot tell by what route stout Cabeza de Vaca toiled through the wilderness, or how far Coronado journeyed toward the Missouri, but it is only fair to give them the place of honor. For two hundred years after their time, as far as can be gathered from accessible data, the Indian and the buffalo were undisturbed, and it was perhaps after Bunker Hill and Yorktown that the Jesuit or the Franciscan took up his pilgrim's staff, and turned his face to the sunset. Mr. Parkman has told with graphic power the story of the followers of Ignatius Loyola in the Northern wilds, and the people of Illinois are about to erect a monument to good old Père Marquette; so in time the world may learn, from the pen of some investigator and historian, of heroic and lonely missionary journeyings across the great plains. The people of Kansas, already claiming Coronado as the discoverer of their State, may also find room for a reminder of some self-denying pilgrim priest; and perhaps, too, the poet may discover herein an engaging theme, for as well in the lonely valley of the Arkansas as elsewhere one can imagine a dying exile murmuring,

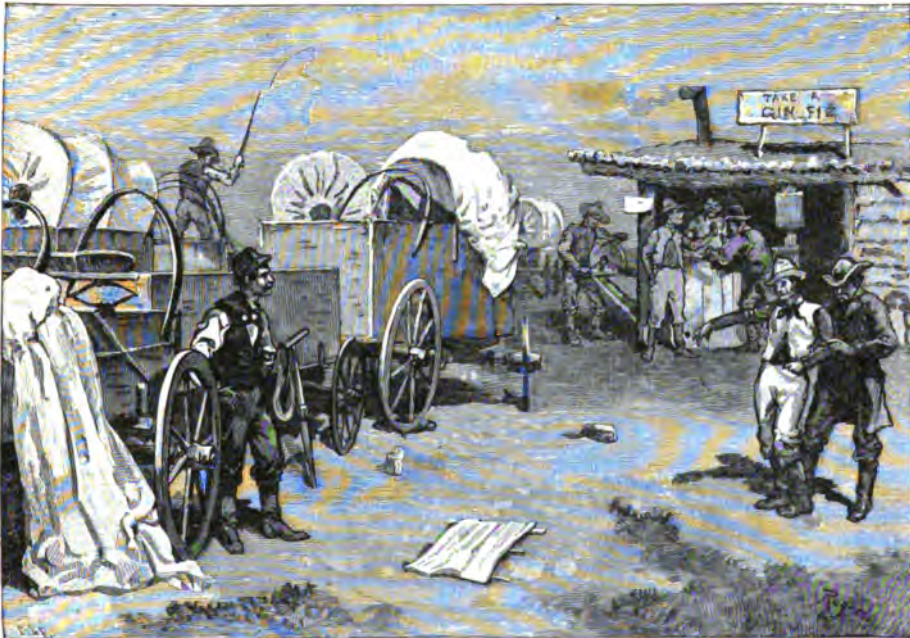
"As God shall will. What matters where  
A true man's cross shall stand,  
So heaven be o'er it—here, as there  
In pleasant Norman land?"

"‘*Urbs Sion mystica*,’ I see  
Its mansions passing fair.  
‘*Condita celo*.’ Let me be,  
Dear Lord, a dweller there."

#### II.—THE TRADER.

The first adventurers carried their merchandise on pack-horses or mules, and it was in 1824 that it was decided to use wagons, a number of which reached Santa Fe with much less difficulty than might have

been expected. The practicability of this method being established, the trade began steadily to increase, and in a few years a large amount of capital was embarked therein. Its initial point was, first, Franklin, some one hundred and fifty miles west of St. Louis, then Independence, then Westport—all these towns being on the Missouri River, and thus easily reached during the season of navigation. Here were found motley crowds—traders, outfitters, dealers in supplies of all kinds, tourists, invalids hoping to regain their health by a trip on the plains, drivers, and “roughs” in abundance. The covered wagons were drawn first by horses, then by mules, then by both mules and oxen, and were carefully loaded. Besides the merchandise, supplies for the men were carried—say, bacon, flour, cof-



PRAIRIE SCHOONERS AT THE DOCK.

fee, sugar, and a little salt—it being expected that enough buffaloes would be killed to furnish fresh meat. Starting off in detached parties, the wagons would rendezvous at Council Grove, on a branch of the Neosho River, twenty miles north of the present town of Emporia, and here an organization would be effected for mutual aid and protection during the long journey. In such a caravan there would be perhaps one hundred wagons, and a “captain of the caravan” would divide them into four di-

visions, with a lieutenant to each. Every individual in the caravan was compelled to stand his watch at night, and this guard must have presented a motley assortment of clothing and arms. When all was ready, the start was made. Every night a hollow square and temporary corral were made with the wagons, and the camp-fires lighted outside of this square. Across swamps, quagmires, and even rivers, the teams were driven, men being sent ahead to make temporary bridges over the first two, of brush or long grass covered with earth, and sometimes to fabricate "buffalo boats" of hides stretched over frames of poles or empty wagon bodies.

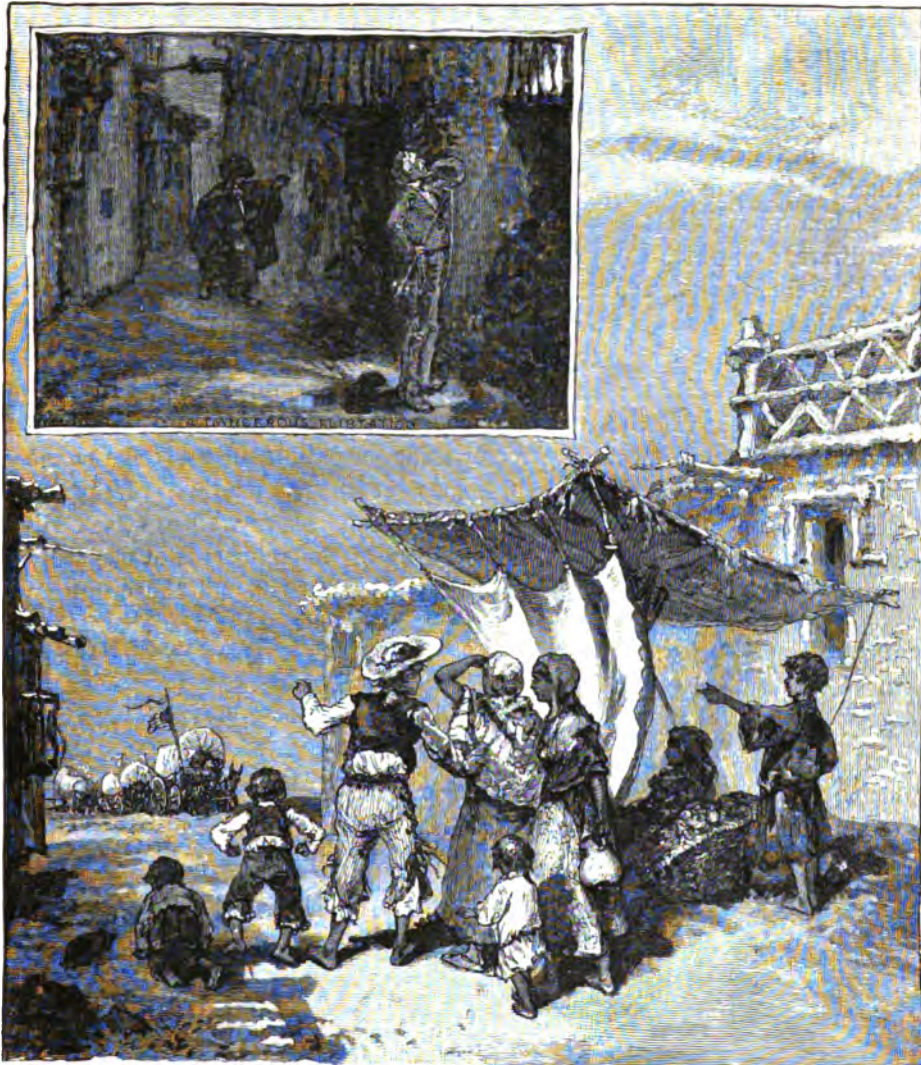
The main route to Santa Fe will be described later on; but the trains sometimes left the Arkansas Valley near what is called Cimarron Crossing, about one hundred and twenty-five miles east of what is now the Colorado State line, traversed an arid desert for some fifty miles, reached the Cimarron Valley, and passed on, striking the main trail somewhere near the present site of Fort Union.

There is no doubt that great trouble was experienced with the Indians from time to time, and that while they might dread interference with strong parties, they were glad enough to attack weak ones; but Mr. Gregg, writing in 1844, expresses the fear that the earlier traders were not guiltless of instigating the hostilities of later days, and says that "many seemed to forget the wholesome precept that they should not be savages themselves because they dealt with savages." He adds, "In the course of twenty years, since the commencement of this trade, I do not believe there have been a dozen deaths upon the Santa Fe route, even including those who have been killed off by disease as well as by the Indians."

When the caravans were within a moderate distance of Santa Fe, runners were sent ahead to send back supplies, engage storehouses, and make arrangements with the customs officers—arrangements not unlike, probably, those made with (some) customs officers in other parts of the world and in later days. And then, at last, the long valleys traversed and the high hills crossed, the goal appeared in sight. Loud cheers rang out, guns were discharged, and demonstrations of the greatest joy abounded on every side. I must quote once more from Mr. Gregg's enthusiastic description:

"It was truly a scene for the artist's pencil to revel in. Even the animals seemed to participate in the humor of their riders, who grew more and more merry and obstreperous as they descended toward the city. I doubt, in short, whether the first sight of the walls of Jerusalem were beheld by the Crusaders with much more tumultuous and soul-enrapturing joy.

“The arrival produced a great deal of bustle and excitement among the natives. ‘Los Americanos!’ ‘Los carros!’ ‘La entrada de la caravana!’ were to be heard in every direction; and crowds of women and



ENTRANCE OF THE CARAVAN INTO SANTA FE.

boys flocked around to see the new-comers, while crowds of *leperos* hung about, as usual, to see what they could pilfer. The wagoners were by no



means free from excitement on this occasion. Informed of the 'ordeal' they had to pass, they had spent the previous morning in 'rubbing up,' and now they were prepared, with clean faces, sleek-combed hair, and their choicest Sunday suit, to meet the 'fair eyes' of glistening black that were sure to stare at them as they passed. There was yet another preparation to be made in order to 'show off' to advantage. Each wagoner must tie a brand-new 'cracker' to the lash of his whip, for, on driving through the streets and the Plaza Publica, every one strives to outvie his comrades in the dexterity with which he flourishes this favorite badge of his authority."

Then were sold the domestic cottons, calicoes, cotton-velvets, silks, hardware, etc., which had been brought across the plains; and the foundation of many a large fortune was laid in the handsome profits coming from this business. It suffered at times from the capricious and despotic behavior of the Spanish or Mexican authorities, and was closed in 1843 by them, only to be reopened, however, in the ensuing spring. In 1841 the Texans, being at war with Mexico, sent an expedition into the country, which resulted most disastrously; and, ostensibly in reprisal for the treatment of their countrymen, gangs of men, under Warfield and McDaniel, made attempts to raid some of the trains as well as attack villages. One of these gangs was also guilty of the robbery and dastardly murder of Don Antonio José Chavez, in April, 1843, and the criminals were pursued, and most of them captured. Nor was the trade seriously interrupted by the Mexican war, for Santa Fe was taken by our troops in 1846, and an American governor soon replaced the haughty Dons. Then it progressed steadily, and only the Indians seem to have interfered with it; and when the great iron roads began to push out from the Missouri, the starting-place moved farther and farther west. The forwarding establishment at the head of which is Don Miguel Otero, a highly respected citizen of New Mexico, and uncle of the territorial delegate to Congress, has made seven jumps in eleven years. It was, in 1868, at Hays City, Kansas; thence it went to Sheridan, Kit Carson, Granada, La Junta, El Moro, Otero, and Las Vegas.

Of interesting incidents, sometimes pleasing, often tragic, there is a large store from which one has but to choose. In either 1850 or 1851, F. X. Aubry, a young man of Canadian descent, rode, on a wager, from Santa Fe to Independence in five days and sixteen hours; his own beautiful mare, Nelly, having carried him, it is said, over one hundred and fifty miles. It is sad to relate that a man possessing the courage and endurance for such a feat was killed in a brawl in Santa Fe, September 11th, 1854.

In 1850 a United States mail party was cut off by the Apache and Utah Indians, not a man surviving; and at about this time Mr. and Mrs. White and party were attacked, and all at once killed, except the lady and her



SUDDEN ATTACK BY INDIANS.

child, who were taken prisoners. A party of dragoons, with the famed Kit Carson as guide, started in pursuit, and overtook the miscreants, but the unfortunate captives were murdered during the fight. To this splen-

did old pioneer, also, a friend of the writer owes his life. A discharged soldier asked permission to join him in his homeward trip over the trail, having formed the fell design of robbing and murdering him. This leaked out after the departure, and before the time had come for consummation, the traveller saw dust behind him, and before long Kit and his men galloped up, seized the murderous villain, and, bidding him god-speed, departed with their prisoner. This is only one of the achievements of such grand, modest old heroes as Carson, Pfeiffer, and others, whose names will be held in reverence on the border "as long as water runs and grass grows."

When I myself visited New Mexico in 1879, less than a hundred miles of rail (since completed) remained to be built, and the Santa Fe trade has now passed completely out of the realm of the romantic, and into that of the commonplace. All honor to the stout hearts who inaugurated and carried it on, and who, as they neared the Missouri on the return from their earlier trip, might well have said with the poet,

"I hear the tread of pioneers  
Of nations yet to be,  
The first low wash of waves, where soon  
Shall roll a human sea."

### III.—THE SOLDIER.

Fort Leavenworth, on the Missouri, between Kansas City and Atchison, was established in 1827. In 1829 Major Riley, with four companies, escorted a caravan as far as Sand Creek. Captain Wharton, with a smaller force, was on the trail in 1834; and large escorts under Captain Cook were there in 1843. In 1846, however, the first grand march was made (almost exactly where the railroad runs to-day), by the celebrated "Army of the West," under command of that fine old soldier, Colonel, afterward General, Stephen W. Kearny, of the First Dragoons. His force consisted of just 1658 men, including the First Regiment of Missouri Mounted Volunteers, commanded by the famous Colonel Doniphan. It is curious to read in these days of the difficulty which the troops had in reaching the trail from Fort Leavenworth, there being no road; and then of the long march conducted in detachments, each day's progress being recorded by Captain, now General, W. H. Emory, the engineer officer. The army was rather scantily supplied with provisions, and many of the inexperienced soldiers fell ill and died; but the survivors pushed bravely on, and, having marched out of Fort Leavenworth on the 26th of June, arrived at Bent's Fort, then in its glory, on the 1st of August. Now, the passenger who has left the Mis-

souri River at 9.45 A.M. of one day, passes the ruins of this fort at noon on the next!

Still exactly on the old trail, the army turned south, crossed the Raton Mountains (being often obliged to draw the wagons up with ropes on one side, and let them down on the other), and, reduced to one-half and then one-third rations, proceeded to Las Vegas, where the general, standing on the flat roof of a building, administered the oath of allegiance to the principal Mexican residents. It was understood that Governor Armijo would meet the Americans some twenty miles from Santa Fe, and "welcome them with bloody hands to hospitable graves." The Don assembled 7000 men by proclamation, marched out, threw up some earthworks, and cut down some trees in this strong position, and then—marched away again! When Kearny came on, with his little army in battle array, he went into Santa Fe without firing a shot! thus bringing to a close a most brilliant military achievement, and one of the most romantic and remarkable journeys over the old trail. A second force, under Sterling Price, afterward a noted Confederate leader, came over the same route later. He took command in New Mexico, and had more or less fighting until he returned in the summer of 1847; an



THE DON.

Illinois regiment and another from Missouri having replaced his men, after traversing the now somewhat familiar track. Kearny went to California; and Doniphan, with a very moderate force, made a magnificent march through New and Old Mexico, fought a number of battles, captured Chihuahua, joined the main army, returned to his home by the way of the Gulf, New Orleans, and the Mississippi, and was publicly crowned with a laurel wreath in Independence, Missouri. He is still living. In punishing the Indians, who declared publicly that they would cut off the East from the West, many troops were employed, and a considerable force was sent out late in 1847 for the protection of the trail. The

present forts along its length are of comparatively recent construction; but without chronicling any other startling or romantic events, it may be said that the soldier has had more or less duty between the Missouri and Santa Fe for the last twenty years, and has done it bravely and faithfully.

#### IV.—THE FREE-STATE CHAMPION.

In taking up this department of his subject the writer is approaching very modern and well-known history too closely to admit of more than a brief reference to the men who, if they marched but a comparatively short distance west from the river, were as surely the pioneers of the great army of peaceful conquerors of the soil next to receive attention, as they were the standard-bearers of liberty. It is but a quarter of a century, as only recently commemorated at Lawrence, that the bill for the organization of the Territory of Kansas passed Congress, and to read of that same Lawrence being *sacked* two years later is like a sudden plunge backward into the Dark Ages. Secure in a united country, purged from the stain of slavery, we can strive to forget the horrors of "Bleeding Kansas;" but we must not forget the honor due to the Free-State champions. We owe it to them that the wagoner's and not the overseer's whip has been cracking on the Santa Fe Trail for the last twenty-five years, and that the whistle of the engine is heard there to-day. The slave power died hard in Kansas, as it did at Vicksburg and Gettysburg and Richmond; and on our country's roll of honor there should be a high place for the men who fought and bled for freedom on this soil.

#### V.—THE SETTLER

He, to quote the motto of the State of Massachusetts—*Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem*—seeks with the sword liberty and tranquil peace; and then he hangs up the sword, and beckons to thousands from all over the world to follow him, and proceeds to push the limit of the agricultural belt farther and farther West. Starting on a recent and extended tour in these regions, with the impression of knowing something about them, I have been an amazed learner, and unless my readers have had equal advantages, what will be told them will be a surprise; and they should, if sufficiently interested, follow my statements with a good map before them. There has been doubt as to whether this part of the great march should be described as that of the settler or of the moist and fertilizing atmosphere, which we in the East have been inclined to deny to our brethren on the plains. But, in any case, simple facts will be given.

In 1866 Ohio produced 10,200,000 bushels of wheat, and Kansas

260,000; in 1872 Ohio produced 18,200,000, and Kansas 2,100,000; in 1878 Ohio produced 32,000,000, and Kansas 32,300,000! I have not ventured to take these astounding round numbers from any less authoritative source than the Report of the Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture of Kansas.

Let us further notice that Kansas stands at the head (in 1878) of the list of wheat-producing States. Two-thirds of these 32,300,000 bushels were grown in that part of the State which has been settled and cultivated during the last ten years. Of these 32,300,000 bushels, again, the *western* tilled half of the State produced 23,300,000. Ford, Edwards, and Pawnee counties, the first-named being intersected by the one hundredth meridian (the western boundary being about three hundred and eighty miles west of Kansas City), and the other two just on the east of it, produced 587,000 bushels in 1878.

In 1845 vegetables could not be grown at Topeka, and the missionaries there were compelled to send to the river for them; in 1870 they could not be grown at Newton; in 1872 they could not be grown at Larned. In 1879 they could be grown at Dodge City.

Some writers on this subject of the increasing fertility of the so-called "plains" have been compelled to construct facts to suit their theories. One finds himself in a far more agreeable position when he is only called upon to offer something in the shape of a scientific theory to account for facts which any observer can study for himself. Assuming that this fertility is within the *general* western limit of the region of farms, and that it is not claimed for solitary out-pickets, it would seem that when such limit, extending for a considerable distance north and south, is pushing steadily on, the breaking up of the soil has done the work, and there is strong scientific authority in support of this.

The turning of the sod, then, introduces two modes of action tending to increase locally the moisture of the atmosphere. Perhaps the more important is that of simply parting with its own natural moisture, slowly but surely, until it arrives at a certain stand-point, balanced by the greater or less dryness of the air meeting it. The other source of continued local moistening of the atmosphere is that of the gradual decomposition of the organic constituents of the turf, thus giving, at the points needed, moisture prepared to assist vegetation. These two modes of action are productive of relatively large amounts of humid atmosphere as compared with the whole weight of the turf displaced. Rain, being always due to an oversaturated atmosphere, follows in the train of agricultural progress, and is limited to or most active at the very points where it can contribute

most essentially to the germination and growth of the crops. Thus it is clearly the settler's march over the trail, for the rain is incident on the labor of his strong hands.

Settler, too, if not farmer, is the stockman who is pushing his ranches and flocks and herds out along the Arkansas, in competition with his brethren in other parts of Colorado, in New Mexico, and in Wyoming. Both contribute largely to the wealth and prosperity of the region in which they dwell and labor. Who, in the face of what has been stated, shall boldly predict how far west and south they shall, in friendly alliance, push on? The farther the better, may all true patriots heartily say, even if they meet, as Governor Gilpin thinks that they will, the eastern sweep of hordes from Asia somewhere in the Parks. (It is to be trusted that he will pronounce this correctly stated.) We might well like to see farms and ranches stretching, as the old skipper said, "from Cape Horn to the Rory Borealis."

## CHAPTER XI.

THE SANTA FE TRAIL—*Continued.*

## VI.—THE RAILROAD ENGINEER.

WHEN the train was running, one pleasant day last summer, over a certain Western line of railroad, a distinguished British official, of great experience in the construction and management of lines of various descriptions, asked, with much interest, who had planned and built the section which he had just traversed. Being told that it was a regular employé of the corporation, of modest demeanor and small pretensions, he expressed the greatest surprise, and said that if such work had been done in Great Britain, or any of her possessions, the engineer would have been knighted or made a baronet. Indeed, there is no doubt that few things in our country have excited greater admiration from the "hearts of oak" across the Atlantic than the manner in which the surveyors and track-layers have pushed their way into the primeval wilderness, and across the continent. The oxen that drew some of the first teams were excellent engineers, and the iron horse of the West, in more than one instance, has followed where they led. Rarely, however, in thus doing, have the tracks run over and toward such scenes of romance and historic interest; and it is indeed curious to think that already the whistle of the locomotive has startled the sleepy Mexicans, and echoed across the Plaza in the ancient City of the Holy Faith.

It was alike with a vivid interest and a curious realization of the extreme discrepancy between my modes of travel and those of my predecessors that I traversed, during the summer and autumn of 1879, the Santa Fe Trail, and one finds it hard to believe that the journey over it is now but an every-day duty of the brakeman and the baggage-master. Kansas City, but a few miles north of Westport, is, albeit not in Kansas at all, but in Missouri, a bustling and thriving town. Three competing lines connect it with St. Louis, and the same number with Chicago, and the Union Depot presents a busy scene. Starting thence, the train ran swiftly along the



banks of the Kaw or Kansas River to Topeka, passing through Lawrence, with its fine brick buildings on a high bluff. Topeka is the capital of the State, contains about 12,000 people, and boasts, besides wide avenues, fine business blocks, and comfortable private residences, a very handsome State-house or Capitol, and a Female Seminary which, for strength and thoroughness of building and convenience of arrangement, surpasses many of the most pretentious ones of the East. Moreover, it may be mentioned with satisfaction that there is here a Historical Library, which, if managed as it has been, and now is, will be of great value to the future historian. While many West-bound parties doubtless travelled along the banks of the Kaw, the old Santa Fe Trail proper took a somewhat different course as



KEARNY'S SOLDIERS CROSSING THE RANGE.

far as the Arkansas, which is reached by the rails near the town of Newton. Thence I sped on, the old wagon-road being in sight or close at hand nearly all the way along this famed valley. Instead of herds of buffaloes, and occasional bands of Indians, and long lines of canvas-topped wagons, I saw farms, and school-houses, and churches, and National Banks. Yankees from New England, Scotchmen from the Highlands, Germans from the banks of the Rhine, Mennonites from Russia, and a motley crowd from all parts of the earth "dwelt together in unity" where the wagons were "parked," and the weary patrol trudged through the night, not many years ago. One feels just a shade disappointed at the absolute peaceful-

ness of his transit, and as the verdant voyager sometimes longs for a storm at sea, so might one in his inmost soul hope for a sight of a savage Indian, at a safe distance. Alas! we could hear of but six, and they were *in jail*. And on what does the reader suppose that we had to fall back for a tinge of excitement? Not on the painted, tomahawk-brandishing warrior; not on desperate Mexicans and still more desperate American bandits; not even on a set of drunken, pistol-shooting "cow-boys," but (and this in the Far West and on the great plains) on that hot-house freebooter, that distinctive product of Eastern civilization, the original, impudent, worthless *tramp*! Exit the wild rover of the prairies; enter the bummer! In 1830 or 1840 the Cheyennes fiercely attacked the lines of wagons; in 1879 the tramps captured a freight train! It was a short one, and there were only two or three men on it, who were told that they had better keep quiet, if they did not want to be shot by some of the twenty-five seedy, second-class ruffians, who proposed to travel, as they say in the West, "with their hats chalked," or free. Their journey was a short one, for they shortly met the express, and the trainman told his tale to a worthy Master of Transportation who happened to be thereon. This quiet Massachusetts man said little, but acted promptly.

"He told the boys," said my informant, "just to git them rifles out of the baggage-car. 'We'll clear 'em out for you,' says he to the freight conductor; and then we just went for 'em. We could 'a' had fifty good revolvers to help us, out of the passenger-car; but there warn't no need of 'em. When them tramps see us a-comin', they knew we was on the shoot, and they just give three cheers, and *lit out*."

Shade of Kit Carson! has it come to this? We buy a new revolver, and take out an accident-insurance policy, and go forth to meet the wild warrior of the West; and, lo! the modern kind would flee from a policeman's club, and would not make a hero for a juvenile "blood-and-thunder" weekly. Resuming my seat, I am reminded of the Briton who left his native shores on a quest for the typical American of the border—the mighty Leather Stocking or Davy Crockett of these latter days. In vain did he search through town after town, farther and farther from the Eastern seaboard. Wearied and disappointed, he was about to retrace his steps, when Fortune smiled, and he saw—the first glance brought conviction to his soul—the real thing! Nothing could be more conventionally correct—the suit of buckskin, the leggings, the large felt hat, the long hair, the rifle, the revolver, and the bowie-knife.

"*Eureka!*" he muttered, as he hurriedly crossed the street.

"My dear sir," said he, "would you—aw—excuse the liberty, you

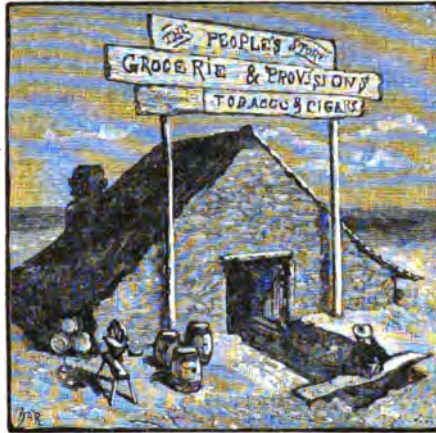
know, and have the kindness to—aw—tell me, you know, from whence you come?"

He doubtless expected to quail before the eagle eye of this Wild Bill; perhaps to be greeted with strange imprecations; but the man answered, in mild tones, and with familiar accent, "Hoot, mon; aw'm just three months from Inverness!"

And now the school-houses and churches began to decrease in size, and the houses were farther apart, as we ran swiftly on to Dodge City. Thence, or from a point not far distant, diverged the old alternative trail by the Cimarron. Thence, to-day, one travels by stage to Camp Supply, and (less than two hundred miles) to Fort Elliott, south of the Canadian River, and in the "Pan Handle" of Texas. Near by, too, is Fort Dodge; and we drove thither, and saw the neat quarters and the storehouses and the corral, and talked with some of the officers who are stationed at these lonely points. Several of them were rejoicing at orders for a post farther east, but in twenty-four hours after we parted with them all was changed, and they were sent with speed to the front, perhaps to lay down their lives in a fight with Indians armed with rifles of the newest patterns, and supplied with provisions of the best quality—all from one of those centres of wretched corruption and chicanery, an Indian agency.

From this same Fort Dodge went to his death, not many months ago, that brave and chivalric man, Major William H. Lewis, U. S. A. His career affords an excellent comment on the weak points of our republican system. Gaining distinction among his comrades for services in the early part of the Civil War, which in another land would have earned both high military rank and public fame, he lived to find himself, six years later, a major, and to see his pay and allowances gradually cut down by a Congressional majority hostile to the army; and then he was shot, fighting heroically against the Cheyennes—and why? Because, that wicked and powerful organization, the Indian Ring, successfully maintaining itself by its unnatural alliance with the sentimentalists of the East, cannot rob and plunder without desperate outbreaks on the part of its victims. While the former is fattening itself at a safe distance, and the latter, untaught by the ghastly doings of year after year, are whining platitudes, Lewis and Thornburgh and Custer, and many more brave men, are dying at the front. Some of us, who "speak what we do know and testify what we have seen" on this subject, do most implicitly believe, and would have our fellow-citizens believe, that the nation which permits such things to be, stands in danger of an unerring retribution; and this saddest of all aspects of Western life cannot be ignored in any truthful sketch of that region.

Speeding on again, we passed Lakin (in which enterprising town the store, established in a "dug-out," contrasts curiously with the new railroad dining-hall), then across the line, and into Colorado. From Las Animas we went to another military post—Fort Lyon—situated just where the Purgatoire enters the Arkansas. The moon was shining down on the neat square, with its plank walks, and trees, and tall flag-staff (in these Western posts—forts only by courtesy—there are no stone or earth works). A "hop" was progressing at the barracks, and the soldiers' wives, who were dancing to the music of a violin and guitar, had brought with them the children whom they could not leave at home, so that one saw the pretty, chubby little things sleeping as quietly on rugs on the floor as if miles away from the noise and the lights. And if any further humanizing influence were wanted by the pilgrim on the old trail, he found it in the gathering of cultured ladies and gentlemen who had not heard *Pinafore*, but who could and did sing it on the far Arkansas.



FIRST STORE IN LAKIN.

Then, not very much farther on, we went down to the bank of the river to get a sketch of Bent's Fort—a famed post in the old days. The main structure was one hundred and eighty by one hundred and thirty-five feet, and the walls were fifteen feet high and four feet thick. It is now deserted and in ruins; and the only information which we had to guide us in our search for a fortification (it cannot be seen from the train) which was in its glory when the Army of the West marched to Mexico, was the statement that it was near the 549th mile-post on the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad. And now the droves of cattle, and the buffalo trails stretching over the plains and down to the water, as straight as if laid out with a theodolite, grew more frequent, and we came to La Junta (pronounce it *La Hoontah*, if you please), the junction of the Timpas with the Arkansas. Here the four-footed engineers turned off to the south-west, and their two-legged successors, leaving the main Colorado line, by which one reaches Pueblo, Colorado Springs, and Denver, followed exactly in their steps. The land is barren to the eye, and the route lonely for awhile; but soon we saw the Spanish Peaks, and the snow-topped Sangre de Cristo on the horizon, and then it was only

eighty miles to Trinidad. Directly through this town, in which one-story adobe huts and Mexican *mescals*, or hovels of mud and straw, are curiously mingled with United States Hotels, and National Banks, and saloons, runs the trail, and on the banks of the Purgatoire, which we have again reached, runs the iron road.

And here let me stop to record *the corruption par excellence* of a name which I have encountered in all my wanderings. The pious Spaniards called this stream Las Animas (the Souls), the French called it Purgatoire (Purgatory), and the freeborn American calls it the *Picketwire*. We crossed the bridge to take the train, musing on what they call in California the "pure cussedness" of such a transformation; and then we saw Fisher's Peak on the east, and to the south, rising up against the sky, the Raton (Rat) Mountains, which first compelled the trail to follow a heavy grade. In starting to cross them, and enter a land which came to us by right of conquest only about thirty years ago, I experienced a curious feeling of expectancy and adventurous enthusiasm, unknown in long and distant wanderings in four continents, and which, if worth analysis, I should trace to the fact that the passage from youngest America to older Spain and oldest kingdom of Montezuma, and from the express-office and the "run-mill" to the vice-regal palace and the ancient *pueblo*, is effected so speedily, and without the crossing of any portion, however small, of the mighty deep. At all events, the feeling is there, and it is respectfully commended to the attention of the sensation-seeker. The trail went over the toll-road owned by Unclé Dick Wootten, a veteran pioneer, and many stories are told of the long lines of teams and other vehicles which paid tribute at his gate; but the railroad, first using a very bold and ingenious "switch-back," now runs through a tunnel, approached on either side by a heavy grade, and showing curious seams of coal in its inner walls. We saw it from the rear platform of a single passenger car at the end of a long freight train, and also looked at the "Devil's Gate," through which the trail passes after crossing the mountain, and which might have proved at any time a terrible place for an ambush. Then came supper at Otero, and a cot in the baggage car, in which car, besides many trunks and some amiable officials, we noticed several crates suggestive of poultry. Wrapped in my blankets, and with my head on an ancient mail-sack, I slept soundly until morning, and then only faintly heard the following colloquy:

"Who's that feller, Bill? Is he alive?"

"Oh, he's a passenger. Blamedest feller to sleep that *I* ever see. There's them cocks been a-crowin' and them ducks a-quackin' by the hour, and blame me if he's stirred. You bet he's a *boss sleeper!*"

Assuming this as a compliment, I rose from my couch, and was rubbing my hands to warm them, as the train, which had run down the trail in the night, through a pleasant valley, and many herds of sheep, and across the edge of the great "Maxwell Grant" (some one and three-quarter million acres), stopped at Watrous, the station for famed Fort Union, only about six miles from the track. Then we ran on to the south, and in due time reached the then terminus of the road—Las Vegas (the meadows)—where the plain is clearly seen to come to an end. There is a "new town" about the railroad station, and a large number of saloons and gambling dens are to be seen; but the old Plaza, a short distance off, looks just about as it did when General Kearny stood there to make his address to the Mexican people. The most striking buildings are an ancient church, with a rude cross in front, and an enormous edifice, three stories or more in height, erected by a Mexican, who, having travelled to some cities of the Eastern States, was fired with a noble ambition to emulate the lofty structures in New York and Boston. The accommodations will doubtless improve, but they were described to us by a witty friend as not yet equal to those of Paris or Vienna. He assured us that he was given the same bed which Montezuma occupied in prehistoric days, and said that when he was taking his leave the landlord told him that he was going to put a new story on the hotel. "I told him," added he, "that he'd better put a new story on the kitchen, and *another coat of whitewash on those slats I slept on.*" Near by are some famed hot springs, which the future traveller can visit with ease and comfort, and for which manifold virtues are claimed.

At an early hour in the morning I climbed beside "Dick" on the box of the Southern Overland Mail Company's stage, and settled myself for an interesting drive on the trail itself. Between Las Vegas and Santa Fe lie mountains which it would be impossible to cross, and we made a long détour to the south. All around us were hills covered with dwarf cedar and *piñon*, and presenting rather a desolate appearance from the trail, which wound around and among them. At Tecolote we first changed horses; and although nearly every writer who has visited New Mexico has described this and other native villages as resembling *lime kilns*, the fitness of the comparison is so obvious and complete that no one could suggest any improvement on it. And now we were brought into contact with an experience of the Santa Fe Trail which was of anything but an agreeable nature. To be sure, the officials on the train from Trinidad complained that the rifles furnished on their end of the line, where they were most likely to be needed, were not so good as those on the Eastern Division, where only the semi-occasional tramp was encountered. To be sure, too,

they spoke in cheerful local parlance, at Las Vegas, of "having had a man for breakfast" (euphemism for a murder during the previous night), and the existence of a powerful vigilance committee was made known; but it was certainly just a little novel and exciting to have a genial resident of Santa Fe, sitting on the seat behind us, quietly mention the fact, as we were lighting our cigars, that the road agents had "gone through" all the



ROAD AGENTS AT WORK.

passengers of the stage on which he had come in the opposite direction, and which they had attacked at a spot which he would show me. We reached it before long, and concluded that the "agents," or robbers, had an excellent eye for position. The trail turned to the right at a sharp angle, and around a point on which were rocks of considerable height. On the left were high trees, among which lay a burnt log.

"Here it was," said our friend. "The first thing that I saw was four masked faces and eight revolvers belonging to men behind those rocks.

Of course they 'had the drop' on us, and we had to throw up our hands. And then they made us all get out, and they put the lady passenger on one side, and then made the rest of us sit down on that log;" and he pointed at it with a cool laugh. "One man," he went on, "kept the revolvers pointed at the party, and the others just 'went through' us, and took everything that we had in the world. I mean the men. The lady had some money, but they let her alone. One fellow—a doctor—walked about, and the man with the revolver told him just to sit down on that log again. 'Is it any of your business whether I sit or stand?' asked he. 'Oh no,' said the man, pleasantly, 'none at all, *only I'll let daylight through ye if ye don't sit down — quick!*' And he sat down. When they'd taken everything, even fifty-seven dollars of the driver's hard earnings—and they generally let them alone—they told us to keep still for twenty minutes at peril of our lives, and took the horses and a buggy that they had up there among the trees, and went off."

And this was a fair specimen of the doings of the "road agents." If anything can be conceived more exasperating to a strong red-blooded man than to sit with a pistol at his head, and have a villain take his watch and money, I have not yet discovered it; and yet the "agents" are almost universally successful. The Western man, bold and resolute as he is, shrugs his shoulders, and asks what you are to do when they "get the drop on you;" this "getting the drop" being, of course, the certainty of being able to kill you (which they will surely do) before you can harm them in any way. On this occasion it was intimated that while the one man was standing with his two revolvers pointed at the unfortunates on the log, and with his back to the woman passenger, the latter bitterly lamented the fact that *she* had no pistol; and that there are plenty of women in the West with nerve enough to have disposed of him, is perfectly true.

"Were you not greatly alarmed?" asked a visitor of a stern-looking woman who had been telling of an Indian attack on the stage in which she crossed the plains.

"Not *much*," she replied, and the *snap* in her eyes told how well she must have handled the rifle. "I was too *mad* to be frightened."

One of the most celebrated government detectives in the West was on a stage which was attacked by two masked men, and, to his infinite rage and disgust, was compelled to give up his watch and money. Almost mechanically, he put his hand down in the "boot," as they drove on, and to his great delight found a carbine under the seat, which the robbers had forgotten. With a grim smile he asked the driver to go on a little farther, and then stop and wait for him; and he went back alone. Just



as he expected, the two men, unsuspecting of danger, were "divvying up" the spoils in the middle of the road. In another moment they heard the words,

"Now, you scoundrels, it's my turn. Throw up *your* hands, or I'll blow your brains out!" The game was up, and they knew it well. To make them, covered by the repeating carbine, step on one side with their hands held up, to pick up their revolvers, and to sternly tell them to move on, was simple work; and it was not long before the astonished and delighted passengers saw them meekly coming down the road, with their cool captor behind them. Their principal solicitude would now be as to whether they could be gotten into the shelter of a jail before some of "the boys" strung them on a tree. It may not be amiss to state that the hero of this little affair was the General Charles Adams who went boldly among the Utes, and secured the surrender of the women captives from the White River Agency. [Another story of a dramatic repulse of such ruffians will be found in Chapter XIII.]

To digress further, I may mention my good fortune in seeing the sequel of the attack in which my fellow-passenger figured. The robbers went back to Las Vegas, where, of course, they had plenty of friends; and the United States Marshal for New Mexico, Mr. John Sherman (nephew of the General), who resides at Santa Fe, thought that they would be agreeable and witty people, and that he would like to make their acquaintance, and to present to them two associates and deputies of his own—Mr. Charles Jones, of Kansas, who had come to the Territory for that purpose, and Mr. Thomas Barrett, of Santa Fe, both gentlemen of very *taking* ways. As the robbers did not seem anxious to be presented, the marshals concluded to waive ceremony, and make the first call; and they took a few broad-shouldered, quiet-looking, heavily-armed friends with them.

"I see Charley and Tom that night," said a loquacious citizen of Las Vegas to us; "an' I knew somethin' was up when I see 'em turnin' up their coat-collars, an' lookin' at their percussion-caps; but I didn't know what it was."

The "agents" were enjoying social games of chance and skill in a hall of the gay town, when each one saw men on both sides of him, apparently interested in the game, while several others had strolled into the room. In another minute there was a grip of iron on each arm; half a dozen shining barrels, with resolute faces behind them, covered the crowd, and all was over.

"The chief of the Vigilantes come to me," said one of the captors, "and sez he, 'John, do ye want 'em hung to-night?' and I sez 'No!'"

I shall always prize, as one of the strange and original experiences of my life, the sight of the examination of these men. It took place in a hall in the old palace at Santa Fe, in which Spanish viceroys reigned some two centuries ago. A low studded room was divided by a counter, the spectators taking up one side, and the other being occupied by the court. Behind a square table sat a kindly-looking, weather-beaten United States Commissioner. At one end were the marshal and the counsel for the defence, at the other the United States District Attorney. In the corner was a Mexican fireplace, in front of which sat three men, with their ankles chained together. Two of them had as villanous faces as I have ever seen; and one was, as we were told by a by-stander, "Flapjack Bill, the Pride of the Pan-handle" (!) They were addressed as "gentlemen," shook hands with their friends, and deluged the palace floor with tobacco-juice. My friend of the stage-coach entered, and was sworn; and then ensued a remarkable scene.



THE CAPTURED ROAD AGENTS.

"Do you know those men?" he was asked. He looked at them steadily, and said,

"I should like to hear them *talk*."

"Well, I don't know about that," said the District Attorney. "I am afraid that their counsel would object. I don't believe we can make them talk."

Flapjack Bill instantly ejaculated, "I'll talk to yer all day;" and so called out another. And then my friend, looking quietly at one of these ruffians, said,

"If I am not mistaken, that is the man who held the pistol at my head." The magistrate committed the scoundrels, and we made up our minds that although the grave surroundings of the courts of the old States were not found in Santa Fe, Mr. Commissioner Ellison, who was in Mexico with General Scott, had a correct idea of substantial justice. "Charley" Jones, standing at my side, made pleasant and pithy remarks. I fancied that I saw him smile as one of the witnesses for the defence was

handed over for cross-examination. The District Attorney settled his spectacles, looked over some notes, which probably came from Charley's veracious pen, and began, in a voice which was thoroughly "childlike and bland." The witness had sworn that he had seen one of the prisoners in his "place of business" on the day of the robbery.

"Your business, Mr. C., is what?"

"*Dealing keno, sir!*"

"Ah, yes. And, by-the-way, Mr. C., did you not reside in Kansas in 187-?"

"Yes."

"Yes; and wasn't there a little unpleasantness about your stealing some mules, and serving four years in State-prison?"

Charley turned to me and quietly remarked,

"I've got 'em, sure, *if only the old jail will hold!*"

Leaving Tecolote, we soon saw Bernal Peak, with its cap of stone, on which are three crosses. At our left were those welcome signs of progress and enterprise, the cuttings and embankments for the railway.

"I don't want to lose sight of them," said a hopeful Santa Fe man on the stage. "*There's* what has been railroads and steamboats and everything else in the Territory," and he pointed to a poor little burro—with a stolid Mexican, stick in hand, walking behind him. "Hang me," he went on, "if I don't believe that those fellows undergo metempsychosis, and turn into burros themselves when they die!"

At San José, a second lime-kiln, we crossed the Pecos, a fine stream running through a fertile valley, and at Pajarito (little bird) we dined, and "Dick" gave place to "Jim." The former was a man of force, and I wished that I could have seen more of him, and made note of some other of his quaint sayings, such as the statement that the distance to a certain place was "a mile and *six bits*" (seventy-five cents, or three quarters). We saw, not far from San José, a sign, in which a name which I have never encountered elsewhere was given to stimulating beverages. This sign was "*Nosepaint and Lunch.*"

Stories and songs helped to pass the time as we drove up and down hills, now by lonely ranch-huts, and again by graders' camp and supply teams, and then the old Pecos church, and ruins of a *pueblo*. Want of space precludes interesting speculations as to the age and history of these relics of the past. Then came La Glorieta, "Pigeon's Ranch," and Apache Cañon. At the station first named, and around the ranch where old Mr. Vallé, or "Pigeon," as he is called, planted the corn which he wanted, as

he said, to sell "on foot" (on the hoof or "standing"), raged, in March, 1862, the battle between the rebels under Scurry, of Sibley's command, and the Colorado troops and some United States regulars, which will be described later on. Here, too, was Armijo to have annihilated General Kearny, but for the unfortunate circumstance of his troops declining, as they say in the West, "to take the contract."

It was nearly dark when we last changed horses at Rock Corral, and the stars were shining brightly as we looked down from the heights from which Mr. Gregg's wagoners saw with delight the goal which they were seeking; and then we rattled down the hill, and across the bed of the creek, and through a narrow street, and up to the door of the *fonda*.

Our seventy-five miles' journey had been so pleasant that we felt but little fatigue; the air was balmy, the supper was good, and the residents sitting in and about this same *fonda* seemed glad to see some new pilgrims arriving at the shrine of St. Francis. One felt fully the fascinating influences of the place; and, *foi d'un vieux voyageur*, they should not lightly be missed. Early in the new year the branch line of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad was completed to this ancient city, and the whistle of the locomotive frightens the burro whom it is to supersede. In 1864 a merchant of Santa Fe paid thirty-two cents per pound for freight on his 110,000 pounds from the Eastern States; to-day it will cost from three to five. From Albuquerque a line is to be built direct, and nearly on the thirty-fifth parallel, to California. A second Pacific line will be afforded by a connection between the Atchison road, now rapidly pushing down the Rio Grande, and the Southern Pacific.

What is to be the future of New Mexico, now that General Lew Wallace, of zouave fame, sits in the chair of Armijo, and General Hatch can telegraph direct to Washington for instructions, and, most important of all, when it is bisected by this tremendous agent of civilization, *el ferro carril*, the iron-horse? He would be a rash man who would in thought or word narrowly limit the scope of its progress; and if General Sherman *did* say that he wanted to have a new war with Mexico, to make her take back this Territory, he had probably forgotten how fast the graders were working. As is the republican government of the United States to the despotic decrees of Spain and Mexico, and as is the swift train of 1880 to the slow wagon of 1841, so may be the New Mexico of this great Confederation to the colony of Armijo.

## CHAPTER XII.

## AN UNWRITTEN EPISODE OF THE LATE WAR.

**H**ARDLY so long ago as 1800, California was "trodden only by the wild Indian and the Franciscan missionary," and for many years after its capture in the Mexican War it had more the characteristics of an outlying colony than the member of a homogeneous sisterhood of States. Nevada became of importance only after the great mineral discoveries on the Comstock lode. Utah, with its Mormon population, was long a source of weakness rather than strength. All these and Colorado were essentially new regions; while south of the latter were vestiges of a civilization flourishing before the settlement of New England, which had yet been in its turn preceded by the sway of races of the greatest interest to the antiquarian. From the entry of General Kearny into Santa Fe, in 1846, dated the American possession of New Mexico, and the inhabitants were for a long time regarded as a conquered and perhaps secretly hostile people. On the east and south-east lay the State, formerly the Republic, of Texas, from which was despatched northward in the days of its independence, and under the presidency of Mirabeau B. Lamar, the "Texan Santa Fe Expedition," for purposes ostensibly of trade, but really, without doubt, of conquest; an expedition ending in scenes of defeat, captivity, and death, and leaving in New Mexico memories which had an important effect, as will be hereafter seen, on subsequent events. When admitted as a State, Texas claimed so much of New Mexico as lies east of the Rio Grande; and on this claim there was a design to base an attempt to precipitate a collision between the North and South ten years before it actually came. It was the purpose of Jefferson Davis, if successful in securing his election as Governor of Mississippi in 1851, to bring on a conflict between Texas, supported by Mississippi and other Southern States, and the Federal Government on this very matter. Resident then in Mississippi, and deeply interested in Davis and his plan, was one Alexander M. Jackson, who felt so assured of success as to tell friends from the North, before

the election, that when he and they next should meet it would be on opposite sides on the battle-field. Davis, however, was defeated at the election by Foote, and the plan came to naught. Congress paid a large sum on account of the territory claimed by Texas; then the struggle to inflict the "peculiar institution" on Kansas demanded the attention of the seditions, and events moved inexorably on to the firing on Sumter and the battle of Bull Run.

The year 1861 closed gloomily for the cause of the Union. The army of the Potomac under McClellan had not made the expected move; Mason and Slidell had been surrendered; Congress was surrounded with the gravest difficulties. Early in 1862 Burnside's fleet was wrecked; and Cameron's resignation made room for a new Secretary of War, of whose capacity and energy the people had no accurate knowledge. Great expectations were entertained of important movements and successes in what was popularly called the West; but of what might be planning or happening in the *far* West, in those remote Territories which were not even correctly laid down on the maps, not one person in one hundred thousand, from the President down, had a thought or a care; though a most anxious solicitude would not have been misplaced, as shall forthwith appear.

Glancing at the map, the reader will see that south of a line drawn direct from El Paso to the eastern shore of Maryland the rebels held almost complete sway, and north thereof, notably in Arkansas, Missouri, and Kentucky, they had much power. Yet the Federal navy shut them in from all the world. In their condition, what would not an unblockaded coast-line have been worth! Into the secret councils of the Confederate leaders we cannot yet penetrate, nor discover who conceived a scheme designed to meet this want, and worthy of the genius of both statesman and soldier. Nor can we surely tell what connection there may have been between this scheme and the resignation by the aforementioned ardent Secessionist, Mr. Jackson, of his position as Secretary of the Territory of New Mexico, and his departure for the "solid" and sunny South. Were these simply contemporaneous events, or did he bear a leading part in the inauguration, as he certainly did in the subsequent management of the enterprise? *Palmam qui meruit ferat!*

Surveying further the situation in the far South and West, we find in the first place that the rebels had complete possession of the great State of Texas. Twiggs had traitorously surrendered all the troops under his command, with forts, arms, ammunition, and supplies of all kinds, and many of the men had been paroled. This vast region afforded an ad-

mirable base for extended military operations, and it was not long before advantage was sought to be taken of it. It was somewhat as follows that the Confederate leaders argued the matter in the autumn of 1861: Assuming that they could hold their own east of the Mississippi, a move could be made westward of that river which promised extremely well, and which, if successful, would give immense material and moral advantages to the South. The plan was nothing less extensive than the *capture of California*, and the subjection of *five* other States and Territories.

The population of New Mexico was composed of Indians, a few thousand Americans, and some tens of thousands of Mexicans. These last were considered a miserable race, but could probably be made of service, for they were a conquered people. Trusty friends of the cause, lately returned thence, reported that the "greasers" were ready to cast in their lot with the South. At least they could be depended on for commissariat supplies, mules, and teams. Even among the few Americans many were of Secessionist proclivities. Canby had just been placed in command of the Federal troops, but was insufficiently supplied with men. Arizona would give no trouble, for the Apaches were killing the Yankee miners as fast as the rebels could have done; no resistance to the march of troops through that region could be anticipated. In Colorado there were many Secessionists. The flag of the Confederacy had already been raised in Denver; and since there was no proper military organization there, all seemed ripe for the capture of the Territory. Next lay Utah; and here also all was well. The Mormons were supposed to be heartily with the rebels, and ready for vigorous hostilities against the Federal Government. With their aid there could be no formidable opposition in Nevada; and thus two roads to California lay open. In that State all appeared in train for a rising; a part of the population had always been supposed to be rebelliously inclined, and friends would flock to the standard.

For the execution of this brilliant enterprise the programme was simple. A powerful column would march by El Paso into New Mexico, defeat or flank Canby at Fort Craig, and occupy Santa Fe. Next would come Fort Union, containing an admirable arsenal and supply depot, fitted in good season by Floyd\* with a most convenient stock of arms, ammunition, and stores. Thence the march northward would be easy, and the

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\* If the reader will study the history of these times in the light of later developments, he will find his blood fairly boiling with rage at the manner in which Federal officials, while still on duty, traitorously played into the hands of the South.

prizes would fall rapidly into the hands of the troops. Indians\* and Mormons were probable and valuable allies. The result could hardly fail to be the complete and speedy control of a rich State, a splendid sea-coast, and ports from which men-of-war and privateers could issue to sweep the Pacific. This would hasten recognition by European nations, and lead to the breaking of the Atlantic blockade by England and France, and then the end would soon come.

It was indeed an admirable plan, and many of the premises were correct. The roads were well defined; the Indians and Mormons were not relied upon without good reason, and much sympathy could be fairly expected in the settlements along the route. In the Golden State, too, the Southern and foreign element was large, and the Custom-house had furnished occupation and resultant bread and whiskey to so many natives of that State which is called the "mother of statesmen," that it was known as the "Virginia Poor-house." The Pacific Railroad finished the work of binding California fast in the great sheaf of States; but Starr King spoke wisely when he said, "The Union sentiment is strong, but the Secessionists are watchful, and not in despair." Certainly not, if they knew of this attempt soon to be made, and with such fair promise of success.

What, then, were the weak points in the plan? They were three. First, the rebels made the mistake, which they repeated over and over again, of attaching importance to the support to come from disaffected people and districts where the general sentiment was loyal; second, they were hopelessly misled about the sentiments of the Mexican population of New Mexico, and forgot or ignored the animosity born years before of the Texan Santa Fe expedition, and still deeply rankling; third, they made a fatal miscalculation in underrating the stern patriotism, the unflinching courage and the fierce energy, of the men who were laying the foundation of our "Centennial State" of Colorado while braving privation and hardship in the search for gold. Through Gregory, Georgia, and California gulches, and in other places in the mountains, were scattered these hardy pioneers, not only open-hearted and generous, but possessing to an eminent degree a peculiar and desperate courage. Nor did they lack a suitable leader.

In May, 1861, there came from Washington to Denver, charged with the governorship of the new Territory, William Gilpin, a man of remark-

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\* Like our red-coated invaders in revolutionary days, the Confederates "called to their aid the tomahawk and the scalping-knife of the savage." Some of our men at Pea Ridge were scalped!



able strength of character, courage, and intelligence. An old army officer, he had traversed and studied for years the great Dome of the Continent. He had been the major of Doniphan's noted regiment. An enthusiastic admirer of the mountain region, he would doubtless have found his account in directing the peaceful development of its resources; but there was sterner work for him to do, and it is difficult to imagine how a better man could have been raised up to do it. Before his vigorous measures the Secessionist movement shrivelled up, and its instigators slunk out of sight. Not afraid of responsibility, the governor organized two companies, and sent S. S. Curtis, son of the general, to distant Fort Laramie for arms. These companies were carefully drilled, and amply able to meet local requirements. But the governor decided to form an entire regiment; and did so in time to nobly respond to the earnest cry for help of the sister Territory. Like the flaming brand in the "Lady of the Lake," the call met ready response, and from gulch and cañon, hill-side and arid plain, mine and ranch, came quickly and gladly as fine material as ever gathered around a battle standard. The colonel was John P. Slough, a lawyer and "War Democrat." Lieutenant-colonel Tappan was a New England man. To John M. Chivington, the Presiding Elder of the Methodist Church in Denver, Governor Gilpin offered the chaplaincy; but this worthy told him that if he went with the regiment he wanted to fight; so he was made major. Among the captains were several of the present good and modest citizens of Denver; and, thanks to their exertions, the company drill was excellent.

Leaving these brave fellows ready in spirit for the word to march, but very ill-supplied with arms, ammunition, and clothes, and with not enough blankets to give one to each man, let us turn to the state of affairs in New Mexico. Here, again, we see the devilish ingenuity with which, long before the loyal people of the country had come to any realization of approaching hostilities, Floyd, while a trusted department officer, solemnly pledged to the service of the United States Government, had made his dispositions to facilitate the carrying out of the purposes of the rebels. In the spring of 1860 this traitor had sent Loring from North Carolina to command the Department of New Mexico; and he, in turn, sent on an expedition (a year later) against the Apaches a kindred spirit, Colonel G. B. Crittenden, who attempted to corrupt his command, and induce them to enter the rebel service in Texas. But Lieutenant-colonel B. S. Roberts, a brave and loyal Vermonter, fortunately assigned to duty with Crittenden, met that officer's suggestions with indignant scorn, declaring himself determined to disobey any orders to march to Texas, and ready to resist any

such movement with all the force at his command. He reported the matter to Loring at Santa Fe, and being repulsed by him, succeeded in warning Captain Hatch at Albuquerque and Captain Morris at Fort Craig. To the lasting fame of the gallant regular soldiers be it recorded that, without help from head-quarters, without money or supplies, and exposed to great temptations, only one out of twelve hundred deserted, and it is not certain that he joined the rebels. The traitorous officers left the Territory, succeeding, while at Fort Fillmore, near the Texas line, in inducing one Major Lynde to surrender his whole force to an approaching Texan detachment. The captured men were paroled, and sent on a terrible march to Albuquerque.

After Loring, there was assigned to the command of the department General Edward R. S. Canby, a native of Kentucky, then about forty-two years old, and one of those noble souls, pure patriots, and chivalric soldiers who are the bulwark and pride of a country. Few men were so loved in the army, and when he started on the expedition in Oregon, which proved fatal to him, there was not an old comrade but would have exclaimed,

"Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus  
Tam cari capitis?"

His second in command was the brave Roberts, a fiery soldier and veteran fighter; and the subordinate officers were worthy of such leaders.

The Territory was shamefully neglected at Washington; indeed, General Roberts, in his testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, July 15th, 1862, said (the italics are ours): "It appears to me to be the determination of General Thomas (Lorenzo Thomas, Adjutant-general) not to acknowledge the services of the officers who saved the Territory of New Mexico; and the utter neglect of the Adjutant-general's department *for the last year to communicate in any way* with the commanding officer of the Department of New Mexico, or to answer his urgent appeals for reinforcements, for money and other supplies, in connection with his repudiation of the services of all the army there, *convinces me that he is not gratified at their loyalty, and their success in saving that Territory to the Union.*"

The militia had been called out, but their services were naturally of little account. The number of regulars of all arms in the spring of 1862 was put by General Roberts at nine hundred. There were two regiments of New Mexico *Volunteers*, the first having notable officers. The nominal colonel was Cerin St. Vrain, the courtly French pioneer, frontiersman, and trader, whose name has been familiar for half a century on the border, in

the nomenclature of the mountain region, and in books of travel and romances. The lieutenant-colonel, and actual commander, was Kit Carson; the major, J. F. Chaves; and one of the captains, Albert H. Pfeiffer, a very paladin of the frontier—a mild-mannered, blue-eyed, kindly man, and, in the estimation of his fellows, probably the most desperately courageous and successful Indian fighter in the West. The colonel of the second was Miguel Pino.

General Canby was well aware that the rebels were coming, and he made every preparation possible, in his crippled and neglected condition. Even food was most difficult to obtain, and great privations were borne by the men. In the mean time, H. H. Sibley, a Louisianian, graduated from West Point in 1838, had been appointed to command the rebel brigade which was to form the invading army, and was organizing it with the resources of Texas at his command. In the beginning of 1862 he was ready to march northward a short time before Governor Gilpin set his force in motion southward from Denver. The latter had intended to personally command his valiant little army, but the Government seemed to care far more about some irregularity in his drafts on Washington than for the safety of two Territories, and summoned him to the capital.

Canby, with about nine hundred regulars, the two regiments of volunteers, two extra companies from Colorado, and some militia, was at Fort Craig, on the west bank of the Rio Grande, in February, 1862, when Sibley approached, coming up from Fort Bliss by Mesilla and Fort Thorn. The latter had a formidable force of some twenty-five hundred men, including a body of efficient "Texan Rangers," and no doubt deemed this ample for his purpose. In his view there were many men prepared to flock to his standard, and his friend Floyd had attended to the quartermaster's and ordnance departments at Fort Union, so that by the time he would reach his allies in Utah he would have a large, well-equipped, and disciplined force.

It was on the afternoon of February 19th that Sibley, having determined that he was in no condition to make an assault on the fort, forded the Rio Grande below it. Canby then threw detachments of the Fifth, Seventh, and Tenth Regular Infantry, and Carson's and Pino's Volunteers, across the river, to prevent his adversary from occupying an eminence commanding the fort. The next afternoon the cavalry under Major Duncan, and a light battery commanded by Captain M'Rae, a gallant soul, were also sent across, and the Texans immediately opened a heavy artillery fire on them. According to the account published at the time in a Santa Fe paper, Pino's regiment exhibited much confusion, in spite of the efforts of

their colonel, Major Donaldson, and other officers; but it is known that Carson's men behaved extremely well. General Canby deemed the panic among the volunteers a sufficient reason for returning that night to the fort. The Texans had been without water for a whole day, and that night their mules broke away from the guards, and our scouts captured some two hundred of them wandering about in search of means of quenching their thirst. The scouts also burnt a number of wagons.

About eight o'clock in the morning of the 21st General Canby ordered Colonel Roberts to proceed seven miles up the river, on the west bank, and keep the enemy from reaching the water at the only point where the sloping banks allowed of their so doing. He began the action with two hundred and twenty regular cavalry, brought up M'Rae's battery, planted it at the ford, supported by two companies of regular infantry and two of Carson's Volunteers, and opened a destructive fire on the enemy. At half-past eleven the rest of the infantry came up, were thrown across the river, formed in line of battle, repulsed a charge from the Texans, and made a brilliant one themselves. Then Roberts sent over M'Rae's battery and two twenty-four pounders under Lieutenant Hall, and the battle of Valverde was fought. The artillery fire was continued until a quarter before three, when General Canby came upon the field with his staff and Pino's Volunteers. He was about to order a general advance, when a demonstration made on the dismounted cavalry on our extreme right drew off a part of the infantry supporting M'Rae's battery. Immediately it was charged by a thousand Texans under Steele, who had been drawn up in a thick wood and behind sand-hills. This charge was most desperate, the men relying principally on revolvers and bowie-knives, and being maddened by thirst. The battery had been moved up to the edge of the wood, and M'Rae, with his men, made a most gallant and determined resistance, but in vain. It is clear that while Carson's men and some other infantry stood firm—one company having twenty-two killed—the rest behaved badly. The battery was captured, after all the horses were killed or wounded; Captain M'Rae, sitting astride of a gun firing his revolver, and disdaining surrender, was shot; Lieutenant Michler was killed, and Lieutenant Bell twice wounded. Canby recrossed the river, and conducted his force to the fort.

Sibley then marched on to Albuquerque, and thence to Santa Fe, which he entered without resistance. But he now began to see a portion of his programme miscarry.

A few Mexicans, including one of the wealthy Armijo families, threw in their lot with the Confederacy; but the great bulk of the people not only adhered to the Union, but, with a vivid memory of the past, hated

the Texans with an honest hatred, which must have been sadly disappointing and infinitely annoying to Sibley and his adjutant, the same Jackson who was Davis's partisan in 1851, and late Secretary of the Territory. We are much in the habit of speaking contemptuously of the Mexicans, or "greasers," as they are called, who live under our flag, and it is time that some justice should be done them, and that it should be made known that they brought money, mules, and provisions, and placed them at the disposal of the National troops, greatly, no doubt, to the gallant but deluded ex-secretary's surprise. Still, Sibley doubtless reasoned that this was but a small matter, and that all would be well when he should be safely in possession of the booty at the Fort Union arsenal; and he knew well the road thither through Apache Cañon—just as the Persian Hydarnes, in B.C. 480, doubtless knew well the road to some Grecian Fort Union through the Pass of Thermopylæ. The only obstacle was a few of those brave men who in every age and country are in the best sense Spartans.

The Colorado Volunteers marched from Denver on February 22d, 1862 (the day after the battle of Valverde) through snow nearly a foot deep, and reached the base of the Raton Mountain on March 7th. This march is described in the journal of a gallant officer—Captain, afterward Major, Jacob Downing—as very distressing, on account of "snow-storms and wind-storms, accompanied by sand and pebbles," which impeded progress. But after crossing the mountains these fine fellows actually accomplished sixty-seven miles in a single day; they arrived at Fort Union on the 11th, and were thoroughly armed and equipped by Major René Paul, U.S.A. They started thence on the 23d, and arrived next day at San José on the Rio Pecos. The old trail to Santa Fe from this point passes through the grim and narrow gorge called Apache Cañon. Just where the cañon widens at the east end was (and is, as has been previously stated) the ranch-house of Alexandre Vallé. Past it, on March 26th, marched Major Chivington, with two hundred and ten cavalry and one hundred and eighty infantry, and a lively skirmish ensued. "Zat Chivington," said the excellent M. Vallé to the writer, "*he poot 'is 'ead down, and foight loike mahd bull!*"

This seems to have been a drawn battle. The great fight was on the 28th, when the Texans had come up in force, and Colonel Slough had arrived with the rest of his regiment, two howitzer batteries under Captains Ritter and Claflin ("as brave men," says our diarist, "as ever wore uniform"), and some regular infantry, prominent among the officers of whom were Captains W. H. Lewis, 5th Regiment, previously mentioned, and

A. B. Carey, 13th Regiment. At an early hour in the morning was conceived and put in execution a strategical movement of great merit. A brave New Mexican, Manuel Chaves, led a detachment of about four hundred men, commanded by Chivington, and comprising two battalions of regulars and volunteers under Lewis and Carey, up a steep ascent and along a terribly difficult path toward the rear of the Texans, where were their wagons and supplies of all kinds under a guard.

There is no doubt that the Texans surprised the force left under Slough to fight them in front. Sibley was not in command—a fact which, after the fiercest recrimination among his informants, the author only ascertained beyond a doubt by an interview with the barber who shaved him that very morning, twenty miles away from the scene of action. He seems to have been supplied (perhaps for medical purposes!) with whiskey. The actual commander was Colonel W. R. Scurry, who was not killed, but lived to fight again (a fact which the author commends to the thoughtful consideration of the friends in Santa Fe who proposed to show him the grave where Scurry was buried in the town cemetery).

M. Vallé, or Pigeon, says, "Gooverment mahns vas at my ranch, and fill 'is cahnteen viz my viskey (and Gooverment *nevair* pay me for zat viskey); and Texas mahns coom oop, and soorprise zem, and zey foight six hour by my vatch, *and my vatch vas slow!*"

As to the details of the battle, which unquestionably deserves to be ranked among the notable ones of the war, accounts differ hopelessly. It is clear that the volunteers were forced back; and it was, indeed, too much to expect that a Denver lawyer, without military experience, would handle a large force to great advantage; but it is equally clear that companies and individuals fought with desperate courage, and their fire was terrible. M. Vallé describes the men as fairly raging when ordered back, and they did not hesitate to upbraid their commander. Meantime, however, the *grand coup* had been struck. Chaves did his duty, and led the climbing force (the detaching of which had of course greatly weakened Slough numerically) to the edge of the hill at the back, and showed them the rear-guard below, some six or seven hundred men. Chivington was brave enough, but this was new work for him. He paused a moment, and then looked at his battalion commanders. In the eyes of Lewis and Carey he read plainly, *Vestigia nulla retrorsum*. He nodded to Chaves, who coolly pointed out the path, and then down rushed the little band. This brilliant exploit resulted in a complete victory, and the destruction of sixty-four wagons, two hundred mules, and everything in the shape of supplies, ammunition, even surgical stores, which the rebels possessed. A messenger

rushed hurriedly to their front with the news; the result was obvious; a flag of truce was sent to Colonel Slough, and the battle of Apache Cañon, La Glorieta, or Pigeon's Ranch, was over. The official despatch puts the Union loss at one hundred and fifty killed, wounded, and missing, and the rebel loss was acknowledged by themselves to be three to four hundred killed and wounded, and ninety-three prisoners, including thirteen officers. Sibley saw that all was lost, and, evacuating Santa Fe, pushed southward. Slough fell back to Fort Union, where supplies were ample. But his men were soon on the march again, and on April 13th, after a hard tramp of forty miles, joined General Canby in the field, forty-seven miles from Peralta, on the Rio Grande, whither they marched next day. Roberts had already come up, and next morning, April 15th, the troops fell on Sibley's rear, capturing a large train and a number of prisoners, and killing many of the escort. Next day the town was bombarded, and during the following night Sibley escaped across the river under cover of the darkness, and in a sand-storm of long duration. His rear was again attacked, and more damage done. "After a close pursuit of one hundred and fifty miles," says General Roberts, "he was obliged to break up his force into small parties, having left all along the line of his retreat his ambulances, and the private and public stores of his entire command." General Canby officially reported him as having left behind "in dead and wounded, and in sick and prisoners, one-half of his original force." Concerning these same prisoners, a remarkable affair occurred at Fort Union. Some of them were in the guard-house, where were also confined two Navajo Indians. A sergeant, under sentence of death by a court-martial, having been executed, the Texans told the Indians that they were to suffer the same fate. Thereupon they began to shoot with bows and arrows from the windows of the guard-house, wounding a number of men; and they were only put *hors de combat* by a shell with ignited fuse dropped down the chimney.

One cannot write the history of this remarkable campaign without mentioning the strong opinion of some of Carson's fiery fighters, and even at least one officer of distinction and experience, that victory was within their grasp at Valverde, and lost by mismanagement; but no suggestion of what "might have been" can be allowed to weigh against the splendid reputation of Canby. Nor can one entertain any animadversions against him for not capturing the whole rebel force after Peralta, inasmuch as it is perfectly well known that he had no desire to take prisoners whom he could not feed; and inasmuch, also, as his judgment in this regard was more than borne out by the subsequent reduction of his own men to quarter rations.

That these events were not known, and have not since been known in the East, is hardly surprising, in view of the fact that other matters of transcendent importance, far nearer home, were contemporaneous with them. Fort Henry was taken on February 6th, Roanoke Island on February 8th, and Fort Donelson on February 16th. The battle of Pea Ridge ended on March 8th, the *Monitor* fought the *Merrimac* on March 9th, and the great engagement at Shiloh occurred on April 6th and 7th. Probably not one in ten thousand suspected that such a threatening movement was making in the rear of our armies; and it would have been equally surprising and terrible to have heard suddenly that a junction had been effected by the rebels with the Mormons, and that mischief had already been done which could be repaired, if at all, only at the cost of hundreds of lives and millions of money. Instead of this, the bright days of May saw Sibley, disheartened and demoralized, resting at that same Fort Bliss from which he had marched with fell purpose four months before. The valley of the Rio Grande would know him no more, and he doubtless sought his accustomed consolation in the flowing bowl.

Thus, in confusion and disaster, ended the great scheme for the "redemption" of five States and Territories "from the heel of the tyrant;" and it was the end of the rebels in that region. The Spartan band from Colorado had done its work, and for a long time was, to quote from our officer's journal, "in camp at Valverde, on the Rio Grande, one mile from Fort Craig, New Mexico, \* \* \* surrounded by tarantulas, scorpions, centipedes, and rattlesnakes; living on rotten bacon and wormy crackers, until the scurvy nearly destroyed those who had escaped the perils of war."

General Carleton, with a force of California Volunteers, soon occupied the Territory, and the Colorado troops returned to the North, *via* Santa Fe, in October. Before parting company with them, as they march off to be reorganized, and sent to fight Indians and bush-whackers, let us read a quaint and concise account of their achievements, contained, with other most curious reading matter, in a work (now out of print) by a Colorado journalist:

"They were not recognized and paid as United States troops until eight months after their enlistment. It is perhaps doubtful whether or no they would then have been recognized, had they not marched nearly a thousand miles, and in one hard-fought battle and two brisk skirmishes broken and driven from New Mexico all those lean and hungry Texans who called themselves, with a delightful humor, 'Baylor's Babes;' who had left San Antonio for the Pike's Peak gold region about three thousand strong, swallowed Fort Fillmore without winking, rather beaten Canby at



Valverde, and had since that event been coming northward, covering the country as the frogs did Egypt, and wearing it out. They had got twenty-five miles north of Santa Fe, when they were met by the 'Pet Lambs' [the Colorado troops]. The Babes and the Lambs each rebounded some five miles from the first shock, which was more like the shock of lightning than of battalions. The reserves of both sides having come up the next day, the Babes and Lambs each went forth to mortal combat again. The ground was not unlike the roof of a house; the Babes reached the ridge-pole first, and by the weight of numbers and the advantage of position, during a seven hours' fight, forced the Lambs back off the roof. Night fell upon the scene, and the Babes and the Lambs each sought their own corner. The Lambs found theirs all right, but the Babes did not. It appeared that a part of the Lambs had been there during the fight and destroyed their commissariat and transportation totally. There being no grub in New Mexico in a general way, there certainly was none now, since armies had been sustained by her during the winter, so that the Babes had to go home to get something to eat. The Lambs accompanied them to the door, and wished them a safe journey. And so ended the war of the Babes and the Lambs in the Rocky Mountains. All this occurred in March and April, 1862, when Logan was storming Donelson, and Grant, or Sherman, or Buell, or somebody was winning or losing or drawing the bloody game of Shiloh. Governor Gilpin always insisted that his Pet Lambs broke the far left wing of the Rebellion—that they led off in the march of victory organized by the great War Minister."

In this view the reader of the foregoing pages will, it is to be hoped, fully concur.

Poor Canby, a Bayard of this century, fell a victim to the results of the villanous treatment of Indians by white civilians. General Roberts, after long and brilliant service, has also "gone over to the majority." Governor Gilpin resides in Denver, a respected veteran, and a prophet *not* without honor in his own country, since the predictions in regard to a Pacific Railroad, for which he was ridiculed years ago, have come almost literally true. Kit Carson died some years since; and Pfeiffer, whose wife and children were killed by the Apaches, is living, an invalid, on a ranch near Del Norte. Colonel Slough, when Chief-justice of New Mexico, was killed in a brawl at Santa Fe. Chivington, the ex-Methodist elder, brought on himself dishonor in the East and glory in the West by commanding in the "Sand Creek Indian Massacre," so called; and he has since been under a cloud for some other reason. Major Carey is in the Paymaster's Department at Washington; and Major Lewis met his death as previously describ-

Away in the West these brave officers and men fought like heroes for their country (from what they saved her let the reader form his own conclusions), and what was their reward? Practically, nothing; for a two-penny political general, who dined and wined reporters and issued cotton permits, could win more fame in a day than these patriots ever received. When prize-money was withheld during the mutiny in British India, a private scribbled on the walls of Delhi,

“ When war is rife, and danger 's nigh,  
‘ God and the soldier ’ 's all the cry.  
When war is o'er, and danger righted,  
God is forgotten, and the soldier slighted.”

If this be true in a monarchy, nay, in an empire, how doubly true is it in a republic, the traditional ingratitude of which is never more manifest than in its treatment of its soldiers! In the oration on General Meade the speaker made a careful comparison between Waterloo and Gettysburg—the principles and momentous results at stake; the numbers engaged; the fighting and the losses; and summed up somewhat as follows: “The British Government gave their commander a dukedom, a magnificent estate, and a million of dollars. The United States Government made Meade a brigadier-general in the army, with four thousand five hundred dollars a year!”

But it is not with gloomy reflections that one should bring a record like the foregoing to a close. It is a story, rescued from obscurity, not only of the defeat of a scheme of momentous potency for evil, but also of duty nobly and unflinchingly done; and that there is somewhere and at some time a recognition of such devotion, he must be sure who believes in the moral government of the universe. It has a rightful place in a work bearing on the mountain region, for it chronicles some grand deeds of the mountaineers. And one can never despair of his country, knowing that there were in these remote corners, and would be again, men so ready to shed their blood in her defence.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## TOLD AT TRINIDAD.

WE had driven over from El Moro only to find that the daily train for the South had started, and that we had a long night and day on our hands. We soon exhausted the sights of the town, and sat down on the hotel piazza in company with rather a motley group. We talked in a languid way about various subjects, and drifted after awhile to the old staging days; then a quiet New Yorker took his cigar out of his mouth, and said,

“Gentlemen, I should like to tell you a story. Those of you who saw the *New York Herald* of July —, 1876, may have noticed a rather unintelligible account of a crime committed by the scion of a wealthy and distinguished family long resident in the city. It was supposed to be a heavy forgery, but one soon saw that extraordinary measures and powerful influence had suppressed details and prevented further publicity, and the matter passed off as a nine days’ wonder. When I myself first saw the item, I felt sure that I knew who the culprit was. James W—— and I were schoolmates at Geneva, and once great friends. He was the son of one of the finest gentlemen of the old school that I have ever seen—who had married rather late in life, and been a most affectionate and indulgent father. James was a boy of most attractive appearance, with very dark complexion, hair and eyes, and the figure of an athlete. There was apparently nothing in feature, expression, or manner, to cause suspicion that he was not a very fine fellow; and yet there came to me before long the positive conviction, first, that under that attractive exterior a desperate power of evil was at work; second (and I am no more able to explain this than those other spiritual mysteries which so many of us encounter in our lives), that it would be my fate to come into contact with him in after years when this power had developed itself.

“Through certain channels then open to me I easily ascertained that, after a career of deep dissipation, James W—— had committed a bold forgery; that in some way the money had been paid, and the affair quash-

ed. Other things came to my ears, all strongly confirmatory of my expectations about him. About eighteen months later his mother died, and his father settled all his business and went to Europe; nearly every one supposing, in the mean time, that the son had suddenly started, when he was first missed from his accustomed haunts, on a journey to Central Asia, and that it would be months before he could hear this sad news.

“Later again, as the Union Pacific train, on which I was a passenger, stopped at the Green River station, I saw on the platform, evidently waiting to join us, a father and daughter. The former was a fine specimen of the better class of plainsmen—six feet two, and of powerful build—his eyes large and blue, his long hair and full beard light-colored, and his expression kindness itself. The young girl was about eighteen, slender and delicate, and altogether charming—one of those beautiful, tender, clinging young creatures sometimes found on the frontier, like the delicate wild flowers in the cañons. They were going to Chicago; and having been commended to Major G—— by some mutual acquaintances, I passed much time in his company, and we became excellent friends. He had been a widower for a number of years, and was deeply devoted to his pretty Anita, who in her turn seemed to adore him. I could not help thinking that she was ill fitted to meet the cares of life, and that there was a look in her lovely eyes that suggested a rare capacity for suffering. She had never been east of the Missouri before, and the major told me that after a short stay in Chicago, they were going to live on a ranch which he had bought in the Wet Mountain Valley. He had been a noted hunter and Indian fighter in the West, and bore the scars of more than one struggle with wild beast and wilder man. I remained with them one day in Chicago, and remember Anita’s childish delight in a bouquet of flowers which I gave her, when I called at the hotel to say good-bye, and her waving her handkerchief to me as I drove off to the station, and she stood on the balcony leaning on her father’s shoulder.

“Chance brought me, within six or eight months, to the region south of the Arkansas, and I took a trip on the Wet Mountains with an old Mexican called Manuel. One day it occurred to me that we could not be far from my friend’s location; so I asked Manuel if we could not cross the range and go down into the valley, and if he knew where Major G—— lived.

“‘Oh sí, señor!’ he quickly replied, ‘we easy come over the mountain and to the Rancho San José, where live the major. Oh, it is a place so beautiful! the valley which the señor will see when we pass the Sierra and go down the cañon.’ ‘And the major and his daughter, are they

well? I asked. 'The major, yes,' said Manuel; 'but the sefiorita'—and his voice changed—'she is not well. The sefior does not then know—but ah! how could he?—that she have so great trouble.'

"Much surprised and shocked, I gradually elicited from him a narration of what had occurred after the father and daughter took up their abode in the valley. It seemed that a young man, bound ostensibly on a hunting trip, once asked for a night's lodging at the ranch, and was evidently struck by the beauty of Anita; that he had returned again and again, and finally expressed his intention of taking up a homestead in the vicinity. Anita seemed attracted by him from the first. They were finally betrothed, and the major had the comfort of knowing that they would remain near him. He had apparently given his full confidence to the young man, and talked freely to him of his affairs; and notably, on one occasion, of his intention to keep quite a large sum of money in the house for two days, contrary to his usual custom, but for the purpose of paying for a mine which he had bought. The next morning the money was gone! The young man was never seen again.

"I heard this tale with great regret, and said to myself that the poor girl would never bear such a blow. When I asked Manuel about her condition, he broke into distressed and almost incoherent utterances about *la pobrecita* (the poor little one), for whom might the *Madre de Dios* intercede. I began to dread the visit to the ranch, and would have turned back but for a desire to offer my sympathies.

"When we entered the corral the sun was just sinking behind the Sangre de Cristo Range, and flooding the valley with light. The major came out when he heard our horses, and, recognizing me, at once bade us welcome. When I saw his poor daughter I was shocked beyond measure. She lay on a sofa looking at the western mountains. She knew me and gave me her poor little hand, so thin that it seemed almost transparent. Her face was pallid, and deep purple rings were under her eyes. I said a few commonplace words of sympathy, and then turned away. The major followed me into the house, and, coming up and taking my offered hand, said, 'They call it quick consumption. I know better than that—it is a broken heart!' His grasp tightened painfully on my hand. 'My God!' he cried, 'how can I bear it!' The scene was painful in the extreme. I found Manuel and told him that we must go on, and that he had best lead the horses outside of the corral, where I would join him. The major's life-long instincts of hospitality flashed out in a momentary protest at my departure, but he did not press me to stay. I knew that he had kind neighbors, and the ranch seemed no place for us. I went to say farewell

to the dying girl, but finding her lying with closed eyes and folded hands, I dared not disturb her, although I knew that I saw her for the last time. Major G—— walked mechanically to the gate, and bade us good-bye. I saw the tears in old Manuel's eyes as we mounted and rode some distance in silence. Two weeks after this, coming from Fort Garland, I bought a Denver paper from the newsboy on the train, and saw that I had rightly judged of the poor child's inability to bear a rude shock, for I read that she had 'entered into rest.'

"Now, gentlemen, I am afraid that you will think I am spinning a sensational yarn, but it is only a few months since, just as we are sitting here, I was sitting with a party of gentlemen at the door of the fonda at the corner of the plaza in Santa Fe. We were admiring the gorgeous sunset, and listening to the band playing under the trees, when the 'buck-board' of the Transportation Company arrived from the South. It was with a start that I rose to salute, in the only passenger, my poor friend Major G——. He had changed sadly; his hair had grown white, and his cheeks were sunken. Then he had a habit of pressing his hand to his forehead, which gave one a vivid impression of despair.

"He greeted me warmly, as of old, and mentioned that he had come from Mesilla, and was going on to Fort Garland in the morning, but he said little more at first, and I dreaded any recurrence to the past. In the evening I induced him to take a cigar, and to drink a little from my flask. Soon he seemed restored to a temporary animation, and after asking me if I proposed accompanying him on his journey, and expressing gratification at my willingness so to do, he went on as follows:

"'I have heard something which leads me to think that the road agents are going to try to rob the stage, which will have some treasure freight. The only passengers besides us will be a couple of greasers, who can't help us if they would. You know the boys say that the agents always have things their own way. Now, as I feel at present, I'm not inclined to give up without a try. I don't want to ring you in unless you are for it; but, with all the trouble I've had, a bullet more or less is of no account to me; but I have a notion,' he continued, 'that I can block their game. It was done once by an old pard of mine, and, if you say so, I'll try it, and you just follow my lead. Will you take the chances?' I knew him to be a man of desperate courage and fertile in resource, and I assented. 'What kind of shooting-iron have you?' he asked. 'Navy Colt? No, that's good in its way; but I'll lend you a self-cocker like mine. Mind and take at least a strong cup of coffee before we start; and now you'd better turn in.'

"In the morning we took our places in the coach, the major sitting on

the front seat, and left-hand side; I sat opposite, and each had a silent Mexican next him. We drove without incident to the place where the horses were first changed; but, before we started again, my friend said to me,

“I allow that we'll have our trouble, if at all, in the cañon four miles ahead. Now just put your blanket over your lap and hold your pistol under it. Keep a bright lookout, and if we strike 'em, just have your wits about you, and be ready to fire after I do.' Soon we rolled off again, and I saw him lean back for awhile and then sit upright, and keep his eye fixed on the road. The horses were good; we soon approached the cañon, and the suspense became almost unbearable. I could not help thinking about our chances in the case of attack. Just then—I remember that I was looking at a group of cedars—the stage stopped, and, as if conjured up by the hand of a magician, three men on horseback appeared on our side, two close to us, one behind. I seemed to comprehend the whole situation in the twinkling of an eye; the figures—the levelled barrels—the major sitting before me.

“*Throw up your hands, — — you!*” They were reckless enough to wear no masks—the speaker lowered his head to look in. Heavens! shall I ever forget that scene? On my part there was a startling recognition—on the major's there must have been the same, for never have I seen a human face so transformed, and it added an almost demoniacal force to the action, which all passed in a flash. The terror of the sudden start, the throwing out of the left arm, the frightened glare of the eyes, may have been the product of rare dramatic power; but there was something far more terribly real in his wild cry,

“*Great God! who is that behind you?*” The robbers instinctively turned their heads. Crack!—crack! The major's right arm, rigid as iron, held the smoking weapon, as two riderless horses galloped off, and I mechanically fired at the third man. Then my friend laid his revolver down, and put his hand to his forehead. We drove on a short distance, and then made one of the frightened Mexicans hold the horses, and the driver and I hurried back. It was with a sharp shudder, and a vivid realization that the forebodings of earlier days had come only too true, that I saw my old school-mate lying dead in the dusty road. And then I saw one of those strange phenomena of the occurrence of which there is ample scientific evidence. Gentlemen, I assure you that there *had* been mutual recognition, and the terror of it was in those dead eyes.

“We drove back to Santa Fe almost at a gallop, the major sitting like a statue in his seat, and never speaking. As we entered the plaza and

stopped before the old palace a crowd gathered, and I whispered to an army officer to take my poor friend to head-quarters, while I attended to the needful formalities. I can see the scene before my eyes this moment: the motley gathering of Americans and Mexicans, with some uniforms among them; the driver eagerly talking—the hostlers taking the horses' heads. The United States Marshal and Commissioner came out of their offices, and I told them the story. The marshal stopped me for a moment after the first ten words, and sent for his two deputies and three horses. Then he lighted a cigar and offered me one as I went on with my brief narrative. The deputies came up, the marshal went to his office for his arms, and examined the percussion-caps as he asked me a few questions. Then they all three shook hands with me and galloped down the narrow street. They were fierce pursuers, and when I saw the chief deputy that evening, he told me that the third man was in the jail.

“‘I know 'em all well,’ he added, ‘and two more ungodly ruffians than the dead men never cheated the gallows. I’ve been after that black-haired one a long time for a matter in Wyoming;’ and a wolfish look came for a moment over his pleasant face. ‘I knew where to find the third man. He’s a mean cur, and gave in without the show of a fight. To be sure, you plugged him pretty bad in the arm.’

“When the marshal had gone to his office the commissioner and I walked to head-quarters and found the major (whom the surgeon had induced to drink a composing draught) sitting in a chair, leaning his head upon his hand. He rose as we approached. ‘Sam,’ said he to the commissioner, ‘the Lord delivered him into my hands! It was his will.’

“He started again the next morning, and as the stage turned the corner he waved his hand to me, and then put it to his head once again in that sad, weary way of his. Urged by the spirit of unrest which had seized upon him, he joined the prospectors at Leadville, exposed himself recklessly, and died of pneumonia in three weeks.

“Strangely enough, the news recently came that old Mr. W—— was never seen after taking a steamer at Vienna to go down the Danube. That is the reason that I have felt at liberty to tell the story. They say the way of the transgressor is hard; but in this case it seems to me that there is a good deal to be said about the ways of those against whom he transgressed. Perhaps many of you have come across curious things in your lives, but nothing much stranger than what you have just heard.”

And to this statement no one took exception.



## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE HEALTH-SEEKER.

**T**HERE is nothing more interesting to the public than information or suggestions regarding the possible means of regaining lost health; and residents of Colorado have for years been flooded with inquiries about the advantages offered by that State to the invalid. It is with a view to the truthful enlightenment of these inquirers, and people in general, that the author has sought, in the presentation of the following pages, the aid of Dr. S. E. Solly, M.R.C.S., England, member of the American Medical Association, and Fellow of the Royal Medico-Chirurgical Society. Dr. Solly went from London, for his own health, to Colorado, and has resided there for a number of years.

What is "change of climate," of which so much is spoken? It is often the last infirmity of a baffled doctor or a bored patient. What does the wanderer seek, and of just what does this change consist? The essence of change of climate is undoubtedly in a change of the air we breathe, and the soil we move upon, and also in the amount and intensity of the sun's heat and light to which we are exposed. These three embrace all the physical conditions: there are, of course, the secondary results, more or less connected therewith—such as the change of scenery, modes of life, thought, food, and water.

The simplest change we can make in the air we breathe, is to remove from the vitiated atmosphere of a city into the country air. It is a *sine quâ non* in change of climate that the atmosphere shall be brand-new, so to speak; that it shall not be the second-hand article abounding in crowded places; and that it should have abundance of oxygen to destroy any poisonous germs which may float in it. We find these conditions most completely filled on the sea-shore or the mountains. In both situations there are vast spaces over which the winds of heaven blow without being used by man or beast, so that there is always plenty of the genuine article brought to one's doors. If, however, the air were always still, we would soon use up the atmosphere around us, and it would be very slowly re-

placed. One of the chief reasons, therefore, that sea or mountain air is so healthful, is that there is constant change of atmosphere, giving always pure air, and stimulating the vessels of the skin and lungs to hurry the blood along its course and renew its vitality by restoring its oxygen at every breath. Let no man speak ill of the "stormy winds that blow," even if he lose his hat by the same.

Next, let us consider the *quantity* of the air, for the atmosphere is a ponderable elastic body, and as that which is at sea-level is pressed upon by the air above, it is much condensed, and there is more oxygen, nitrogen, and watery vapor to the cubic inch at the sea-shore than on the mountains.

The rarity of the air which is found on the mountains has two special effects. It compels one to take more fresh air into the chest at each breath to procure the amount of oxygen which would come from a lesser quantity of air at the sea-level. Perhaps it would be well here to refer briefly to the mechanism of breathing. The reason that we carry on this ceaseless occupation is that oxygen may be absorbed by the blood, and carbonic acid and water given off. This process is effected through the law of osmosis. If a most permeable membrane be interposed between two fluids or gases of different density they will change places. The lungs are composed of innumerable blood-vessels, held together by the slightest possible membrane in such a way that cells are left between them, into which the air can enter, and every vessel is thus practically surrounded by air. The walls of these vessels consist of such a membrane as this, so that we have all the conditions for osmosis—on one side of the membrane the blood containing carbonic acid and watery vapor, and on the other, air containing oxygen. The air, to reach the lungs, has to pass through the mouth and windpipe into the chest, where the tube divides up into smaller tubes, called bronchi; then into still smaller ones, called bronchides; and so finally into minute ramifications which end in an air-cell. The lungs and heart are contained in the chest, which is a conical expanding box; its floor is of muscle—the diaphragm which separates it from the abdomen. The regular contractions and relaxations of this muscle cause the floor to go up and down, and keep up a constant entrance and exit of air into and from the chest. The sides are made up of ribs, which run round the chest like hoops cut in half—being fixed at one end to the spine, and at the other end able to be lifted up and down by muscles—thus increasing and diminishing the capacity of the chest. The air which the chest contains at any given time during life may be divided into three strata. The lowest is never directly changed, so that there will always be some air left in the chest. Then comes the middle stratum, which is only changed on

violent exertion, and the upper stratum, which is constantly changing. We can, therefore, see that under certain conditions we take in more air than usual. And the breathing of rarefied air produces increased chest expansion.

Then comes the all-important element of moisture in the atmosphere. The variation of humidity, in different climates, has most to do with their peculiarities. The effect of much watery vapor in the air is to retain heat or cold, so that they are each in turn more acutely felt. It is known that a much higher temperature can be endured in the Turkish dry air bath than in the Russian, or vapor bath. This element of moisture in the air supplies the reason why we often fail to get comfort and support for our sensations on applying to the thermometer. Although heat and cold are more acutely felt in a damp climate, yet the changes, being slower, are less perceptible. The moisture retains the one or the other for a long time after the cause is removed, as by sunset. In a very dry climate the change from sunshine to shade is so marked, that it appears as though divided by a knife. Then, as regards the bodily electricity in the two climates, there is a marked difference. Without going into the why and wherefore, suffice it to say that a damp air is constantly robbing the body of its electricity, being a good conductor; while the dry air, being a non-conductor, allows it to be retained in the body. Therefore, in a dry air the nervous system is kept in a state of tension, while in a damp air it is relaxed. Consequently, full-blooded nervous people are better in a damp climate, and thin-blooded lethargic folks are happier in a dry one.

Next comes the question of perspiration. This is a process fulfilling two different objects. In the first place it is a means of getting rid of waste products from the body through the vehicle of water, and the skin is studded with innumerable glands for secreting the fluid. When this function is checked a variety of ills may result. The other function is that of moderating the temperature of the body by evaporation, accounting for the relief sweating affords us in hot weather. This evaporation, again, is governed by the law of osmosis—and when there is an atmosphere filled with moisture outside the skin, and inside a fluid trying to get out, the water on both sides of the skin will not change places. The air has a natural tendency to absorb moisture, but it can only take up a certain amount. Therefore, we find that in a damp climate, although the perspiration comes through the skin it remains on it, clogging the pores, as the air cannot take it up; but in a dry climate it is common for people to declare that they never perspire. The fact is that they probably perspire more, but that the air, being without water of its own, greedily takes

up what passes from the skin, so that the evidence does not remain upon the surface of the body. This rapid and constant evaporation of moisture from the body in a dry atmosphere, probably accounts in most part for the fact that persons in an equally good condition of health weigh less while residing in a dry climate than in a moist one. As with the skin, so with the lungs; where there is much moisture taken into the lungs, the watery vapor and gases are not readily given off, the blood does not get sufficiently aerated, and the circulation is slow. On the other hand, in a dry climate, the action of the lungs is especially active and complete.

The amount of moisture in the air also influences the sunlight in two different ways; first, because the light cannot shine as brilliantly through an atmosphere charged with vapor; and secondly, because the formation of clouds and fogs obscures the sun's rays more frequently, and the influence of sunlight upon the body is quite an important element in the proper discharge of its functions.

With regard to the effect of the sun's heat upon the body: the direct rays of the sun shining through a dry clear atmosphere are not as liable to cause injury to the body from excessive temperature as the indirect effect of the sun's heat, when the sun itself may be more or less obscured by clouds and vapor. This is shown by the rarity of sunstroke in dry climates, even when the temperature is high, as compared with its frequency in moist climates at a lower temperature. The power of enduring heat varies greatly in individuals; some always feel better in the summer, and some in the winter. The general effect of moderate heat is to quicken all the functions of life and stimulate healthy growth, but excessive heat relaxes the nervous system which governs those functions; and, therefore, great irregularities ensue—some organs acting excessively, and others being more or less paralyzed. Morbid growth, as in disease, is generally stimulated, and natural increase often arrested. The general effect of moderate cold is to limit growth, but make its quality good; to strengthen the control of the nervous system over the body, and to check morbid processes. Excessive cold does not produce irregularity of function, like heat, but tends to paralyze and kill all life.

We know how important is the question of soil in choosing a habitation. A dry soil is always preferable, and, therefore, gravel is the best, and clay the worst—apart from the questions of dampness and drainage. There is now arising in science a point which may in future prove of great importance to the sanitarian, viz., that of the quality of underground air (the air permeating the soil for some distance below the surface), but at present this study is in its infancy.

In connection with the soil there is the question of vegetation. On dry soils the pines are apt to grow, and they are undoubtedly a help to those who require a dry climate. In moist climates the luxuriant deciduous foliage increases the mildness of the air, and in hot ones it gives shade.

The purity of the water is an important element in the choice of a climate, and the purest water is usually found flowing through the gravel. In clay the soil and decaying vegetation are apt to mingle with the water and spoil its quality.

With change of climate often comes change of food; and, although the changed food may not be any better (or as good) for the traveller, when in his usual health, than what he has left, yet the old saying, "When you are in Rome, do as the Romans do," is usually a good dictum to follow. The good effect of a climate has often been marred by the visitor importing with him the cuisine of other climes.

Having now arrived at some idea of what is meant by change of climate, let us consider, in a general way, what the wandering invalid seeks. It is not relief or cure for any acute illness or suffering; for the change of the physical conditions which we have been considering could only act slowly, and they are only a change in degree from the conditions under which the patient is at home. It must be some chronic malady—some bad habit of the body (for the body, like the mind, is prone to keep on in an evil course if once started in it)—some tendency contrary to the stream of healthy life, which drives the sick man from home to seek, not a single element or medicine to antagonize the evil that is in him, but some slow, subtle influence which will in time bring back the machinery of his body once more into gear.

Let us see what we have in this climate of Colorado to make its name so great as a sanitarium. This name has been made—not by the doctors discovering and testing its properties, and recommending them for certain diseases, but by the sick themselves, coming of their own instinct, as it were, over the great plains; many falling by the way, but many more, after much privation, finding health and strength, and staying to build up a new State with their own labors. It is often estimated that a third of the population of Colorado came for their health and that of their families, and probably the estimate is not excessive. But this climate, like many other blessings, has often been misused, because of the popular idea that, like a patent medicine, a health resort must be a panacea for all ills. On the other hand, its striking qualities, like two-edged swords, cut both ways.

We have in Colorado a dry, bracing, cool climate, with an abundance of sunlight, and a septic and highly electric atmosphere, at an elevation

varying from four to eight thousand feet. Beautiful mountain scenery and the vast plains are there to supply us with unlimited air, untainted by cities or vegetation. The rain and melted snow-fall for the year along the foot-hills average fifteen inches, while those of New York are forty-four inches, Boston forty-five inches, and St. Louis forty-two inches.

As regards humidity—by comparing the actual number of grains of vapor to a cubic foot of air, we find that at Denver, which may be taken to represent the climate along the foot-hills of Colorado, the average for the year is 1.13 grains, as against 5.11 grains at New Orleans, 3.98 grains at Santa Barbara, and 2.35 grains at Philadelphia. We can, therefore, without further question, call Colorado's climate a dry one. In looking over the maps of "Lombard's Medical Geography," it will be found that wherever the shading indicates much moisture, there is an excess of consumption among the inhabitants; and the two things, moisture and consumption, will be found to stand in the same relation to each other all the world over. Then, in further examining these said maps, it will be found that with increasing elevation of the land comes a decreasing amount of consumption; so that in the highlands, where the climate is dry, consumption is a disease unknown among the natives. With this small rainfall come a great many clear days, there being no less than three hundred and two in the year, thus allowing of much out-door exercise. With regard to temperature, the mean annual of 47° marks this as a temperate climate.

It has been pointed out elsewhere that cold is more advantageous than heat; and this is especially so as regards pulmonary disease. Heat lessens the number of respirations, and causes them to be more shallow; and one of the great causes of consumption is, as it has been aptly called, a consummate stinginess of breathing. The great trouble in consumption is the stagnation of imperfectly aerated blood in the lungs, giving rise to low forms of inflammation, and consequent pouring out from the blood of morbid material, such as tubercle, into the air-cells or their walls; or a blocking of the vessels themselves with deposits of unhealthy plastic matter; or else, as in fibroid phthisis, a thickening of the lung-tissue, so that it loses its elasticity, and the air-cells become contracted. All this leads to consolidation of the organ; consequently the lung, instead of being like a sponge, into which the air can freely penetrate, becomes solid, like the liver. The first objects to be obtained are to cause the lung to expand again, and once more take in air, and to stimulate the circulation, so that these objectionable deposits which clog the efficient working of the organ may be absorbed into the blood again. This is largely done by

getting rid of the carbon (which forms the basis of these deposits) by admitting oxygen into the chest, and allowing it to unite with the carbon and pass off in the form of carbonic acid gas. Cold, therefore, by stimulating the pulmonary circulation, tends to repair the mischief already done and prevent the further development of the process. This question of heat and cold is one of degree, however. Cold is only good when it produces a reaction. This is exemplified in the use of the matutinal tub, whose praises the English so loudly sing. The cold sponging is good, as bracing the circulation of the skin and stimulating the nervous system, when the bather leaves his bath in a glow and sits down to breakfast with warm feet. But if he emerge from the tub with blue skin, and eagerly seek the fire, he had better have taken a warm bath. The question of heat and cold, also, is not so much a matter of degrees of Fahrenheit as of the amount of humidity in the air; and, therefore, if the cold be dry and not extreme, its depressing effect is absent. So it is, also, with the individual exposed to it; he must have sufficient vitality to produce a reaction. This point—that cold is preferable to heat—is the reason that consumptives do better in winter than summer. Dryness also improves the pulmonary circulation: by causing a greater amount of watery vapor to be got rid of, it lessens the distension or congestion of the blood-vessels, and tends to dry up the excessive mucus which may be secreted in the bronchi or air-tubes, and which, in consequence, obstructs the free passage of air to the cells. It was explained elsewhere that with dryness we have a higher degree of animal electricity; and, therefore, the nerves of the chest would respond more vigorously to the stimulus of the air.

It is, probably, impossible to get much further without talking about *ozone*. The latest investigations have proved that pure dry oxygen can be converted into ozone by electricity. It is therefore probable that ozone is "electrified oxygen." Schönheim's test—the only one at present used—requires the presence of atmospheric moisture. No doubt this is the reason that in a dry climate, such as Colorado, where the indirect evidence is strongly in favor of the presumption that there is considerable ozone in the air, this test fails to reveal it. Ozone shows that there is an excess of oxygen in the air, and, therefore, that the atmosphere is specially pure. Ozone itself is a powerful antiseptic and disinfectant, and its presence in mountain air is no doubt one of the reasons why wounds tend to heal with a minimum of suppuration. When the Colorado traveller passes—as often he will—the decaying carcass of horse or cow, he may bless the electrified oxygen which tempers the wind to his olfactories. Ozone, being absorbed through the lungs, purifies the blood, and prevents the individual from

being poisoned by the effete material arising from the renewal of the various tissues. The reason that to be among the pines is good for invalids, is supposed to be because the turpentine exhaled from them has a special power of converting oxygen into ozone.

Let us now return to a brief consideration of that fell disease, consumption, which is computed to kill annually thirty-five per cent. of the inhabitants of this country. We have shown that, in the beginning of this disease, there is a deficient amount of air entering the chest. This may arise through the individual living in a damp, relaxing climate, and taking very little exercise, and, therefore, not stimulating the muscles and nerves of his chest to expand the lungs; or, though he may expand them sufficiently, the air he breathes may be so impure that he cannot absorb enough oxygen from it. For instance, a workman in a factory may use enough exertion to expand his chest, but the atmosphere he works in may be poisoned by overcrowding or the effluvia from some manufactory. Again, it may happen that the individual, though breathing a pure air, may fall a victim to inflammation of the lungs, or some other acute affection of the chest; and, as he has a scrofulous tendency, the results of the inflammation are not absorbed into the blood but remain, obstructing the proper expansion of the lungs and degenerating into permanent morbid deposits which, after a time, by becoming a source of irritation, cause the lung to consume.

There is another cause of consumption—next to foul air probably the most prolific—dyspepsia. Dyspepsia, which is an imperfect action of the digestive powers of the stomach and bowels, may arise when there is general weakness, or what is called anemia; that is, when the blood supplied to the organs of digestion is deficient in quality and quantity, and the food given is too great in amount or too rich in quality. Not being thoroughly digested, it then becomes only an irritant to the mucous membranes and sets up a catarrh or chronic inflammation of them; in which case their power of absorption is so much diminished that very little nutriment finds its way into the blood, and the individual is starved. Often the same result is reached by a much more wilful process. The victim of dyspepsia overworks his nervous system in his business—sits down to his meals so exhausted that the nerves of his digestive canal refuse to answer to the stimulus of the food. He probably takes this food not in strata (beginning by tempering his appetite with a little easily digested soup, and causing, as Hamlet remarks, "increase of appetite to grow by what it feeds upon," and building up gradually), but piles it all in pell-mell, and benumbs his already too lethargic nerves with a liberal douche of iced water.



It was all very well for the London alderman to say, in the course of a discussion on dietetics, "They talks a deal about what you may eat, and what you mayn't eat; but I eats what I likes, and then lets 'em fight it out down below." Some favored ones are blessed with the digestion of an ostrich, but the man who drives his brain, and labors hard in bad air, must have method in his eating. A little wine or beer taken with food will often help him, and prevent the craving for a stimulus on an empty stomach which he is too apt to hold in check with the devil's own peculiar nectar—the too seductive "cock-tail." After such a meal as described—bolted down in hot haste—the victim returns to drive his unrested brain with an indigestible incubus lying in his stomach. The result is that his blood is thin and scanty, and his lungs become starved from want of good blood, as they may be from want of air. There is a notion in the minds of some chemists that there is an oil present in all healthy blood, and that when this is absent, there is the tendency for the blood to form deposits in the lungs and elsewhere. Whether this be so or not is unproved, but it is a fact that one of the greatest difficulties in dyspepsia is the digesting of fatty or oily substances, and that when they can be digested, cod-liver oil and like remedies do much to restore the consumptive. Chronic dyspepsia, being always accompanied by poverty of the blood and an irregular circulation, as might be expected, is greatly relieved by an improvement in the pulmonary circulation, and, therefore, is benefited by a dry, stimulating climate like that of Colorado.

In continuing our consideration of consumption, we have now to come to that stage which gives the disease its name. After the lung has become obstructed and rendered more or less solid, the extraneous matter thrown out will, under favorable circumstances, become absorbed into the blood, or a portion may become contracted into a close, hard mass, and remain inert for good or bad, for a certain period, as for life; or, it may begin to soften down and be gradually carried off in the expectoration, leaving a cavity which may after a time contract. In this case the patient may get well with so much less lung, or the cavity may go on extending till the drain of this consuming process brings death. The effect of quickening the circulation, and introducing an abundance of oxygen into the blood, is to increase the powers of absorption, and to burn up with the oxygen all morbid deposits. This is why such a climate as that of Colorado tends to cure the early stages of consumption. But when softening is going on, it will also tend to increase that destructive process, and then come in the questions whether the patient can stand the strain; whether there will be sufficient sound lung left; and whether the patient has

enough inherent vitality to react under this stimulus—to cast off the old Adam and renew his life. So, also, before softening has begun, but much of the lungs are solid, it becomes a question whether there be enough healthy lung left to breathe with in the rarefied air, and whether the softening stage may not be precipitated by a change to Colorado. Dr. Fothergill, in his hand-book on treatment, speaks of a process of levelling up and levelling down; by which means, when an organ is chronically weak, or a function imperfectly discharged, it is sometimes well to grade up the general health, and relieve the general pressure on the peccant part. On the other hand, where the disease is far advanced, any increased excitement of the circulation, or any effort at repair, may but hasten the fatal termination; and it is, therefore, better to somewhat lower the general standard of vitality, and be contented with reducing the patient to more of a vegetative existence, and so prolonging life. In such cases an equable sedative climate would be better than the stimulating air of Colorado.

These are points, however, which the physician can alone decide. When Dr. Solly first came to study this climate, he was inclined to warn patients against seeking it while their fever ran high and the disease seemed rapidly extending, but experience has taught him to think otherwise, and he has since found that if the other conditions are favorable, the fever and night-sweats are usually speedily arrested, and local signs also abate. The reasons, no doubt, are because the circulation all over the lungs, skin, and body generally is stimulated, and therefore equalized; and the congestion which necessarily accompanies, and in a measure causes, the extension of the local mischief, is relieved. Congestion is a stagnation of blood in one part, and is an essential condition of inflammation. Of course, where the patient is much disturbed or depressed by the disease, it is best to rest frequently on the way; especially once, at least, while ascending the slopes of the great plains.

For some time after arriving it is prudent to remain quiet, and allow the gymnastics which the rarefied atmosphere compels the chest to take to supersede the bulk of the accustomed exercise. As might be expected, the cough is frequently increased, owing to the stimulation of the air, and it will, perhaps, remain till the cause of it is removed. The cough is specially apt to be increased when it is mainly due to an irritable throat, for the direct local effect of the dry air upon the throat is of itself somewhat irritating. The effect of the climate upon the shortness of breath from which consumptives suffer, is variable. When the amount of sound lung is small, this symptom is necessarily increased until the obstructed portion clears up. This increase is specially marked where consolidation is exten-

sive, and particularly if of the fibroid character; but often, in cases in which this symptom has been very distressing before coming, it is much relieved. This is, no doubt, where it was due mainly to the air-tubes being filled with mucus, and where the deposits or exudations, being of recent date, are readily absorbed. The stimulating atmosphere causes the chest to expand, and an abundance of highly oxygenated air can rush into many air-cells which were closed before. As might be expected, the amount of expectoration is usually lessened. There is a point on which a popular fallacy exists not only among patients, but, alas! also among many intelligent physicians. It is that the tendency to hemorrhage is much increased at such an elevation as six thousand feet. This error has arisen from the observations of Humboldt, who found that bleeding at the nose and ears, and even blood-spitting, were caused by ascending mountains sixteen thousand feet and more in height. Later travellers have recorded the same effects, and consequently the public have generalized so far as to believe that all elevation will more or less increase any hemorrhagic tendency whatsoever. Now, all clinical observations in Colorado and at other similarly elevated health resorts go to show that a patient is less liable to hemorrhage, other things being equal, at this altitude than on lower ground. Strong evidence confirming this statement has been recorded by Dr. J. Reed, in the transactions of the State Medical Society of Colorado.

If we consider the matter, we can understand the reason of this. Hemorrhage occurring in a healthy person at an elevation is caused by the atmospheric pressure, outside the blood-vessels, being so reduced that the pressure of the blood from within forces it through the walls and extremities of the small vessels or capillaries, as they are called, and naturally those most exposed are the first to give way, the blood being called to the surface and the pressure relatively relieved from the internal organs and somewhat from the lungs themselves; then the atmosphere in the chest is necessarily different from that in the throat and nostrils and on the skin, because of the constant exhalations from the lungs and its protected situation. This is why blood-spitting occurs less often than bleeding from the nose and ears in the ascent into the upper air, and not till the higher elevations are reached. There is another element which is undoubtedly the frequent cause of blood-spitting in healthy persons while ascending mountains. This is the increased action of the heart, owing to exertion in the rarefied air, which is caused in the same way as in a boat-race or any other violent manner of over-hurrying the heart at sea-level. Now, blood-spitting may occur in consumptives in quite an early stage of their disease or

in a late one. In the former case, the deposit or exudation of morbid material into the lung-tissue or air-cells sets up irritation in the lungs themselves, or the tubes leading to them, and gives rise to a congestion or engorgement of the vessels at one part, so that the pressure in them finds relief in a hemorrhage, and the patient generally feels better. This may occur any time when fresh tissue is invaded, and this kind of hemorrhage usually stops of itself.

Now, as we have shown, the tendency of dry mountain air is not only to check the morbid process, but specially to equalize the circulation, and so relieve and prevent congestion. In the latter case, when hemorrhage occurs while the lung is breaking down, it is caused by the ulceration extending through the wall of a vessel and making a leak. Therefore, in the one case the cause is from within the vessel, and in the other from without.

When bleeding occurs from ulceration, it is more often alarming and uncontrollable; but even in this case the climate is not usually found to increase the chance of hemorrhage, because it tends to arrest the progress of the ulceration and to remove the cause. Of course, where the danger of hemorrhage in this manner seems imminent, any change combined with the fatigue of travelling would probably precipitate it; although, as before said, there is no doubt that hemorrhages from the lungs are in this climate more infrequent. When they do occur they may be said to be more copious, the patient losing more blood in a given space of time; but there is less liability to continual oozing.

The gist of the benefits that this climate confers on consumptives is its power of getting rid of those bad habits of the lungs which cause the absorption of morbid deposits, and of setting all the healthy processes of life going with increased vigor. The question of the expediency of any special case coming, depends probably little on the particular form of consumption, but much upon the extent of the mischief, and the amount of reserve force in the patient to stand the stimulus. When a patient arrives, it is, as has been said, specially important that he should take very little exercise for the first few weeks, but be in the air as much as possible. Horse riding, after the patient has become accustomed to the air, is an excellent assistance to a cure, if indulged in moderately. In the summer a trip to the mountains is often beneficial, especially on account of the sleeping in a tent. Even where the patient cannot take such a trip, sleeping in a tent close to the house is almost invariably attended with benefit. An ideal year for a consumptive is best begun about September or October, though a patient may come any time, as the seasons are such that

he can remain all the year round. This is a matter of great importance in choosing a climate, for climate-cure is a slow process, taking at least as long for the patient to get well as it has taken him to run down in health, and the influence ought to be continuous. This is not so important, perhaps, in sedative climates, or where the effects are simply negative; but where they are positive, as in Colorado, it is of the greatest importance that the residence should be sufficiently prolonged to give reasonable assurance that the disease, if still present, has at least become inactive. Abraham Lincoln used to say it was "bad to swap horses when you were crossing a stream;" and so it is bad for a consumptive to expose his lungs to a change from this thin air to a denser atmosphere while the process of cure is still going on. It is only too common an experience here for a consumptive to resist all advice and go home soon, only to return worse than ever, and with a greatly lessened chance of cure.

If a patient comes here in the early fall, he has time to pick up strength to enable him to expose himself with advantage to the cold of winter, which is at times quite severe. The days are for the most part bright and warm, but the nights are often intensely cold. All the year round they are cool. There is very little snow, and it falls mostly in early spring. On at least a third of the days of winter the mid-day meal can be taken out-of-doors. The great drawback to the enjoyment of the Colorado climate is the winds, which blow mostly in the spring months. Except to the very feeble, however, they are seldom more than disagreeable. There is no rain to be looked for from the middle of September to the middle of April; but there are frequent thunder-showers, lasting seldom more than twenty minutes, in the summer afternoons. These serve to cool the air, but rarely cause sufficient dampness to be an element of danger to the consumptive. In a climate as dry as this has been pointed out to be, the changes of temperature are sudden and extreme, and it therefore behooves the visitor to be always prepared with extra wraps; and it is advisable to qualify the effect of these sudden changes on the body by wearing woollen underclothing and stockings in the winter, and also sleeping in flannel; and in the summer, wearing merino and silk. Although during the summer the thermometer may run quite high, the thin dress used in the East at this season can seldom be worn with impunity.

In deciding the question of coming to Colorado, the condition of the heart has often to be considered. As the effect of the climate is to stimulate the heart to increased action, it is dangerous for persons with any organic disease of the valves or walls to come here. They always require that the rapidity of the heart's action should be lessened, although at the

same time it may be well to increase its strength. Of course there are cases where the defect is congenital, or has been borne so long without its progressing, that nature has entirely accommodated itself to the condition. Such cases, which are rare, we occasionally find living here without apparent injury. Cases of what is called fatty degeneration, or any case where the muscle of the heart shows signs of breaking down, should stay away; but where the muscle is simply weak, as the other muscles of the body are weak, a visit to Colorado will often prove beneficial. Such cases on first arriving have specially to avoid exertion; and if an attack of irregularity of the heart's action comes on, it is liable to be exaggerated. The tonic effect of the climate will, however, probably remove the cause, and so relieve the trouble.

In neuralgic affections of the heart—angina and the like—the stimulating effect on the nerves commonly increases the distress. Where the nervous system generally has run down, and the heart in consequence acts irregularly, persons will receive benefit. Asthma is always relieved in this air, more or less in each individual case according to the elevation. Heart disease is a frequent consequence where asthma has existed in a severe form for some years. Such cases, if they observe great care, are often better here than at home, since the cause of their distress has been removed.

Cases of nervous exhaustion, from whatever cause, are almost invariably relieved; and all irregularities of the nervous system dependent upon a bad circulation, defective nutrition, scrofula, or poison (such as malaria), are also benefited; but when they occur in persons of good circulation and full habit, the symptoms are increased. Even in the cases which are ultimately cured by residence in Colorado, before the cause is removed the attacks are usually more severe when they occur, though happening less frequently. Acute organic disease of the nervous system is made rapidly worse by this climate. Some stationary chronic cases will improve in general health here, but it is not well to advise their coming. With regard to rheumatism of the joints, it exists here as it does all the world over, and there would be nothing gained by coming specially for that, were it not that scrofula is probably the parent of the bulk of cases of rheumatism; and as this climate is its deadly enemy, the rheumatism may indirectly be removed. Then again, where there is much debility, benefit is gained. But in this disease, as in all others, the type of individual has much to do with the choice of climate; the florid and full-blooded had better seek the sea-shore; the dark, pale, and anæmic climb the uplands. When gouty or rheumatic deposits exist around the joints or elsewhere, the

type of individual must again decide the question; the alkaline waters of Manitou are undoubtedly a great aid to their removal.

In liver derangements, the anæmic or debilitated sufferers usually improve, and the full-blooded grow worse. In actual disease of the liver this country should be avoided. The same statement holds good with regard to kidney derangements and organic disease.

With regard to throat affections and nasal catarrh, the direct effect of this dry air upon the mucous membranes is to increase the irritation; but where the condition is largely dependent upon general want of tone, the local effect can be modified by treatment, and the beneficial effect on the constitution generally obtained. Most skin-diseases in the anæmic are improved.

Brief mention has now been made of most of the maladies in which the question of change of climate might arise. The broad principle is as follows: send the thin-blooded to Colorado; keep the full-blooded away. Send those on the up-grade of life, and not on the down. In disease, except in that of the lungs, where there is actual change of structure, avoid the too rapid life which this climate causes.

Colorado is divided topographically into three divisions—the plains, foot-hills, and mountains. The plains present little or no vegetation beyond the buffalo grass, and are only watered by small and infrequent streams. Their elevation varies from three thousand five hundred to four thousand five hundred feet. There are no accommodations to be found in this portion of the country specially for invalids; but when a patient is able to stand the rough living of a sheep or cattle ranch, and the monotony of the life does not pall, he is often cured by the pure air of the plains. The foot-hills average from four thousand to six thousand feet in elevation, and have several towns and villages among them which attract the bulk of the invalids. They are of medium elevation; best adapted for the majority of patients, and most suitable for residence in both summer and winter. The chief of these are Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou, Pueblo, and Cañon City.

Denver, the northernmost of these places, stands about fifteen miles east of the base of the mountains, and at an elevation of five thousand two hundred feet. It is a rapidly growing city of about thirty thousand inhabitants; it has fine streets, good hotels and boarding-houses, and capital markets; it possesses places of entertainment, and its society is pleasant; it has, however, the objections to an invalid which attach to a city. At present its water-supply is by no means above suspicion, and its system of drainage is imperfect. On the upper ground there are attractive spots

for residence, but the soil in the lower part of the city retains moisture to a degree that in any other climate would be dangerous to health. There are some small places around Denver which are good resorts, but there are no objects of interest in the immediate vicinity to drive or ride to, though the roads are good. If a city life seem indispensable to the happiness of the invalid, or engaging in business be a necessity, Denver is the best place in Colorado; but even in this pure air man is vile when you get too many of him in a small space.

Colorado Springs also aspires to be a city, but at present six thousand is probably a liberal estimate of the number of its inhabitants. Unlike Denver, however (which owes its origin to chance, and has grown up by force of circumstances), Colorado Springs was laid out nine years ago by a company with the special view of its becoming a health-resort, and its very existence to-day is dependent on its attractions as a sanitarium. Its altitude is six thousand and twenty-three feet. It is situated on a plateau five miles from the base of the mountains, sheltered on the west by the range, on the east by bluffs, on the north by a spur from the mountains called the Divide, and on the south-west by Chiann Mountain. The town is spread out over an area of four square miles, so that there is plenty of ground round most of the dwelling-houses. The streets are wide, and lined with shade-trees. The plateau on which the town is built has two water-courses, dividing on the north and joining on the south. The ground has a gentle slope from north to south, but is otherwise almost flat. There is a top soil of about two feet, beneath which are sand and gravel to a depth of about seventy feet, when clay is reached which has a good slope to the south—the direction of the water-shed. The gravel is extremely porous, so there is perfect natural drainage. There are no springs in the soil, and no water could be obtained in wells until it was brought on to the plateau through irrigating ditches. Before the town was laid out nothing but buffalo grass grew on the site, but now a variety of trees, lawns, and gardens flourish. Besides the water conveyed in ditches for irrigating, pure water is brought in iron pipes from Ruxton's Creek, six miles away on the mountain side, where it is free from all contamination; the supply is practically unlimited, and the pressure is such that fire can be extinguished without engines. There is at present no regular system of drainage, and thus far none has been needed. As no water is taken from the soil, the system of earth closets mainly prevails. They are cleaned out by the town scavengers with fair regularity. The death-rate, exclusive of deaths from consumption, is very low, being only 5.6 per 100; from zymotic diseases, 1.6 per 100.



There are several hotels (but none first class) and many pleasant boarding-houses; and comfortable villas can be rented. The food is good (the farm produce especially), and moderate in price, but luxuries are dear. There are good liveries, and the rides and drives are numerous and interesting. Society is pleasant; entertainments are frequent; and the schools and churches are excellent.

Manitou lies five miles to the west among the foot-hills, close under Pike's Peak. It is a village of five hundred people; it contains four first-class hotels and several fair boarding-houses; and a few cottages are to be had. The horses are excellent. The village is thronged with visitors through the summer months; it is somewhat cooler and less dry than Colorado Springs in the summer, and warmer in the winter; though, owing to the shadow of the hills, the hours of sunshine are shorter. It stands about two hundred feet higher. The springs from which Colorado Springs derives its name are really here. They all contain more or less soda and some iron. They are peculiarly adapted for the dyspepsia of the consumptive, and the Iron Ute Spring is specially remarkable for its blood-making properties.

Pueblo is hotter, dustier, and more windy, but drier than the Springs. It has very few attractions, but the warmer winter weather suits some invalids.

Cañon City stands about fifteen hundred feet lower, and is warmer and more sheltered than the Springs, but there is much clay in the soil, and when snow falls it is not so healthy. It is well suited in some cases for winter residence, but an uninteresting place. Here also are springs resembling those of Manitou. They are not efficient for drinking, but there is an excellent thermal soda spring for bathing.

During the summer there are many places in the mountains open to invalids, such as Idaho Springs, and Estes and Manitou Parks, where good hotels are to be found; and there are numerous good boarding-houses scattered through the mountains. A change to these elevations is generally attended with benefit in the summer; but it is seldom wise for an invalid to go higher than the foot-hills till he is thoroughly acclimatized.

The general bearings of this subject have alone been treated, and for the sake of brevity and point this treatment has been somewhat dogmatic, and references have been avoided; but those who wish to go farther into the subject will find much information in the following books: "Rocky Mountain Health Resorts," by Dr. Charles Denison; the various "Transactions of the State Medical Society;" "The Influence of the Climate upon the Nervous System," by Dr. S. E. Solly; and "Manitou: Its Mineral Waters and Climate," by the same author.

## CHAPTER XV.

## ITINERARY, AND SUGGESTIONS FOR THE TRAVELLER.

COLORADO can be visited at almost any time of the year; but although much has been said of the delights of a winter sojourn in the State, the majority of tourists will probably continue to go thither in summer. Such persons, for example, as will remain in the beautiful region of the Hudson Highlands during the heat of July and August, and leave it just as the leaves are turning, and the crisp autumn air invites them to healthful exercise, will hardly listen to a laudation of the charms of Manitou, and the gorgeous aspect of the mountains in winter. Even they, however, should be persuaded to postpone their travel in New Mexico until autumn.

Tourists of both sexes would do well to wear travelling suits of gray color, which will not show dust. Overcoats, wraps, and rugs are necessary, and the very light water-proof overcoat now so much in vogue will be found very useful. Goggles, or glasses of neutral tint, often relieve the eyes in crossing the plains; and ladies must have plenty of veils. In the alkali regions, glycerine, or what is called "camphor ice," should be used on face and hands. A good map should be always at hand, and a compass and field-glass are not amiss. The sportsman will of course take his favorite gun and fishing-tackle, and perhaps his dog; but those who insist on carrying revolvers should on no account regard them as otherwise than conventional and ornamental appendages. Not only do the "hotel" and "dining" cars, and the greatly improved railway eating-houses do away with the need of lunch-baskets on the journey from or to one's home, but there is a certain moral obligation to contribute to the support and encouragement of those who have done so much for the comfort of the traveller. In local trips in the mountain region the lunch-basket is, on the other hand, very requisite. Excellent horses, for both riding and driving, and very good vehicles, can generally be had. No large sums of money need be carried on the person, as banks and bankers abound. "Camping outfits" and the best of guides can be had at short notice.

The sportsman can obtain full information on the spot regarding game and fish. Along the line of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad, both in Kansas and New Mexico, accounts speak of rare sport, regarding which it would be well to apply to the officials of that road. Fishing can be had near Denver, and some shooting; but those who go to this region with sport as a main object should make up parties and go into the Parks, provided that the Utes have not been goaded, by renewed and protracted ill-treatment, into fresh hostilities. A friend of the author joined such a party, and found the trip healthy, enjoyable, and not costly. A man furnished team, riding-horses, and such food as was not supplied by the guns, also all cooking, etc., and charged the participants \$2 00 per diem apiece. To men willing to "rough it," such an arrangement may be highly commended.

The traveller to whom time is an object can save twelve hours between New York and Denver by taking a particular train on the Pennsylvania Railroad, which leaves the station every morning at nine o'clock. He sees the beautiful Juniata Valley in the afternoon, and, in summer, the "Horse-shoe Curve" in the Alleghanies before retiring. Columbus is reached on the second morning, Indianapolis about noon, St. Louis at nine P.M., and Kansas City next morning. He is due at Denver by the Kansas Pacific Railroad at half-past three o'clock, and by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, *viâ* Pueblo, Colorado Springs, and Pike's Peak, at eight o'clock P.M., on the fourth day. The journey between the Atlantic and the Missouri may, of course, be varied in many ways, and the following itinerary, while combining much of curious interest, need not be regarded as the best:

*New York to Chicago*, 36 hours. (a) New York by Hudson River Railroad, at 8.30 P.M. (Boston at 6 P.M., by Boston and Albany, or Hoosac Tunnel route, connecting at Albany and Troy); Albany and Troy to Chicago;—by Buffalo and Cleveland (Lake Shore Railroad); by Buffalo, International Bridge, and Detroit (Canada Southern and Michigan Central Railroad); and by Suspension Bridge (in full sight of the Falls) and Detroit (Great Western of Canada and Michigan Central Railroads). (b) New York by Pennsylvania, and Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne, and Chicago Railroads, at 8.30 P.M. (c) New York by New York, Lake Erie, and Western, and connecting railroads, at 7 P.M.

*Chicago to Omaha*, 24 hours (one may, of course, go to Kansas City instead). Chicago at 10.30 A.M., by Chicago and North-western Railroad, *viâ* Fulton and Clinton; by Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad, *viâ* Burlington; or by Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railroad, *viâ* Rock

Island and Davenport. The celebrated Missouri Bridge is seen between Council Bluffs and Omaha.

*Omaha to Cheyenne*, 25 hours. Omaha at 12.15 P.M., by Union Pacific Railroad, giving 500 miles of the transcontinental route.

*Cheyenne to Denver*, 6½ hours. Cheyenne, 2.50 P.M., by Colorado Central Railroad, *viâ* Longmont, Boulder, and Golden. The trip to Estes Park is made, easily and pleasantly, by stage from Longmont in about 6 hours.

*Denver to Central City*, 4 hours. Denver, 7.30 A.M., by Colorado Central Railroad through the Clear Creek Cañon, and over the "Switch-back."

*Central City to Idaho Springs*, by private conveyance, over Bellevue Mountain and down Virginia Cañon, taking several hours to view the scenery.

*Idaho Springs to Georgetown*, 1¼ hours. Idaho Springs, 10.55 A.M., by Colorado Central Railroad. Return to Denver by same (5½ hours), starting at 3.25 P.M.; or go to Leadville by stage, 65 miles in 14 hours, starting at 5 A.M., and seeing the Mountain of the Holy Cross (*vide* caution on page 127). Make excursion from Denver to Bear Creek (fishing, etc.), and other points. Go to Leadville, if not from Georgetown, by Denver and South Park Railroad, *viâ* the Platte Cañon, and perhaps over the Mosquito Pass. Going to Leadville by Georgetown, return this way.

The larger parks can be visited by those who are accustomed to roughing it. The trip should be arranged in Denver, but it is not recommended to parties containing ladies, or, indeed, to any but sportsmen. Many minor excursions and détours can be made from the different points named.

*Denver to Colorado Springs*, 4 hours. Denver, 7.50 A.M., by Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. Go to Manitou (5 miles) by stage, also up Pike's Peak, and to the Ute Pass, Manitou Park, Cheyenne Cañon, etc.

*Colorado Springs to Cañon City*, 5½ hours. Colorado Springs, 11.40 A.M., by Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. Go through Grand Cañon, and as far toward Leadville by rail as may be practicable or desirable. Return to Pueblo.

*Pueblo to Alamosa*, 8 hours. Pueblo, 1.45 P.M., by Denver and Rio Grande Railroad over Veta Pass. Go as far as desired into the San Juan country, and, if not willing to visit New Mexico, return to Pueblo, and go home by Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad. Otherwise, stop on return trip to Pueblo, at Cucharas, take train to El Moro, and drive to Trinidad. Go from Trinidad to Santa Fe, or as far as may be desired down the Rio Grande Valley, by Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad.

